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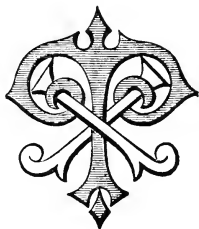


Reader to heere thou wilt two faces finde,
One of the body, & other of the Minde;
This by the Graver so, that with much strife
Nec thinke Brome dead, hee's dravne so to the life
That by's owne pen's done so ingeinously
That who read's it must thinke hee neer, shall dy
A.B.



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
RICHARD BROME CONTAIN-
ING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW
FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE
VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST



LONDON

JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

FIVE NEW PLAYES,

(*Viz.*)

THE { Madd Couple well matcht.
Novella.
Court Begger.
City Witt.
Damoifelle.

By Richard Brome.



LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley, Richard Marriott,* and *Thomas Dring,* and are to be
fold at their Shops, 1 6 5 3.

AMS PRESS, INC.
NEW YORK
1966

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TO THE
READERS.

BELOVED,

BEING to write to a multitude of you,
(for I know you will be many) I forbear
Epithets, because the same will not fit all;
and I hate to make difference among Freinds.
I have often considered with myselfe, whether I
were best to Dedicate this Booke or no; and I
have thought on the maine ends of Dedications,
which I finde generally to be Flattery or
Want. To the one my nature was ever
averse: And (were my Debts all payd to me
and by me) I should not be much concerned in
the other. As for the two ordinary pretences,
namely, Gratitude, or Patronage, like Religion
and Liberty, they are made but the Vizors to
somewhat else. For is it not a high peice
of Gratitude, when an Author has received
favours from his Mecænas, to requite him with
a Booke; and to take, or expect, two or three
Peices from him for it, when another man
shall buy the same Book of the thriving Sta-
tioners, for halfe a Crowne? And for
Patronage or Protection, I would faine know,
if

The Epistle.

if an Author writes like a Cockscombe, whether any Patron can protect him from being laught at. And he that writes well, makes every one his Patron without a Dedication.

But in Epistles of this nature, something is usually begg'd; and I would do so too, but, I vow, am puzzled, what. Tis not acceptance, for then youle expect I should give it; tis not Money, for then I shou'd loose my labour; tis not praise, for the Author bid me tell you, that, now he is dead, he is of Falstaffs minde, and cares not for Honour; tis not pardon, for that supposes a fault, which (I beleeve) you cannot finde. But, if you'le know what it is, it is that you would expect nothing else of Preface, or Apologie, from

Yours,

as his owne,

A. BROME.



*A Prælude to Mr. RICHARD
BROMES Playes.*

Then we shall still have *Playes* ! and though we may
Not them in their full Glories yet display ;
Yet we may please our selves by reading them,
Till a more Noble Act this Act condemne.
Happy will that day be, which will advance
This *Land* from durt of precise Ignorance ;
Distinguish *Morall Virtue*, and *Rich Wit*,
And *gracefull Action*, from an unfit
Parenthesis of *Coughs*, and *Hums*, and *Haes*,
Thrashing of *Cushions*, and *Tautologies*.
Then the dull *Zelots* shall give way, and flye,
Or be converted by bright *Poesie*.
Apollo may enlighten them, or else
In *Scottish Grots* they may conceale themselves,
Then shall Learn'd *Johnson* reassume his Seat,
Revive the *Phænix* by a second heat.
Create the Globe anew, and people it,
By those that flock to surfet on his *Wit*.
Judicious *Beaumont*, and th' Ingenious Soule
Of *Fletcher* too may move without controule.
Shakespeare (most rich in *Humours*) entertaine
The crowded *Theaters* with his happy veine.
Davenant and *Massinger*, and *Sherley*, then
Shall be cry'd up againe for Famous men.
And the Dramatick Muse no longer prove
The peoples Malice, but the peoples Love.
Black, and white *Fryers* too, shall flourish againe,
Though here have bin none since *Queen Mary's* reign.
Our *Theaters* of lower note in those
More happy daies, shall scorne the rustick Prose
Of a *Jack-pudding*, and will please the Rout,
With wit enough to beare their Credit out.

The Fortune will be lucky, see no more
 Her Benches bare, as they have stood before.
 The Bull take Courage from Applauses given,
 To Eccho to the *Taurus* in the Heaven.

Lastly, St. *James* may no aversion show,
 That *Socks*, and *Buskins* tread his Stage below.
 May this Time quickly come, those daies of Blisse
 Drive Ignorance down to the dark Abisse.
 Then (with a justly attributed praise)
 Wee'l change our faded *Broom*, to deathlesse Baies.

Aston Cokaine.

*To the Stationer, on the publishing
 Mr. Bromes Comedies.*

SINCE Poems of this nature, honest Freind
 Do, of themselves, nor praise, nor dis-
 comend

An Author or his Work ; but He, and It,
 Must by the Readers Palate rise or set ;
 What need we write Encomiums, or expose
 Our judging Rhymes, to be laught at in Prose?
 We're like Godfathers (as they're us'd of late)
 Not to Engage for Children, but give Plate.
 And truely scarce there is a Poet known,
 That Praises others wit, but clawes his own.
 But tis the Custome, and who won't submit,
 Must be esteem'd a Schismatick in wit:
 And therefore in obedience to the power,
 Ile tell the World, I've read these Poems o're,
 And in them finde so naturall a vaine

Of

Of clean, rich Fancie, in so pure a straine :
 That I may safely say, who does not love it,
 Can't for his life write any thing above it.
 This witty Pen, this mirthfull Comick style,
 Makes us at once both serious, and smile.
 Wraps serious truths in fab'lous mysteries,
 And thereby makes us merry, and yet wise.
 No Gods, or Goddeffes his rimes supply'd,
 One he ador'd, and all the rest defy'd.
 No stradling Tetrasyllables are brought
 To fill up room, and little spell, or nought.
 No Bumbast Raptures, and no lines immense,
 That's call'd (by th' curtesie of *England*) fence.
 But all's so plaine, that one may see, he made
 T'inform the understanding, not invade it. (it
 And the designs so probable, that though
 They be not true, tis like they may be so.
 Thus Travellour-like, I do inform our Nation,
 Being return'd, what is my Observation.
 But if, as *Coriat* did, I do relate
 Buildings, and Gallowfes, not Acts of State ;
 Pardon my want of Skill, and Ile be Debtor
 To him, that on perusall notes things better.

Alex. Brome.

Upon

*Upon the Ingenious Comedies of
Mr. Richard Brome.*

*SEE the strange twirle of Times! when
(such poore things
Out-live the Dates of Parliaments, or Kings!
This Revolution makes exploded Wit
Now see the fall of those that ruin'd it.
And the Condemned Stage hath now obtain'd
To see her Executioners Arraign'd.
There's nothing permanent; those high great men
That rose from Dust, to Dust may fall agen.
And Fate so orders things, that the same houre
Sees the sameman both in Contempt, and Power.
For th' Multitude, in whom the power doth lye,
Do in one breath cry Haile, and Crucify.
Time was, when Learning, Poesie, and Wit,
Were counted Sacred things, and hard to get.
Time was, when Playes were justly valu'd, when
Poets could laugh away the Crimes of men.
And by Instructive Recreations teach
More in one houre, then some in ten do preach.
But Times are chang'd; and tis worth our note,
Bishops, and Players both suffer'd in one Vote.
And reason good, for they had cause to feare 'em,
One did suppress their Schismes, and tother
jeere 'em. (Riches,
Bishops were guiltiest, for they swell'd with
Tother had nought, but Verses, Songs, &
Speeches.*

And

*And by their ruine, the State did no more,
 But robb the Spittle, and unrag the poore.
 And the Stern Poet, challenging as due
 His ancient right, with freedome to speake true ;
 Div'd into secrets, and 'cause hee'd not be brib'd
 To silence, nor compliance, was proscrib'd.
 While those in Cloakes, and double Caps, so long,
 So long did thrash in their inspired throng ;
 Till at the last, instead of Curbing Sin,
 By corrupt lives, and jars, they brought it in.*

*But now new Stars shine forth, and do pretend,
 Wit shall be cherisht, and Poets finde a Friend.
 This makes these sleeping Poems now creep
 As innocent of wrong, as full of worth. (forth,
 Where Vice, and Vanity, are laught to scorn,
 And unstain'd Vertue to the Skies is born.*

*May this Work prove successfull, and we
 finde*

*Those men, that now are Pow'rfull, to be kinde !
 And give encouragement to Wit, and Worth,
 That things of Weight may come with bold-
 For, to the being of a happy State, (nesse forth !
 Pleasure, and Profit must Incorporate.*

*And if we in our Bellies place our sence,
 'Twixt Beasts, and us, pray what's the differ-
 Poets are the Custodes of our Fame, (ence ?
 Were't not for Homer, where's Achilles Name ?
 Let Souldiers then protect, while Poets praise ;
 Since that, which Crownes the Browes of Both,
 (is Baies.*

ALEX. BROME.



PROLOGUE.

H Ere you're all met, and looke for a fet speech,
Put into Rhyme, to court you, and beseech
Your Worships, but to heare and like the Play,
But I, I vow, have no fuch part to say.
I'm sent a woing to you, but how to do 't,
I han't the skill ; tis true I've a new Suite,
And Ribbons fashionable, yclipt Fancies,
But for the Compliments, the Trips, and Dances,
Our Poet can't abide um, and he sweares,
They're all but cheats ; and fugged words but jeeres.
Hee 's hearkning there : and if I go about
To make a Speech, he vows, he'le put me out.
Nor dare I write t'you : therefore in this condition,
Ile turne my courtship into admonition.
When a good thing is profer'd, don't be nice,
Our Poet vows, you shan't be profer'd twice.

The Persons of the Comedy.

Careleffe, *a young wilde Heire.*

Sir Val. Thrivewell, *his Unkle that adopted him Heire.*

Saleware, *a Citizen and a Cuckhold.*

Saveall, *Sir Valentines demure Steward.*

L. Lovely, *a wencher.*

Bellamy, *a woman disguised, and his Steward.*

Wat, *a blunt fellow, Carelesses Servingman.*

Old Bellamy.

Lady Thrivewell.

Mrs. Alicia, *Salewares light wife.*

Mrs. Crostill, *a rich Vintners Widow, and humorous.*

Phœbe, *Careleffe his Whore.*

Closet, *an old Crone, Nurse-keeper to L. Thrivewell.*

Apprentices.

Servingmen.

And Attendants.

- { 1. *Mad couple.*
- { 2. *Novella.*
- { 3. *Beggar.*


The Scene LONDON.



A
MAD COUPLE
WELL MATCH'D.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Carleffe, Wat.

Car.  Hou hast delivered my Letter ?

Wat. Yes Sir, to Mr. *Saveall* your Unkles friend : But hee has stood your friend so long, and so often, to so little purpose in moving your Uncle for you, that he holds it utterly in vaine, to urge him any further, he told me.

Car. Thou should'st ha' told him, I would not be so answer'd.

Wat. Yes ; and then he would have told me, let your Master take his course.

Car. Then you should ha' told him again, I have taken all the courses I could, or as any Gentleman can to maintaine my selfe like one ; But all my courses are run out, and I have not breath, nor know any ground whereon to begin a new one, unlesse that thing my Uncle sets me up againe, nor have I any meanes to attaine to that, but by his Mediation.

B

Wat.

Wat. Then would he ha' told me againe, what all your courses have been. Namely, running into debt by all the wayes can be imagin'd, and cheating by all could be invented, then that the said thing, (as you call it) your Unkle, before he cast you quite off, had redeem'd you out of Prison, and severall holds, within the space of 15. Moneths 14. times.

Car. That was not once a Moneth then, or if it had, what had that been to him? 'twas I that suffer'd, thou shouldst ha' told him, not he.

Wat. Hee would ha' told me then againe, That severall Redemptions, cost your Unkle at least 2000 l. And that upon your last revolt when he quite gave you over for a cast-away, two yeares since, he cast the third thousand with you, upon condition never to afflict him more. And then he Married in hope to get an heire.

Car. I that Marrying spoyld all.

Wat. Because you should not after his death cast away all the rest of the thousands, and ten thousands which you might have liv'd to inherit, if your Unkles love or Mr. *Saveall's* counsell could have prevay'd, with you against the Divill, and Debauchednes.

Car. Pox on't, let it all goe, let that wretched Unkle goe, and let *Saveall* goe for a punctuall asse as hee is. I confesse he has by his saving helpe peec'd me with my Unkle a score of times at least. What had once more been to him?

Wat. Sir, it were better for you to thinke upon some course by your selfe, and me your Creature (that have stuck to you, or followed you through all fortunes) to maintaine Rich Lace, and Bravery upon you. And thinke in time too before this be worne out, upon some new wayes for your supplies——

Car. I cannot, nor will I trouble my braines to
thinke

thinke of any, I will rather die here in *Ram alley*, or walk down to the *Temple*, and lay my selfe down alive, in the old Synagogue, crofs-leg'd among the Monumentall Knights there, till I turne Marble with'em. Thinke quoth a! what should I think on?

Wat. On your poor Whore Sir (as you have brought her) shee's in worfe case then your selfe; your Cloaths are good enough——

Car. I ther's the Devill. I would doe something for her if I knew how. But what have I not done that can be done by a forlorn heire?

Wat. Why though the Dice, and all other Houfehold games, and all the Cheats belonging unto them have fayld you by your and their discoveries, till none dare venture so neare you as a Man hurles a Die or Skirrs a Card. Though all your hidden wayes in Hide-parke races are trod out, and all your bowling booties beaten bare off o' the Grounds and Allies; and the sweete Honey-combes of all your Cockpit cosenages cut off. Though all your Arts of borrowing are crost out of all Mens Bookes before you offer at 'em, while your old Debts stand fairely written, and all your Marts miscarry of putting out for credit, Venison to Citizens, or early Cherries, Codlings and Apricocks to their Wives availe you nothing, cannot something yet be found?

Car. Nothing, nothing. All Projects are confounded.

Wat. Did your Father leave you nothing but wit to live upon for this? And did hee leave you that but for yeares, and not for Life? and is the terme expir'd?

Car. Hold thy peace. I am casting for something to be done by me, that shall be worth, and cost my life, to shame my Unkle.

Wat. There's a plot! Think of your poore whore Sir, how shall she live, if you cast away your selfe?

Car. I must leave her once thou knowst.

Wat. If you could leave her now, and betake your selfe handsomely to other Women, I have thought on a course.

Car. What, quickly, what ist?

Wat. To set up a Male bawdy house.

Car. Fy upon't.

Wat. You are handsome, lovely, and I thinke able to do one Mans worke, two or three such Gentlemen more which I know, and can describe to you, with the wayes I'll finde to bring in custome shall fill your purses——

Car. And empty our bones. I ever had enough of one Mistris *Variety* would destroy me. No Gentlemen can be able to hold it out. They are too weake to make common He whores.

Wat. For a little while Sir, till we have got a stock of rich cloathes; And then we will put Drey-men, and Wine-porters, Cornish Wrasters & such like into those cloaths; and make them Country Cavaliers. Have you not seen course snowt-faire drudges, clapt into bravery that would doe more bodily service in a Brothell then twenty Ladies Daughters? They are the Game-bearers of a Bawdy-house, can play ten single courses for a cleane-bred Gentle-womans one, wee will hire fellowes for groates a peece a day, that shall (without the additaments of Clary, Cawdle or Cock-broth) get us forty peeces a Man before Night, or perhaps a hundred by next Morning, out of such shee-customers, as an Aunt of mine shall finde out for us.

Car. O base Villaine! No I'll never fall so deep below a Gentleman, as to be Master of a Bawdy-house.

Wat. Very good decay'd Gentlemen have done as much; though I urge this, but for your pastime fir.

Car.

Car. No my first plot shall stand, I will do some notorious death-deserving thing (though these cloaths goe to th' Hangman for't, what care I) in defiance of him that was my Unkle, and his Methodicall, Grave, and Orthographicall speaking friend, Mr. *Saveall* that calls People Pe-o-ple.

Enter Saveall.

O Mr. *Saveall* how have you honord mee, how am I bound to you for this visit! Sir hearing that my Unkle was come to Town, and you with him, I did presume to write to you.

Sav. Send forth your Man.

Car. Goe forth——*Exit Wat.*

Sav. One servant is not fit for all Offices, although you keepe no more; you presumed indeed, I can no lesse then call it a presumption, although it were but unto mee you write; I speak not this in the behalfe of any dignity in me; but that you should overweene that I had ability to wrastle any more with your overgratefull Unkle in your behalfe Therein was your outrecuidance.

Car. The miserablest Man on Earth! in having weeried out my worthiest friend, on whom the sum of all my hopes was cast.

Sav. No, I am not wearied; But still in the same full strength: yet my modesty disswadeth mee from using strength above reason, and my reason prevaieth with me not to strive against a Torrent.

Car. He is then inexorable, and I must perish. But did you try him for me this last time?

Sav. I have both tryed, and tempted him to his vexation.

Car. But did you urge that pious act of mine Which he once vow'd should never be forgot, Or unrewarded by him?

Sav. Your standing upon merit in that Act Perplexeth nature in him, and confounds

Both your desert, and his benevolence,
 And now since you have urged it, I'll tell you,
 Your Act was undenyable, most noble,
 And glorious in a Nephew, greater piety
 Could not have been expected in a Sonne :
 When from the Swords of Theeves and Murderers,
 Your valor rescued him——But——

Car. I and my man I'me sure made four of the
 stowtest purses fly for't, that ever set our Country
 o' the skore : After they had him downe, and their
 points at his brest and throat, hee crying out for
 helpe, when I came on by chance at a time too
 when I was in his displeasure, nay he hated me a
 whole yeare together before that, and yet I did it,
 and more then so——

Sav. Fare you well Sir, I thought to have said
 all this for you, and more then so too. But——

Car. Nay sweet Mr. *Saveall*——

Sav. Good Mr. *Careleffe*, as I can hear I would
 be heard sometimes.

Car. Indeed I cry you mercy, pray fir speake.

Sav. I was commending of your act, and do so
 still.

You did expresse your selfe in blood and nature
 A perfect Kinsman ; and your piety
 Drew blessings on you : for whereas before
 Your Uncle left you off to Reprobation,
 He then receives you a Son, (being his Sisters.)
 Adopted you, intended you his heire,
 And out of his Estate then presently
 Allowed you two hundred pounds *per annum*,
 And gave your Man for what he suffered
 In the conflict an hundred Marks——

Car. Poore Rogue ! and he deserv'd it, I'll be-
 sworne for a Theeves marke that he receiv'd ; a cut
 o' the Cockscombe that crackt his skull, so that hee
 could never bear his drinke since, as hee could ha'
 done

done before. For fir, as we came in, I having put by the thrusts of three of 'em, the fourth man with a full blow——

Sav. Fare you well Sir the second time——

Car. Nay curteous Mr. *Saveall*.

Sav. I came to speak not with you altogether, but unto you for to be heard.

Car. Sir I will heare you with all due respect.

Sav. Your Unkle having done so gratefully, and so plentifully for you,
You building still on merit for that service,
Did hold him so fast bound that you presumed
To run upon more extravagancies
In all the out-wayses of debauchery,
Till for the one good deed you did for him
He did you forty, in restoring you
From Surfets, Wants, Wounds and Imprisonments,
Till overborne with charge, and more with anguish,
At your outrageous, unexampled Riots,
Hee gave you an irrevocable farewell, yet then at
your departure.——

Car. Yet then I liv'd and could have done till
now, meerly by being his Nephew, and suppos'd
his heire, had not he married; but his Marriage
turned the hearts of all believing Citizens from me,
where before a Taylor could have made mee run
through all the credit i' the Town,
When in a fute Chinquant, and Ala-mode
They could informe themselves, whose heire I was,
But to say truth I vex'd him into Wed-lock, for
before he valud not a Wife at a batchelors Button.

Sav. Farewell to you the third time.

Car. Sir, you shall see mee die first, and that
instantly; That you may tell my Uncle I'll be no
more his trouble, or charge, unlesse in charity hee'll
send to bury me. (end upon your selfe?)

Sav. You will not desperately work a violent

Car. No Sir, the Devills not so great with mee ; but my heart, I feele it ready to breake. My Unkle is no more my Unkle, nor you my friend, all by my own fau't, and what should I do here, but in to my Bed, and out o' the World presently. *Wat. Wat.*

Enter Wat.

I here Sir !

Sav. I have dalyed too long, and tempted him too far I feare.

Car. Lay down my Bed.

Wat. Your Wench is come indeed, but I hope you will not to bed before he be gone.

Car. Lay down my bed I say. But first unbutton me. (I fear.

Wat. Lord how his heart beats ! pangs of death

Sav. Not so I hope. I will now come to the point Sir, Mr. *Careleffe* be comforted.

Car. I am, and well resolv'd, I thanke my better Angell.

Sav. Your Unkle's friends with you.

Car. Alas, how can that be ?

Sav. I thought your spirit had been higher.

Car. It will be Sir anon, I hope.

Sav. I have but dallied with you to search your temper.

Wat. But you have searched too deep I feare sir.

Car. Ah !——

Sav. Your Unkle is friends with you, I say so farre as to make a further tryall of your nature, you may be yet his heire ; for your Aunt despaireth of any Child by him, having fruitlesly been married now these two years.

Car. Ah !——But good Sir, can this be ?

Sav. It is, and I will bring you to him. And see that all be well.

Car. Your noble friendship hath reviv'd me sir, O run and fetch my cloake.

Enter

Enter Wat with his Cloake.

Tell *Phebe* I cannot stay to give her any satisfaction now, I must go see my Unkle first. *Exit Wat.*

Sav. Poore Gentleman, how weakly he standeth! The sight of his Unkle will recover him. Come Mr. *Careless* let us goe.

Car. Sir what do you thinke if I should first according to the reformation of my mind cut off my undecent hair, and change this garish apparrell for a civill well worne Students sute, I can be fitted presently hard by.

Sav. No, the mind reformed is enough, your habit well becometh you. *Exit.*

Wat. Now Wit and't be thy will go with him. And I hope this will be his last hot fit of the Unkle.

Enter Phebe.

Phe. Your Masters gone forth it seemes.

Wat. Cal'd by his fortune, hee is so.

Phe. Shuns he the sight of me? i'll overtake him.

Wat. O your patience sweete Mistris *Phebe*, a little patience.

Hee's gone to be happy, and to make you happy. I dare promise you a Sattin Gowne within this fea'night.

For let me tell thee Mistris *Phebe* bright
Hee's reconciled to his Unkle Knight.

Phe. Away Pimpe, Flamsted, I came to be serious with him, to let him know the miseries I suffer, by the wrongs hee has done mee, and that I can nor will no longer beare'em.

Wat. Nor him neither will you? Take heede what you say Madam *Marion*.

Phe. No nor him neither, you pandarly Parasite, till he make his vowes good, and me an honest Woman.

Wat. Birlady, a shrewd taske, and I fear an impossible worke.

Phe.

Phe. Sirra, I will claw your ugly Face till thou undertak'ft it with him, to make it easie.

Wat. Hold, hold, I'll doe you all the good I can.

Phe. O will you so?

Wat. How desperately valiant a Whore growes, when she is so poore that her cloathes feare no tearing. (worke about?)

But by what meanes can you hope to bring this

Phe. You know I have a wealthy Kinsman in the City. (that bears it up bravely.)

Wat. O Mr. *Saleware*, and he has a Wife too

Phe. Pimpe impudent, shall I claw your Face into blufhes at my injuryes, to be mockt out of my Maydenhead, when I was upon a good Match in the Countrey; Then with a promise of Marriage, to be intic'd from my friends into fooles Paradise (that was a new title for the City) and here to be used, and abused from Lodging to Lodging, by him that now flies me, for the decayes hee hath brought mee to? But my Kinsman has money though I have none, and for money there is Law to be found, and in a just cause he will not let me sink, he sayes: for I have told him all.

Wat. But not the how many times, the whens, the where's, and the wherewithalls, I hope have you?

Phe. Sirrah, I shall shew you and your Master too a way to more civility, since I am thus abused, and flighted.

Wat. You have schoold mee handiomeley, and brought me into sence of your injuries: you have beene over-wrong'd, but not over-wrought, nor over-worne, you doe excell in Beauty, Strength and Spirit, which makes you in your very anger now appeare so lovely, that I professe my selfe your Creature. What would a kisse of this faire Hand now make mee do, and of those Lipps what not?

Shee strikes him.

Phe. Away you Creature.

Wat.

Wat. Leave these temptations; doe not strike me too deeply in love with you.

Phe. Away you Creature.

Wat. Tis true I am your Creature, as I am my Masters; And sometimes the serving Creature, breakes his fast with a bit off the Spit before the same meat is serv'd up to his Masters table, but is never denyed to Dine upon his Masters leavings, you cannot thinke what an appetite that frown

Phe. You are no faucy Rascall. (gives me.

Wat. Good wit too! My appetite needs no Sauce; nor shall you need to make use of Law, or Friend against my Master, but my self.

Phe. You!

Wat. Be rul'd by me, if I doe not lay you downe, and joyne with you presently in a course that shall content you, then—hang me Lady at

Phe. What doe you meane? (your doore.—

Wat. In the next roome we shall find Pen, Inke and Paper, you shall write him such a Letter (as I will dictate to you) that shall so nettle him.

Phe. Nay I did intend to leave him part of my mind in writting before I went.—

Enter Saleware.

Ph. O Cofen, I want you.—

Wat. A pox of this interrupting Cuckold, hee hinders all Trading, but his Wives, zownds I was going with full speed a Tilt, as the learned say, had not this horne-head come, we had writ lines together should have put down *Hero* and *Leander*—Harke you Mistris *Phebe*, is this your Kinsman that you told me, you had told all the businesse to?

Sale. Yes, sir, I am the Gentleman, and shee has told me so much, Sir that I must tell you, to tell your Master from mee, and as I would tell him my selfe if hee were here personally present, hee is a most dishonest Gentleman if he doe her not lawfull

full right by Marrying her ; and that right I came to demand, and obtaine of him, or to denounce the Law againſt him.

Wat. How happy are you, that you came ſhort to tell him ſo, elſe hee would ha' ſo beaten you, as never was Citizen beaten, ſince the great Battaile of Finsbury-Field.

Sal. Your great words cannot make mee feare his blowes (I am not daſht nor baſht) nor croſſe him out of my Booke, for feare of any ſuch payment. I have him there for foure ſcore pound as you know, though you are pleas'd to forget mee, But *Sapientia mea mihi ſtultitia tua tibi.*

Wat. Cry mercy Mr. *Saleware*, is it you? I hope Miſtris *Saleware* is well, your moſt exquisite, and moſt courtly wife ; the *Flower-de-luce* of the City.

Sal. Well wag well, you muſt not now put me off with my wife, ſhee's well and much reſpected ; I come to ſpeake of, and for my diſtreſſed Kinf-woman, her whom your wicked Maſter has moſt wickedly dealt withall. Hee has deflower'd and delud'd her, and led her from her Friends, and out of her Countrey into Fooles Paradice—By making her believe he would Marry her, and here he has put her on, and put her off, with hopes and delayes till ſhee is come to both woe and want ; And (which may prove her moſt affliction, if hee be ſuffered to forfake her) ſhee is with child by him. (ſhew of it yet.

Wat. Say you ſo, Miſtris *Phebe*? here's ſmall

Phe. Sirrah, I ſhall ſhew you and your Maſter too a way to more civility, if I be thus abuſed and ſlighted.

Wat. By the way Mr. *Saleware*, how many children have you by your moſt amiable wife ?

Sal. Sir, that needs not to fall by the way of our diſcourſe.

Wat.

Wat. But by the way I speake of getting children. Or I pray tell me, did not you correct one of her children once, for which your wife reprehended you, and bad you correct your own? And how then shall my Master be sure that this (if it be one) is his?

Sal. What an Asinego's this? I shall finde a time fir, to talke with your Master. In the mean time I tell you that my Kinsfellowman is a Gentlewoman of as good blood as himself, and of the best

Wat. Yes, Welsh-blood. (in *Herefordshire.*

Sal. And shall find friends that shall not see her abus'd by you nor him. There is Law to be found for money, and money to be found for Friends, and Friends to be found in the Arches, and so tell your Master, come away Cosen.

Wat. But one word before you goe Sir, is this Gentlewoman, (who was but a Countrey Chambermaide when my Master tooke her to his mercy) of such boasted blood, your Cozen by your owne, or by your Wives side I pray?

Sal. Sirrah, like a faucy companion as you are, though you meddle with me that am a Common-councill-Man; I charge you meddle not with my wife, you have had two or three jerks at her.

Wat. I was warn'd before Sir, in my own understanding: for she is for great persons.

Sal. Then know your distance, Sir.

Wat. Yet give me leave to wait you down Sir, cudshoe did it tell it Kinsfellowman that it is got with Champkin.

Phe. You are a Pandarly Rascall, and I'll be a terror both to you, and your Patron. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Thrivewell, Lady.

Thr. How can you thinke so?

La. Thinke! I see't apparently upon your Face, and heare it in your sighes, your broken sleepes to night

night, when your owne groanes wak'd you, declar'd no lesse ; But had I had the power of some wives with their husbands I could have fetch'd it out of you waking once (I thanke you) you tooke me in your arme, but when you found 'twas I you turn'd away as in a dreame. (proceed else ?

Thr. Sure you dreame now, whence can this talke

La. I must not give it over till I know the cause of your melancholly fit, doe you doubt my duty, or my loyalty ? perhaps you do, and so make me the cause of your affliction.

Thr. May such a thought within mee, stick mee to the endlesse torments.

La. 'Tis lately entertained, what e're it be ; you came heart whole to Town, and Joviall. Ha' you been drawn for security into Bonds by any of my friends, for great summs, and forc'd to pay 'em ?

Thr. Fie, fie.

La. Are any great friends of yours in question, attainted, imprisoned, or run away ?

Thr. Pfewh.

La. Or are you further griev'd about your Nephew, *Careleffe* ? I thought that your friend *Saveall*, and my selfe had made his peace with you ; and that you had sent for him, do you repent that ?

Thr. No, no, sweete heart, hee shall be welcome. And pray let me intreate you make no further inquisition ; If (as you suppose) there be a trouble in my thoughts, I shall soon passe it over.

La. Tell me, or I shall prove the greater trouble. I would those few examples of women, that could not keepe their husbands counsells had beene burnt, and the woman too rather then I should be distrustful thus, and flighted by a Husband——

Thr. Nay then you'll grieve me indeed.

La. There has beene many examples of discreet women that have not onely kept their husbands counsells,

councells, but advise and help 'em in extremities, and deliver'd 'em out of dangers.

Thr. I pray content your selfe.

La. Be you content to tell me then what troubles you. And I pray you tell mee speedily, now presently; or (excuse me in my vow,) it is the last request that ever I will make to you, and the last question I'll ever aske you, and (the easier to get it from you) I promise you by the continuance of my faith to you (which by this kisse I seale) Be it a deadly injury to my selfe, I will forgive it freely; not be troubled at it.

Thr. I shall do that now, which few wife men would.

But shee's discreet, and has a fortitude
Above the boast of women; should that faile,
And this too weighty knowledge for a wife
Should prove a torment to her, I'm excus'd
She pulls it on her selfe, and for Revenge
Should she against her protestation move it,
I am enough above her.

La. You are resolv'd it seems to keepe your secret
Unto your self, much good Sir may it doe you.

Thr. No, you shall know it, sir, and (if unshaken
Now, in your love to me) the wonder of all wives
Y'are bound by a faire pledge, the kisse you gave me,
To be unmov'd, and to forgive it though
It be a deadly injury to your self;

It is, and 'tis a great one; and so great (ledge
But that you have seald my pardon, the hid know-
Of it should feed upon my Heart, and Liver,
Till life were banish'd thence, rather than pull
Your just revenge upon me; yet you frown not!
But before I declare it to your Justice,
Let me renew your mercy. *Kisse.*

And on this Altar, which I have prophan'd
While it breath'd sacred incence, now with penitence
Offer

Offer religious vowes, never to violate
My Faith or Love to you againe. One more *Kiffe*.
Before you heare it: for if then you stand not
Firme to your Mercy, it must be my last.

La. What do you but violate your Love to mee,
Now in your most unjust suspition?

Thr. I'll trespasse so no more; yet many husbands
(I wish they had my sorrow, and no lesse
Purposer to reformation) wrong their wives.

La. Leave these perambulations; to the point:
You have unlawfully lyen with some woman!

Thr. 'Tis said; and now your doome.

La. Ha, ha, ha. Here's a busiess!
Would somebody heard you faith: nay of five
hundred

That now might overheare us (I meane not only
Gallants, but grave substantiall Gentlemen)
Could be pick'd out a twelve good men and true,
To finde you guilty, I would then condemne you,
But such a Jury must be pannell'd first.

Thr. And can you be so mild? then farwell
thought.

La. Thought of your Mistris Sir. And then farwell
My jealousy, for let me tell you Sir,
That I have had an ache upon these browes
Since your last being in Town. And since you have
dealt

So faithfully as to tell me it is one,
(There's no more, is there?)

Thr. No upon my vow.

La. Name me the woman: if it be the same
That I suspect, I'll never suspect more. (*weight.*)

Thr. As faithfully as to my Confessor; *Light*
Saleware my Silke-mans wife.

La. The same I meant,
Y're a faire dealing husband. On what condition?
Come this is merry talke. Prithee on what condition?

Only

Only to bring good custome to her shop,
And send her husband Venison (flesh for flesh)
I did observe you bought all there last terme,
And wish'd me to her Shop, and Mr. *Saveall*
With divers others to bestow our monies.
Troth shee's a handsome one ; Prithee on what conditions ?

Thr. Thou shalt know all to purge me of my folly.

La. Well said.

Thr. After a costly, and a tedious Sute
With many an answer no, and no such Woman,
At length shee yeilds for a hundred pieces ;
Had'em, and I enjoy'd her once.

La. That was,
When you last Terme sat up all Night, and said
you sat up with the three Lady Gamesters.

Thr. It is confests'd.

La. Faire dealing still.

Thr. But here was the foule dealing, and for which
I hate her now : I having paid so great a fine, and
Tane possession thought after to deale Rent-free.

La. A pepper-corne a quarter, if shee be Pepper-
prooffe.

Thr. But shee at my very next approach, which
was but yesterday denyes me *Egreffe*, except I
make it a new purchase at the same former rate,
and so for all times after.

La. Troth 'tis unreasonable, a hundred pound
a time ? How rich would Citizens be, if their wives
were all so paid, and how poore the Court and
Country ! But husht, here comes Mr. *Saveall* with
your Nephew, I take it ; A handsome Gentleman,
could hee be so debauch'd ?

Enter Saveall, Carelesse.

Sav. Sir, I have brought you home, a Reformado ;
and doe intreat (for what I have said unto him,
C and

and he hath fairely answered unto me) that words may not by you be multiplied.

Thr. Not a word of unkindnesse, Nephew, you are welcome, give me your hand *George*, thou art welcome.

Car. I shall be *George* o' horse-back once more I see. In all humility I thanke you Sir.

Thr. Nay now thou speakest, and look'st too tamely *George*, I would have thee keepe and use the lively spirit that thou hadst, but not to let it flie at randome, as it has done *George*.

Car. Sir, I have learnt now by the inconveniences I have met with, in those extravagant out flights, the better to containe it within the limits of your leave, and faire allowance hereafter.

Thr. Well said, and againe welcome *George*. But (and this you shall give me leave to say Mr. *Saveall*) I remit your thanks for any inclination I had towards this reconcilment till I doe you some further kindnesse; only you had good advocates, who pleaded friendly for you, Mr. *Saveall*, and your Aunt there before she ever saw you whom you may thanke.

Car. A man must be so tied now.

Thr. Pray take notice of her.

Car. I cannot use respect enough Sir.

Thr. I like that modesty.

Sav. Doubt him in nothing, for he is come home.

Car. Madam, as you are my gracious Patronesse, and my selfe so all unworthy, my duty checks me in my approach to you.

La. You are the more intirely welcome Cofen. *Kisse.*

Car. She Kisses like an old mans wife, That is, as a Child late sterv'd at Nurse, sucks a fresh flowing Breast.

La. You must not Sir be bashfull.

Car.

Car. 'Twill leffe become me to presume good Madam.

Thr. *George* here's a Lodging for you in this house, and my Table has a place for you, send for your man to wait upon you.

Ha' you *Wat* still?

Car. Yes Sir, an honest true hearted civill fellow he is, as I have manag'd him, he can say grace now.

Thr. The world's well mended. To morrow you shall give me a note of your debts *George*, which I'll take order for, if I may presume you have any.

Car. Some driblets Sir, My credit has not lately wrong'd me much.

Sav. You speake sententiously, for credit sought With Trades-men, then their wares are dearer bought: So Gentlemen are wronged.

Thr. Then not to wrong our selves, lets in to Dance.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Alicia, Lady, Servingman, Prentice.

Al. **A**LL Cheape-side, and Lombard-streete Madam, could not have furnish'd you with a more compleat bargaine, you will find it in the wearing, and thanke me both for the goodnesse of the stufte, and of the Manufacture.

La. But now the price Mistriff *Saleware.* I grant your Commodity is good, The Gold and Silver Laces, and the Frienges are rich, and I hope well wrought. Has your Man made a note of the particulars, and their prices, at the rate of ready-

money (for I buy so) and not as you would booke 'em to an under-ag'd heire, or a Court-Cavalier to expect payment two or three yeares hence ; and finde it perhaps never, I come with *Here is one for tother.*

Al. I know your Ladiships payment such ; And they are priz'd so Madam to a farthing.

La. Let mee see, broad plate Silver and Gold-lace, 206 Ounces halfe, and a dram, at five and ten pence the Ounce, 60 l. 5 s. 3 d. *ob.* 4. five and ten pence an Ounce is deare.

Al. I protest unto you Madam that parcell of Lace for a Bed as you intend it, was bespoken, and agreed for at six shillings the Ounce by a very great person : but because ready money came not to fetch it off, Fortune reserv'd it here for you, you could not have been so fitted on the sodaine else within *London* walls ; and I am glad the same fortune was so favourable to me, as by my hands to designe it for your Ladiships use and pleasure. I hope Madam we shall hear of a young heir a comming shortly, and that will make it a rich and fortunate Bed indeed ; And then *Sir Olyver* would thanke me too.

La. What a bold slut it is, well then the rest of the particulars here of Laces, and Frienges, Loopes, and Buttons, makes the sum of all an hundred pound eight shillings foure pence, halfe-penny. I am no good Arithmetician, but if any be overcast, and overpaid, you must allow restitution.

Al. Yes, good Madam.

La. Is all put up into this Box ?

Al. All Madam.

La. Give mee my Purse. Take you home that while I make payment for it ; your Gold-weights Mistris *Saleware.* *Exit Servant.*

Al. Here Madam all in readinesse.

La. You take no Gold but what is weight, I presume.

Al.

Al. 'Tis but light paines to weigh it Madam. But let me save your Ladyship that labour.

La. Nor shall it be your trouble, command your Servant I pray for a glasse of your beere——

Al. Some beere for my lady presently.

Exit. Prentice.

La. That I may tell you in more privacy, what perhaps you would not have him heare: for Prentises though they are bound to keepe their Masters secrets, are not all privy to their Mistresses; that's more a Journeymans Office.

Al. Your Ladyship is pleas'd.

La. Not very well with my selfe, for I have gone beyond my Commission in this bargaine, and exceeded my Husband's allowance. Here's one hundred pounds eight shillings 4 d. *ob.* in the Bill, and he allows me but the bare hundred pound.

Al. The od money is but a small matter Madam.

La. A great matter in an honest poore Countrey Ladies purse, may serve her a whole Christmas at Post and Pare, or Farthing gleeke, when the gay Gamsters wives o' the City may command the hundreds, out of the purses of such poore Ladies Husbands. But here is the odd money, eight shillings foure pence, half penny, and so all's paid.

Al. What meanes your Ladyship?

La. Doe you not understand mee then? I'll tell you that which I thought fit to conceale from your servant; And from your husband too had hee been here, perhaps he knowes not on't. My husband left with you, or lent you the last Terme a hundred pound, which hee assign'd to me; and now I have it in Commodity. Had you forgot it, when it was to do you a good turne, when your absent husband faild you, and you wanted it.

Al. A good turne Madam?

La. Yes, was it not to have the free use of a hundred

hundred pound ready money, a whole quarter of a yeare, through a dead Vacation, and at last to take it out in wares? A good turne I thinke for a Trades-woman; take heed you do not by your fullennesse make me suspect another kind of good turne, or that you did my husband any to my injury, nor deny the receipt of his money, lest I take up a violence that will not become mee, nor you be able to beare. Be therefore well advis'd both in what you say, and who heares me. Somebody comes.

Enter Prentice with Beere.

Al. Madam your Beere.

La. I'll pledge you Mistris *Saleware*.

Al. I shall presume then Madam——*Drinks.*

La. This was right cast, was it not friend?

Pre. Your Ladyship will finde it so —— *La.*
Drinks.

Al. And I hope you will finde your money so well bestowd Madam, that you will vouchsafe always to know the Shop.

La. Ever upon the like occasion, Mistris *Saleware*, so most kindly farewell sweet Mistris *Saleware*.

Al. The humblest of your servants Madam. Open the Boot for my Lady.

La. 'Tis done, my Coach-man does it. *Exit.*

Al. I would the Devill were in your Coachmans Coat to take his carriage for his paines.

Lady returnes.

La. Oneword more Mistris *Saleware*, can it be he?

Al. Lay your comands on me good Madam.

Curtſie.

La. Not to your trouble, I perceive a young Gentleman attends for conference with you. Is not his name *Fitzgerrard*?

Al. No Madam, his name is *Bellamie*, much depending on the young Lord *Lovely*.

La. I thought I had known him, hee is a handsome

some youth. I cannot blame you now with him : but beware of old Knights that have young Ladies of their owne. Once more adieu sweet Mistris *Saleware*. *Exit.*

Al. Most courteous Madam—and once more to the Devill. But on my life her chaste Ladiship is taken with this beard-lesse *Bellamie*. How she shot eyes at him !

Bel. Now may your servant obtaine a hearing Lady.

Al. My eares are open Sir.

Bel. But you are sad or angry, why seemes that brow to threaten a subjection over him that is your vanquish'd captive ; or has *Cupid* plac'd his Bow there bent at me, whose heart already lodges all his Arrowes, never to be restor'd but by your pity ?

Al. Fie, fie upon't ! what talke is this ? I am vex'd and you would mad me.

Bel. What has displeas'd you ?

Al. A crosse businesse that has happened in my Shop to day, I being none of the wisest Chapwoman, have underfold a parcell of the best Commodities my husband had. And should hee know't wee should have such a scwable.

Bel. Husbands should be so serv'd that do impose Those mercenary Offices on their wives.

Al. Talke so, and I will heare you, your amorous notes sound like Play-speeches.

Bel. Servile, nay slavish Offices, ranking their wives with their prentises.

Al. They pretend onely that wee should overlooke our servants, when they but set us there for shew to draw in custome : but in making us such over-seers they are overseene themselves ; Shop-keepers-wives will be meddling and dealing in their kinde, and as they are able, as wel as their husbands (some much better, and more profitable) but I was overreach'd I confesse.

Bel. For no great matter I hope.

Al. No, the matter was not much (that never fretted me) but the manner has eene kild a Shee shop-keeper. I cannot be long-liv'd, here under a Pent-house, as my Lord (you know) told mee when he said he would shut mee out of this servitude, and that I should change my Coat, though my husband could not, before hee were an Alderman, and be rank'd with Ladies.

Bel. My Lord has still the same regard of you.

Al. So it appears by the Tailor and the Mercer, whom he sent foure dayes since to measure me out, and fute mee to his Honour, and no returne of them found, yet his Land might ha' beene measur'd all and sold, while a poore fute is dreamt on, had he borne the mind of some Lord ?

Bel. I doubt not but this paper will cleare that jealousy. And while you reade I'll speake that which I dare not utter through, Sighes and Blushes to an intire attention.

I am of Noble-blood my selfe, free-borne,
And not without good education ;
But since I am ingag'd in this imployment,
And made an instrument of others lust,
I finde my selfe a scandall to my Name,
To Honour, and to Vertue, the base blot
Of Pandare sticking on me. But not this
Alone is my affliction. Here's my torment,
That while I doe true service to my Lord
(Whom I must ever honour) in my Agency
Unto your selfe (whom I cannot but love)
I finde my selfe a Traytor to his trust,
In my negotiation for my selfe.
Nor can I finde it possible to desist,
Mine own attempts, to you, or forbear to urge
Your constancy to him.

Al. How easie a worke

'Twere

'Twere for one woman to supply'em both,
And hold her husband play to leuell Acoile,
A wooden two-leav'd booke, a paire of Tables
Would do't.

Bel. How wretched is that suppliant, who must
make Sute to obtaine that, which he feares to
take!

Al. At the beare at the Bridge-foot fix a clock,
good Sir, I finde my Lords honorable appointments
here, and have heard you all this while.

Bel. Now I could wish, and was in hope you had
not.

Al. I will not blame you on your Lords behalfe ;
Because you have enough rebuk'd your selfe.
But Sir, if you presume upon the favour
I give your Lord, and therefore to obtaine me,
Cause I am his, you undervalue me
To thinke that I can stoop unto his servant,
Though almost his Companion, you may thinke
After that degradation by degrees,
I may, in time, descend unto his Footman, I'me no
cast

Garment of his Lordships yet.

Bel. You have school'd mee fairely, I am humbled,
Lady—— *Going.*

Al. Dee heare, dee heare fir, Mr. *Bellamine*,
One word before you goe.

Pren. What would hee buy Mistris? can you
take his money?
Sir dee heare?

Al. Pray attend you the tother end o' th' Shop,
If I cannot handle a Customer, why dos your
Master trust mee? Could a frowne fright you? Let
a smile then cheare you.

Bel. And that's a heavenly one,
As that of *Cynthia* at *Endymion*. (preffions,

Al. Pray leave your Player-like passionate ex-
And

And if you love mee, like a Man speake to me.
 As I am a Woman ; are you silent ? if you doubt
 the length of my mans Eares at that distance, you
 may whisper what so ? But that is a right shop-
 whisper indeed with Trades-women that are hand-
 some ; Is that the most you will give fir ? Could I
 afford it so, doe you thinke I'd make two words
 w'ye ? yet this before you goe — *Kiffe*. Now
 match it for the price I'll give it you for nothing.

Bel. I shall forget I have a Lord. I must forget
 him here.

Al. Doe so, and if (I say) you love mee, speake
 plainly what you would have mee doe, or what
 you would doe with mee (I love to dant these young
 things that love before they can love to the purpose,
 or speake to't handsomely like a Boy that would
 faine be shooting at wild-fowle, before hee knowes
 how to discharge a Birding-piece) I would heare
 you speake, you have often muttered and fribled
 some intentions towards me, but I would heare you
 speake. Come, if you love me lay by the feare of
 the Lord that sent you, and tell me roundly now,
 what you would have me doe ?

Bel. I would intreat you —

Al. Well, what ?

Bel. That you would be pleas'd——

Al. With what ? or to doe what ?

Bel. To weare this paire of Silke stockings for me.

Al. Is that all your sute, 'tis granted, with my
 thanks to you ; Have you no more to say ?

Bel. Yes, I say you are the beautifull'st of
 Women ; and that my Lord in your enjoyment is
 the happiest——

Al. Nay thinke not of your Lord, but aske me,
 something.

Bel. I would but dare not hope for such a favour,
 you'll never grant it, my unworthinesse.

Al.

Al. How can you tell?

Bel. You will not wrong my Lord, so as to doe it.

Al. Not in his sight perhaps. What is it? come.

Bel. It is——

Al. It is then, let it be so. Go to Schoole child.

Bel. It is—That you would, let me—give you
And grace it with your Finger. (this ring,

Al. Will that be a wrong to your Lord?

Bel. Yes, to weare any favours, but his own.

Al. Dos he know this?

Bel. No, nor I would not that he should (and
given by me) for all the Rubies in Cheapside, where
I bought this but now, over the way.

Al. Come sir, I'll dally w'ye no longer, I know
what you would have with me.

Bel. And now you will betray me: I am sham'd
then and undone.

Al. No, but I have you o' the hip. 'Tis plaine
you would lie with me: deny it if you can.

Bel. O deare, did I say so now?

Al. What need you when I know it, you would
lie with me, and you shall. Take courage man.

Bel. But, in good earnest, shall I? shall I?

Al. Yes, in good earnest, you'll finde it no trifling
businesse, when you come to't once. But sir, upon
condition.

Bel. Any condition Lady.

Al. All purpose on't is lost, and all comes out else.

Bel. Name your condition, I'll performe it if it
be in the power of my life.

Al. You saw here at your comming a faire Lady.

Bel. I tooke no notice of her.

Al. But she did of you, she is calld the Lady
Thrivewell.

Bel. Sir *Oliver Thrivewells* Lady?

Al. The same, you have known her it seemes.

Bel. Seene her before shee was married.

Al.

Al. I will be briefe with you, as you love mee shee loves you as eagerly, but with much more boldnesse, you saw her whisper mee, and how loth shee was to depart, when her eye was upon you.

Bel. I did observe it.

Al. Shee is my noble friend, and the sweetest Lady. I need not set her out. But though you thinke you suffer in your honour, in being an instrument twixt your Lord and mee, with the base blot of Pander sticking on you, (these were your words) I have ingag'd my selfe for her to be your Pandareffe; be so, I shall be even with you in businesse if you account it so.

Bel. What dee meane Lady?

Al. To urge against my selfe, for that sweete Lady, which no Woman else I thinke would doe, that loves you so unfainedly as I. But 'tis my fate, and the injunction I must lay upon you, to make mee yours. That first you give your selfe to her Embraces; I'll give you means for your accessse to her, and your successe with her, which done, and on your faith affirm'd to mee, 'tis so, I will perpetually bee yours more freely then your Lords.

Bel. You urge this but to try my constancy.

Al. For that I'll satisfie you soon, my husband coming we must to night at the Beare——
My Lord writes so.

Enter Saleware.

Sal. And there I will direct you in your progresse. *Ally* how dost? Mr. *Bellamy* how ist? How dos my noble Lord? You are sad methinks. Ha' you overbought any thing here, and so repent your bargaine? Or cannot my wife, and you agree upon't? you must use Mr. *Bellamy* kindly my sweet *Ally*: hee is our noblest Lords most speciall favorite, and must finde all faire dealing here, as well when I am abroad as at home sweet heart.

Bel.

Bel. You heare not me complaine fir, fare you well.

Exit.

Sal. What an Affinego's this! He might ha' thank'd mee for my good words, though I meant him no good will, I hope thou hast overreach'd him indeed.

Al. *Thomas* your hopes are vaine, *Thomas* in feating mee here to overreach, or underreach any body. I am weary of this Mechanick course *Thomas*; and of this courser habit, as I have told you divers and fundry times *Thomas*, and indeed of you *Thomas* that confine me to't, but the bound must obey.

Sal. Never the sooner for a hasty word, I hope sweete *Ally*; Not of me nor of my shop I prethee at seasonable times Love. But for thy habit (though this be decent on a Citizens wife) use thine owne fancy, let it be as Courtly, or as Lady-like as thou pleasest, or my Lords desires.

Al. Then I am friends agen.

Sal. Troth, and I'll call thee friend, and I prethee, let that be our familiar and common compellation: friend it will found daintily, especially when thou shalt appeare too gallant to be my Wife.

Al. Then let it be so friend.

Sal. Intruth it shall, and I am very much taken with it. Friend I have found a Customer to day that will take off my rich parcell of broad Bed-lace, that my Lord *Paylate* bespoke, and left on my hands, for lack of money.

Al. I have sold it already friend, with other Laces at a good rate.

Sal. And all for ready money friend?

Al. Yes friend, a hundred pounds, and somewhat more.

Sal. Who would be, or who could live without such a friend, in such a shop? This money comes
so

so pat for a present occasion, to stop a gap. It has stoppt a gap already friend.

Al. I have dispos'd of the money, the odd hundred pound for apparrell, friend, and other accommodations for my selfe.

Sal. Never the sooner for a hasty word I hope friend.

Al. I have done it friend, whereby to appeare more Courtly, and Ladilike as you say, to gaine you more custome to your Shop.

Sal. Uuch friend — Is it so?

Al. And friend you must not be angry, or thinke much of it, if you respect your profit friend.

Sal. I were no friend but a wretch if I would. No let it goe friend, and — *Sapientia mea mihi* is my word, I must not grudge at my friend in any thing.

Al. Then friend, let your shop be your own care for the rest of this day, I have some busines abroad.

Sal. Whither sweet friend?

Al. Is that a friendly question?

Sal. I am corrected friend, but will you not take a Man to wait upon you?

Al. To watch me, shall I? and give you account of my actions? was that spoke like a friend?

Sal. I am agen corrected friend,
Doe your own pleasure, you'l returne to supper.

Al. Yet againe?

Sal. And agen, I am corrected friend:

Al. Neither to supper, nor to bed perhaps.

Sal. Never the sooner for a hasty word I hope.

Al. But if I chance to stay, you cannot be a faithful friend and aske mee where, or in what company, friendship you know allowes all liberty. *Exit.*

Sal. *Sapientia mea mihi.* A wity wife, with an imperious will,
Being croft, findes meanes to crosse her Husband still;
And

And Tradesmen that so match, must not with Gall Temper their wives, but sweetly by wit-all. *Exit.*
Enter Carelesse, with two Letters in his hand, and Wat with a Candle, and Wax.

Car. Dos not the World come finely on, *Wat*, ha? And have not wee convenient commings in already, ha! *Shew Gold.*

Wat. Better than wee know how to have payd, for that's the glory on't.

Car. I need no more insconfining now in *Ram-alley*, nor the Sanctuary of *White-fryers*, the Forts of *Ful-lers-rents*, and *Milford-lane*, whose walls are dayly batter'd with the curses of bawling creditors. My debts are pay'd; and here's a stock remayning of Gold, pure Gold harke how sweetly it chincks.

Careless seals his Letters.

Wat. Yes, and 'twill ring the changes shortly.

Car. For necessaries *Wat*, for necessaries it shall change, and Ring all out, and 'twil so long as I have an Unkle, and know to mannage him, let money I can no faster spend then he supply. (hie,

Wat. For necessaries sir, but you must not now count Sack and Tobacco, Whores and Fidlers in abundance, necessaries.

Car. Why pray?

Wat. Because you'l have but little then for extraordinaries, That is to say in a Gentleman for charitable, and pious works and uses.

Car. The fellow's spoy'd.

Wat. Not spoy'd neither: For I would but wave your purpose of flying at all new Game, and neglect your poore whore, who now begins to be so violent for wrongs, shee can no longer beare, that shee intends to pursue you with her complaints hither to your Unkles House.

Car. My Unkles house? my house. Is not the first Mornings draught mine?

Wat.

Wat. With great reason, for you are first dry in the morning.

• *Car.* Is not the question first ask'd mee, what will you have to breakfast? what will please you for Dinner, and what for Supper? Has not my Unkle let out monies, and taken Bonds and Mortgages in my name? doe not his Tenants crowch to mee, and his servants all call me young Master? And does not my Unkle take care to marry mee to ten thousand pound, and a thing like a wife?

Wat. You have got a brave possession here, I must needs say; and I applaud your fortune most in this, that your young Aunt the noble Lady here, who you see feard would prove a cruell Stepdame to you, appeares to be more friend to you then your Unkle. 'Tis a most gracious Sun-shine in her.

Car. Shee shall lose nothing by't. I have thought a way to requite her.

Wat. But sir, for Mistris *Phebe*, will you take no order for the poore soule?

Car. I do not like your zealous sollicitation, but her's an order for her, in answer of her Malipert Letter you brought me last night. Give it her, and these five pieces, upon condition that shee never come, write, or send to me againe, till I send to her.

Wat. That's somewhat hard Sir.

Car. Nay look you *Wat*, you are a little mistaken in me. I must give over whoring, for speciall causes thereunto me moving.

Wat. O now I finde you. And 'twere richly worth your patience, if you could winne the Widow by't, for whom you stood in faire election once, intill your last debauchment.

Car. I shall stand fairer for her sir, when I leave working but a weeke or two, shall I not?

Wat. Yes, if you leave it quite, but to forsake her

her whom you have brought low, to fall to others, were such a thing——

Car. Well fir, it may be I will, it may be I wo'nt, what's that to you? carry you the Letter, and the Money, and try how that will worke with her.

Wat. I'll doe my best, but if sheeshould exclaime, and bring on her Cosen Mr. *Saleware* to bee clamorous——

Car. Her Cozen's a Cuckold, exclaime and clamorous! give me my money againe.

Wat. Nay I am gone fir. *Exit.*

Enter Saveall.

Car. The Rogue's in faction with 'em; O noble Mr. *Saveall*, you have most fairely kept your minute with me, I have written my Letter, seald it and all, here to the Widow.

Sav. So early? that is well.

Car. I have written no lesse then six large Epistles this morning, and sent 'em now by my Man to be convey'd into the Country to Lords and Knights, with all the news spirituall, and temporall, forraine and domestick that could possibly fall into a private Gentlemans Collection.

Sav. Is it possible?

Car. With such dexterity, that if I would make a Trade on't, I could undoe all the Newes-mongers in Town that live by't.

Sav. It is most commendable practise in a Gentleman, and it will mature your judgement in the both Common-wealth and State affaires, and in short time invite you unto the chaire of *Helme*.

Car. When I am once married, and settled, you shall see what an asse 'tis, he believes me.

Sav. How am I comforted in my Meditation for you, and how over-joy'd will your Unkle be at the use you make of your retirements!

Car. I confesse it is (by reason of my unwonted-

D

nesse

ness to it) some difficulty for me to write to women ; wherefore since you have so nobly undertaken the conveyance of this, let me beseech you to apologize for the rudeness of my stile.

Sav. To the faire hands of the most accomplis'd in vertue Mistris Anne Crostill, present, I pray with my service ; The out-side hath no rudeness on it, and (I doubt it not) shee shall finde within all sweetness and urbanity.

Car. As you may interpret it to her sir.

Sav. Sir, what I have already said, and do intend to say unto her from your Unkle, and my selfe on your behalfe, together with what you have here written, shall (I doubt it not) prepare so faire a way of proceeding for you ; That at your visit of her you may say, *veni, vidi, vici*, she is your own.

Car. And then—a ha, Mr. *Saveall*!

Sa. Expect your fortune modestly, and when it comes embrace it with discretion.

Car. Sir, I am edified.

Sa. It is well if you be so ; I will put my undertaking in action presently, Pray for my good successe.

Car. I dare not tell him now I cannot ; but I wish well for the Monies sake ; and let the Vintners pray, and all the decay'd Sparks about the Towne, whom I will raise out of ashes into flame againe. Let them pray for my good wokes. O my young Lady aunts grave waiting Woman. If shee were not hers, and out of this house I should take her for a Bawd now. But being hers, and here how much may I mistake ? all flesh is frayle.

Enter Nurse with Caudle cup.

Nur. Not to disturbe your morning Meditations, my Lady has sent you——

Car. And you have brought me, what sweet Mistris *Closet* ?

Nur.

Nur. A part of her Ladiships own breakfast, it is very cordiall and comfortable to the spirits, I assure you, and delectable to the younger fort, and profitable to the old.

Car. One of *Robert Greenes* workes, or the mad Doctor that preaches boyld in't I thinke.

Nur. 'Tis a composition of mine owne Sir, of many excellent decoctions, of most wholesome restorative, and costly ingredients.

Car. That it was sent by her makes it more excellent, whose bounteous care of me, I must acknowledge exceeds all cost in carving to me, and countenancing me at her Table, in gracing me in presence of the Ladies that come to visit her; in giving charge for decency in all things for my Chamber, my fires shining, my odours burning, my livery serv'd in, my soft and costly bed prepar'd and spread with perfum'd linnen—here's Ambergreece in this now——

Nur. O is it so, doe you finde that?

Car. But though shee is my own Unkles wife, I could e'ne say 'tis pity a young man had her not.

Nur. What a wag's this?

Car. Shee is a most sweete Lady.

Nur. Shee is a sweete Lady indeed, I can best speake it that have knowne her from the wombe hitherto: A sweete infant shee was borne, and a sweete babe I swaddled it, and a sweete child I nurs'd it, I traynd it up a sweete child. It was in manners a sweet child, at her Booke and Sample a sweet child. I never whipt it but once, and then it was sweete too, and sprawl'd but a little, and whimper'd but a little it was so sweet a child; And so shee grew upwards, and upwards towards woman, and a sweet youngling she was, and so grew upwards and upwards towards man, and then a sweete Bride shee was, and now a most sweet Lady

shee is, (as you say, and I commend you for it) And so shee stands at a stay. For now she growes no more upwards then upon her Wedding day, not upwards as I would have her upwards, here I meane young Gentlemen, could I but see a sweet babe of hers once by my Master, I could be then content to sleep with my Ancestors.

Car. I had rather see your Gibship hang'd up with Polcatts in a Warren, and your sweet Lady with you, though I confesse that were some pittie. I hope her barrennesse, or his will preserve her from my curse.

Nur. I hope still, and shee hopes still; and I make him of this broth for every morning; and many other good strengthening things (I cannot say for the same purpose) for I shall never see him have an heire by her.

Car. Excellent! that's best of all.

Nur. Because you then are heire, say you so? Is that your love to your Aunt?

Car. No I protest *Nurse*, I meant by the broth, the bottome was the best of all.

Nur. Then I cry mercy.

Car. Cannot all thy art, and her cost finde helpe for my Unkle, think'st thou, to get a child?

Nur. Helpe! what dee meane. He might have helpe and helps enough, were she not too vertuous.

Car. Still thou mistak'st me *Nurse*.

Nur. Away wag away, your Aunt loves you too well to thinke so of her.

Car. *Nurse* as I hope to inherit any thing hereafter——

Nur. I should but serve you well to tell her your good thought of her.

Car. *Nurse*, by this good——peece I think no harme.

Nur. Nay, nay.

Car.

Car. Take it I say. And tell her if thou wilt, that I love her so well, that were shee not mine Unkles wife, I would get her an heire my felfe rather then be his.

Nur. Kinde young Master, now I am heartily sorry that I mov'd you.

Car. And for my Unkle were I his heire apparent, I rather wish he might live till all this World were weary of him, and the next afraid to take him, Then I surville him (Tongue, a pox punish you for lying)

Now I live well, and merily good *Nurse*, ('em, Wealth and Estates, bring cares and troubles with Were all young heires of my contented mind, Parents and Patrons would be better prayd for.

Nur. Good Gentleman.

Nurse Clofet. *Lady within*——*Clofet*——

Nur. O my Lady calls. (her.

Car. Present my thanks and best respects unto

Nur. I should ha' told you first——I ha' forgot. My head is naught,

Car. What member hast thou good then?

Nur. My Lady desires you——This talke has put me out——O this head! My Lady desires you——

Car. Desires shee me *Nurse*?

Nur. Yes sir, shee desires you.

Car. Refuse me if I desire not her as much, for all she is my Unkles leavings.

Nur. My Lady desires you.

Car. And shee shall have me *Nurse*——And she were ten Unkles wives, and she ten of mine Aunts.

Nur. O this head! nay now you will not heare me, shee desires you to goe abroad in the Coach with her.

Car. Any whither, to *Islington*, *Newington*, *Paddington*, *Kensington*, or any of the City out-leaps (I

know'em all) for a spirt and back againe, tell her I am up and ready for her, and could ha' been without her stirrup porredge, though I thanke her for her care. A man can not be too well prepar'd, or provided for so sweete a Lady, in so much distresse. A very *Andromeda*, chain'd to a Rock.

Takes up his Cloak & Sword.

Nur. What's this you say? I understand no word of it, I would take your answer right, though I falter'd in my Ladies message.

Car. The Devills in this overrunning Tongue of mine, I could finde in my heart to worne him out with my teeth.

Nur. What must I tell my Lady Sir?

Car. That I am more oblidg'd to her Ladiship then I was to my Mother, she has brought mee a new man into the World, and that my Being and my Life is hers.

Enter Lady.

La. I hope hee's a true convertite, did I send you to hold discourse here Closet?

Nur. Nor did I Madam, but I could heare this Gentleman a whole day methinks. Hee speakes so acknowledgingly of your Ladiships vertue, and goodnesse towards him.

La. I am beholding to him, will you goe with mee Nephew to the Exchange? I am to buy some toyes there for the Country, you may get a fancy by't.

Car. Good, I must weare her favours.

La. Or cannot you forbear your study so long?

Car. To doe you service Madam, under whose command I build my happineffe.

La. Be not at the distance of complement with mee good Nephew.

Car. I would not be thought insolent deare Madam.

La.

La. Come the Coachman grumbles at my stay, and 'twill be Dinner-time presently, so the Cooke will be angry too.

Car. You are all tenderneffe to your servants Madam. *Exit.*

Nur. A sweete Gentleman, and bountifull, if my Lady had been blest with such a Husband what a place had I had ! *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Crostill, reading a Letter, Saveall.

Crof. **D**Oe you know the contents Mr. *Saveall* of the familiar Epistle you have brought me here.

Sav. No Lady, but I guesse it a faire expreffion of the Writers affection to you, although hee desired mee to crave your pardon for the rudeneffe of his stile, it being the first that hee hath composed of that consequence.

Crof. Ha, ha, ha, I'le trust you sir, with the full knowledge of it, pray read it your selfe.

Sav. I finde shee is pleased, and my indeavour prosperous, for the young Gentleman, I am sorry that I delaid a day in the delivering of it.

Crof. Pray read it out sir, for I finde it so pleasant that I could heare it a whole day together.

Reades.

Sav. *In the first place you shall give mee leave to wonder at your impudence (though it be but in your dreames) to have a thought that I ever intended, or can be drawne by perswasion, force, or the power of witchcraft to marry you——*

Blesse mee! fure if hee writ this, the Devill dictated to him.

Crof. On fir, that's but his first charge.

Sav. *Secondly, I am to tell you, that I am warme in mine Unkles favour. And 'tis not a peece a time, or five peeccs for a peece of pleasure can undoe me; and so I can have change, and scape the captivity of Wedlock.*

This could no otherwise be done but by the Devill that ought him the shame.

Crof. What follows I pray, there's the first and second point past? marke his method.

Sav. *Thirdly, and lastly, let mee advise you, since you are so hot upon Marriage, though I assure my selfe you love none but mee, (and I thanke you for't) that you frame or dissemble an affection to some one of the City, who is but comparative to your selfe in blood and fortune, and so you may make by-use of me as your friend, and have children like me,*

GEORGE CARELESSE.

Crof. Have you ever heard so queint a Love Letter?

Sav. Lady, the injury done in it, to your selfe is unanswerable, but my wrong in being his Messenger, I will make him answer.

Crof. Excuse me Sir, he has done me a favour: I pray informe him so with my great thanks. But for what you conceive a wrong to your selfe, use your discretion, you have no more to say to me for him at this present, have you sir?

Sav. Not for him but against him, I will un-say all that I sayd before intended for his good.

Crof. But i'll not heare you wrong your former love, and judgement of him so, which made so deepe impreffion here, that I had lock'd his love up
as

as a Jewell in my Breaſt, and you in ſtriving now to wreſt it thence may breake the Cabinet ; I rather wiſh you'll be a friendly meanes to draw his preſence hither, that I my ſelfe may mildly queſtion him.

Sav. Are you ſerious Lady ?

Croſ. I feare I ſhall not reſt before I ſee him, but doe not tell him that, leſt in this fullen humour, hee force his abſence to afflict mee more ; I'll hold you fir no longer, deale for me as you can, I know you have a gueſſe at my deſire.

Sav. I'll doe you ſervice in it. *Exit Croſtill.*

I gueſſe that her deſire is to doe ſome act of Revenge upon him. And (ſo it be not mortall) it were but Juſtice in her for ſo groſſe a ſcorne by him caſt upon a well reputed Gentleman. Yet is it obſerv'd in her that ſhee has a violent humour to do, and not to doe things oftentimes wilfully againſt all good counsell or perſwaſion, ſhee has the ſpirit of contradiction in her, and an unalterable reſolution upon ſodaine intentions, a moſt incorrigible will ſhee has that will not bow nor breake. This croſſe abuſive Letter therefore may doe good upon her, however miſchievous hee might intend it. If ſhee meant well to him before, it may the faſter bring her on, but it amazes me that hee ſhould write ſo, bearing his Unkle, and my ſelfe in hand, that hee ſo fairely lov'd her, and beſought us to negotiate with her for him, ſhould ſhee forgive it, yet the wrong to us in his vile manners is unpardonable, and ſo fir, I come to you.

Enter Careleſſe.

Car. O Mr. *Saveall*—

Sav. What miſchiefe or deſpight have I e're done you,
That could provoke your desperate ſpleene againſt mee,

To

To wound mine honour ?

Car. What doe you meane good fir ?

Sav. You have employed mee basely, made mee
your

Carrier of scandall, and scurrility to the hands
Of nobleneffe and vertue. Could the Fiend
Lust that is in you suffer you to write
No other Sense or Language to a person
Of her faire Name, and Worth, then such as Ruffians
Would send to strumpets ? or it being such.

Enter Wat.

Could not a Porter, or your Pandare there
Serve for the lewd conveyance ?

What a welcom's that !

Sav. You might fafer

Ha' sent it so, and your own right hand with it ;
Then to have drawn my just revenge upon you.

Draws.

Car. Hold I beseech you, and fir, though I lose
the Widow by my error (which was indeed but a
meere accident) let mee not be so miserable made
as to lose you, before you heare a short Examination——

Deliver'd you the Letter which I sent
Yesterday to the Damsell that you wot of ?

Wat. Yes fir, shee read it, kist it a hundred times,
Then made a bosome Idoll on't,
And sayes you are the noblest Gentleman
Under a Saint that e're tooke care for sinner.

Car. Hell take her for a mistaking whore,
Shee has the widows Letter, and the widow hers,
I found it fir, when you judiciously
Said it was Ruffian-like, and Strumpet-language.

Wat. How could you erre so strangely ?

Car. O slightly, slightly, curse o' my heedless braine !
And then too be trapp'd with carelesnesse,
When I was so religiously resolv'd,

T'incline

T'incline to vertue, and a Marriage life,
Thinking with one hand to cast off my follies,
And to take hold of vertue with the other,
For fir, (I will confesse my felfe to you)
The Letter you conveyed was in defiance,
A loofe liv'd wanton, intended to a whore,
That impudently hopes an interest in me.

Sav. It was not fo directed.

Car. I there was

(The Hell confound it on't) my giddines :
I feald both Letters e're I fuperscrib'd 'em,
And fo gave each the contrary direction.

Sav. 'Twas a groffe carelefneffe, and if you
lofe

A fortune by't, do not blame your friends.

Car. That fortune should favour a whore before
An honest woman. 'Twas the sweetest Letter,
The daintiest winning things——(the Devils in't)
Shee must not carry't from the widow fo.
Fetch mee the Letter againe.

Wat. Do you thinke shee'l part with't fir?

Car. Cannot you beat it out of her fir?

Wat. I cannot tell how to do that.

Car. Thus fir——i'le give you demonstration,
you malicious Rogue, you that conspirst with her
to betray me, so good a Master I have beene to thee,
and so good a friend to her, i'le recompence you
both.

Wat. You have undone us both, and will discard
us now you are warme in your Unkles bosome
agen—— but——

Car. But what you Traitor you?

Wat. You put me in good minde, and if I do not
somewhat.

Car. I owe you somewhat for your last-nights
absence, too pernicious Villaine that kepst thy felfe
out o' the way o' purpose that I should bee drunke,
and

and abuse my self, and the house here all lay o' your absence, There's somewhat more for that.

(*Beats him.*)

Wat. 'Tis all upon account sir.

Car. Who knowes an honest Servingman that wants a good Master. *Exit.*

Sa. Was it your mans fault Mr. *Carcleffe*? if I be not reveng'd &c.

Car. No faith, To speak truth he was as much abus'd in it, as you in doing a thing as contrary to his vile conditions, as you did to your noble Name. But I crave onely your pardon, I know not what I doe besides. This crosse blow of chance staggers my reason so——

Sa. Well sir, since I have found the errour, my reason reconciles me to you, and since it grew out of your equall intent to cast off the evill, as to embrace the good, I will re-mediate for you to the widow.

Car. But yet shee'l know I have had a whore. Yet then you may say, 'tis such a running Disease among young Gentlemen, that not one of a hundred has scap'd it, that have prov'd stay'd men afterwards, and very sober husbands; As looke you yonders one may prove, whom now I have in good footh a great desire to beate.

Enter Lady, and Bellamy talking.

Sa. In your Aunts prefence, and your Unkles house; Though I were not his friend; could you be so outrageous? I muse I see him here though.

Car. Cry you mercy sir, are you his friend?

Sa. I make my selfe so, hee being dependent to my noblest Lord, whom I am bound to honour.

Car. What Lord I pray, that I may honour him too.

Sa. The Lord *Lovely*.

Car. That loves women above wine, wine above wealth,

wealth, wealth above friend, and friends above himselfe. There's no scandall in all that sir.

Sa. It goes so of him indeed, but he loves honor above all those.

La. Mr. *Saveall* a word.

Sa. Your servant Madam.

Car. In the name of flesh, for what dos his Lordship employ that Angle-worme to my Aunt? Hee has had her this houre in private conference, close chamberd up together, not so much as Matron *Nurse* in the roome with 'em. 'Tis a fine flecke thing, and almost pittie to hunt it, but sure I must beat it, as place and time convenient may serve.

La. Pray Mr. *Saveall* move you my Husband for it, I would not medle in his money matters willingly.

Sa. Five hundred pound for my Lord upon the mentioned security, I will break it to sir *Oliver*.

Car. Is that the businesse after so much privacy? very pretty, my Aunts a woman too, and my Unkle may have as forked a fortune, as any of the City, that lend out money to hedge in Lordships.

La. I am his Lordships fervant.

Bel. And I your Lordships good Madam. And yours Mr. *Saveall*.

Sa. I am for your way Mr. *Bellamy*.

Car. And I sir, and't please you. *Exit Sav. Bel.*

La. *George Carelesse*, I would speak with you.

Car. May I not wait upon your Gentleman to the Gate Madam?

La. No good *George*, though I commend your curtesie, yet would I not you should neglect your owne dignity.

Car. Umh—I am under Government.

La. The young man, if you have modesty will thinke you mock him, if not you'l make him become arrogant, know you not whose man he is?

(c)

Car.

Car. No tis apparent, this over-flighting of him proclaimes thee loves him, whose follower Madam, and I know Lords followers, Knights fellows.

La. Not all Lords followers to all Knights *George*.

Car. To as many as their faire Ladies will give way to, that are not faint-hearted.

La. I understand you not *George*; something troubles you, you are not right to day.

Car. I am only as I am in your favour Madam.

La. Come I know what perplexes you, and 'tis therefore that I desire to talke with you; I am not angry with you, but let meetell you *George*, although not openly I took notice of the pickle you came home in last night, after your Unkle was in Bed; to whom, mervayling at your absence I excus'd you, as gone at my request to visit some Ladies with whom you staid Supper, I told him, when you were with your Routers.

Car. But did you never go?

La. Indeed I did, and he was satisfied.

Car. O my sweet Lady Aunt! I was indeed amongst'em, and deeply merry.

La. And drunke as deeply!

Car. I will abuse your goodnesse so no more.

La. Say and hold *George*, for your own good.

Car. What's now become of mee, I am under correction.

La. I would you could have seene your selfe, and how your disguise became you, as I was told, I do but friendly tell you of some passages, as they were to mee related, by those whom I have charm'd to speake no more on't. Be secure therefore in your Unkle.

Car. O my deare heavenly Aunt!

La. First, at the doore you bounc'd like a Giant at the Gate of an enchanted Castle, before which
could

could be opened offence was taken by you at your Sedan-men ; for asking money (as appear'd afterwards) more then you brought from the Taverne, and leaving their office fouler by a distemper'd stomach-full, then you found it. In the strife for these sad causes your Sword being seiz'd on, you being unable to use it, were found by my servants at *Luggs* with your brace of Corps bearers, in the dirt, and their poore hovill Chaire turnd on his ridge in the Kennell.

Car. I'll never be drunk agen.

La. I hope you will say so, when you have heard all *George* ; but by the way your late stock being spent, here are ten peeces towards a supply.

Car. O sweet golden Aunt !

La. Well sir, the strife appeas'd, you were tane in. Then hay is there no Sack i' the house ? 'Tis for you in your Chamber is replid, up you are had, where is the Rogue my man ? not seene since Yesterday ; Fetch me a wench. Bless'd us cries old *Sim* the Butler, wee have none i'th house, nor cannot fend for any out o' dores. Dost—tell me that ? is not my Ladies Woman, my Ladies Chambermaide, the Laundry-maide, the wench under the Cooke, my Ladies Nurse old *Winter-plum*, nor my Lady her selfe, within ? I know, or will know all the shee things in the house.

But why me up in your bedroll *George* ?

Car. Pfeigh. (*Beats his head*)

La. You remember none o' this !

Car. It is not worth it Madam.

La. Nor how you fear'd Chamber-maid, whom I sent in love to see care taken for you, not dreaming of any ill thought in you, doe you remember how you told her, and what you would give her, when your Unkle died for a small present curtesie ? she was faine to fatisfie you with a false promise to steale
to

to bed to you before foure men could force, or humour you into it.

Car. What an unhallowed Rascall was I !

La. 'Tis well you consider it now. And still consider *George*.

How ill excesse of Wine, Roaring and Whoring becomes a Gentleman, and how well sobrietie, curtesie, and noble action, and dangers wait upon the one sort, and what safety accompanies the other !

Car. Wine, Roaring and Whoring, I will lay that saying of yours Madam to my heart ; but Wine is the great wheele that sets the rest a whirling.

La. True *George*, for had you not first beene sullied with Wine, you would not have abus'd your selfe to ha tumbled in the dirt with your Littermules, nor offer'd to seduce my Chamber-maide. Suppose you had overcome her, how could you have come off but with shame to your selfe, and the utter ruine of the poore Wench ?

Car. Still shee corrects me for my meddling with base matters and people, shee is not angry shee sayes, though I call'd for her last night i' my drinke, shee gives me mony, I will now understand her, and whereunto all her former favours and her later admonitions are directed, and presently appeare a gratefull Nephew.

La. Nay, bee not sad upon it *George*, as I would win you from your faults, I would have you still be cheerfull. If any thought troubles you, you may be free with me *George*.

Car. O Madam you have made me, and now take me to you.

La. How meane you ?

Car. Freely and wholly, the truest, faithfu'lst servant, and I thinke the ablest that any Lady of your lacks and longings ever bestowd a favour on,
though

though I say't my self. You'l swear't when you have tri'd me, and't be but hourelly for a month together.

La. Is the man found true ?

Car. I defy Surgeon, or the Potecary can come against mee.

La. Sound i' your senses sir, I meane.

Car. O for blabbing Madam never feare mee, now I am resolv'd to live soberly, and be onely yours. And with such pleasure, with such safety, secrecie, and fulnesse, I will so constantly supply you, that you shall not have time to dreame of the defects of your old man.

La. Doe you meane your Unkle, and not know whose wrong you unnaturally and sinfully pursue ?

Car. No man living Madam can doe it for him, more naturally and lesse sinfully ; I am of the same flesh and blood, and bring his youth to your pleasure, how can you thinke old Unkles children are got ? or how came up the proverbe, *Shee is one of mine Aunts*, doe you thinke ? You would have a child by him. All your Cawdells and Cock-broaths will never doe it, An old mans generative spirit runs all into braine, and that runs after covetousnesse too, get wealth, not children. Believe it, much Nephews helpe belongs to it, and then the children are not degenerate, I cannot thinke but many Unkles know it, and give way to it, because stranger bloods shall not inherit their Lands, and so sweet Aunt if I live not to inherit his, my son may, in your first born. There will be a sweete comfort to you.

La. But is all this in earnest ?

Car. In earnest ? yes, And I pray so take it, and let it be a bargaine, and now presently in the Chamber, I will make you my first payment for the purchase.

E

La.

La. Fie, fie, you doe but say so?

Car. That shall be tri'd presently. Come sweet Madam, I finde you are willing, and I sweare I am resolute, and will be as secret as your own woman, if you will not goe I protest i'll carry you.

La. Nay preythee *George* set me down a little.

Car. Pfewgh—I need none o' these whesings I.

La. But prathee tell mee, dost thou not all this onely to trie me, or am I a Rogue thinke you, or wouldst thou seriously that thine own naturall Unkle, thy bountifull Patron, nay thy father on the matter, should suffer such a wrong, and done by us?

Car. Harke there againe, Madam have I not proved sufficiently and plainly, that I shall in doing the feate for him doe him the greatest right in the world, in getting him, and you an indubitable heire, and to give him both the comfort, and the glory of it?

La. Was ever such a Reprobate?

Car. And you can doe him no wrong (though you had not a Ladies priviledge) to Cuckold him, for assure your selfe hee Cuckqueanes you, now come Madam.

La. You speake not on your knowledge.

Car. I never was his Pimpe, but what I have heard I have heard. Now come Madam.

La. I heard Mr. *Saveall* protest within these three days that he thought my Husband the chastest man (of a Gentleman) that he knows.

Car. O did hee so, Madam, believe it they two have whor'd together, and that *Saveall* has pimpt for him oftener then you ever lay with my Unkle.

La. What! since he married me?

Car. What else? *Saveall*, is not onely his grave Parasite, but his Pimpe, and has spent my Unkle more in these civill punctuall wayes, then I in all
my

my whole debauches, what did you thinke hee kept him for? O they are a brace of subtile dry Tweakes, come now Madam.

La. What an inhumane Villain's this!

Car. I'll tell you all now upon our inward acquaintance.

La. You have told too much already to have any acquaintance with me at all, nor shall you unlesse you presently recant all that you have, or would have said upon this subject.

Car. Madam——

La. Stand further and reple not, lesse I call in those that shall sadly silence you. Have you abus'd your Unkle, and the next best friend you have i' the World, in hope thereby to abuse mee most, that was no enemy of yours till now you justly have provok'd me?

Car. I tooke not a right course.

La. Was this the best construction you could make of my love to you, or a fit requittal, to make me an incestuous Whore?

Car. Yes, yes, a pox my course was right enough, but I undertooke her at an ill season. Her spruce springall left her but now, i'll tell her so Madam.

La. Come I perceive you are sorry; and that's a part of satisfaction. Therefore for once i'll winke at your transgression, especially before others. Here's one you see.

Enter Closet.

Car. I doe, the Devill blind her.

Nur. Madam——

La. But tempt me so againe, and i'll undoe you.

Car. I know how you'll undoe mee witty Madam,

Ah—— Aside.

La. Nay be not sad *George*, discover not your selfe, and you are safe, for once I tell you.

Car. Shee'll come about I see.

La. But will you Cozen goe, and doe that for me?

Car. Most readily good Madam, I have your full directions.

La. All Cofen, if you forget not.

Car. I cannot be so negligent in your service Madam, I finde by this fain'd errand shee dares not trust her trollop there, I love her wit now too.

Exit.

La. He is both schoold, and could I hope. Now *Closet* what's your News?

Clo. Of a Citizen Madam that intreats to speake with your Ladiship.

La. Doe you not know his Name, or Trade?

Clo. Yes, I had both eene now, but I have such a Head.

La. If you have lost 'em by the way pray go back and seeke 'em, or bring you his businesse.

Clo. I ask'd his businesse Madam, and told him hee might trust mee with it without a hand to his booke, but he said it could not be delivered, but by his owne word o' mouth to your Ladiship.

La. What strange matter is it true? or what Citizen, is not his Name *Saleware*?

Clo. Yes Madam, and he is a (O this head)

La. A Silkeman is he not? (a——)

Clo. Yes Madam the same.

La. I hope his impudent Wife has not told him all, if shee has, where's his remedy in this Womans Law-case?

Clo. There's a Gentlewoman with him too Madam.

La. Then we shall have it. 'Tis his Wife sure, well I am prepar'd for the incounter. Bid 'em come up, if they grow violent or too bold with mee, i'll set my Nephew *George* upon 'em. 'Tis not his Wife, what Creature is it true with me, Mr. *Saleware*?

Enter

Enter Saleware, Phebe.

Sal. Craving your pardon Madam, a few words in the behalfe of this poore Kinfewoman of mine, touching a Gentleman, who I heare lives in your Houfe, Mr. *George Carelesse*, Madam, by whom shee has received much injury.

La. How fir I pray ?

Sal. Pray Madam read this Letter, weepe not, but hold up thy head Cuz, wee will not be dasht, not basht in a good cause ; pray read you Madam.

La. *I am now (Lady) in favour with my Unkle, and in faire possibility of a good Estate, deporting my selfe (I intend to doe) a civill Gentleman. To which end (induc'd as well by reason, as by long continued affections) I tender my selfe to you in the holy condition of Marriage. If you vouchsafe your consent, (which is my most earnest request) I shall not onely declare my selfe a good Husband, but the most happy,*

GEO. CARELESSE.

La. Wherein appears the injury to your Kinfewoman ?

Sal. In flying from his Word, and Deed Madam. He has borne her in hand these two yeares, and use her at his pleasure, detaining her from her choyce of many good fortunes, and at last sends her this to make amends for all, and denies his act the next day, sending his man to take the Letter from her, pretending 'twas directed to another. But never the sooner for a hasty word Cosen, we will not be dasht nor basht, I warrant thee.

La. Here's the direction. *To the Lilly White Hands of Mistris Mariana Gymcrack*, is that your Name Lady ?

Phe. I am the sorrowfull one that is knowne by it Madam.

Sal. Never the sooner for a hasty word Cofen.

La. I conceive the businesse, and find the error, and my great doubt is over.

Sal. Weepe not I fay.

La. What would you have me doe Mr. *Saleware*?

Sal. You have discretion Madam, and I made choice of your Ladiship to open this matter unto you, rather then to Sir *Oliver* himselfe, whom I would not willingly exasperate against his Nephew, you may be pleas'd in a milder way to temper him, and worke a fatisfaction for my Kinsfowman; Sir *Oliver* and your selfe Madam, are noble Customers to my Shop, and for your sakes I would not deale rigorously with your Kinsfeman, if a gentle end may be made. But, if you cannot so compound it, the Law lies open, money and friends are to be found, a good cause shall not be sterv'd; I will not be dasht nor basht, *Sapientia mea mihi* is my word, and so good Madam you know my mind.

La. 'Tis pity a Gentlewoman should suffer too much, and I like her so well at first sight, that I am easily mov'd to doe good for her, is thee your Kinsfowman in blood Mr. *Saleware*, or your wives?

Sal. Mine I assure your Ladiship, though my wife can boast as great and noble friends I thank fortune, as the wife of any Tradesman that carries a head in the City, (but that's by the by) yet I came of a better house, and am a Gentleman borne, none disprais'd.

La. Well Mr. *Saleware*, leave your Kinsfowman with me a little while, you shall not be seene in my act, i'll try what I can doe for her.

Sal. With all my heart good Madam, and dee heare *Mariana*, This is a noble Lady, beare your selfe discreetly in the businesse, and towards her: you may get a Husband by't, or at least a composition that may purchase one to sholder you up.

But

But carry it high and worthy of the house I brag of, or—— *Sapientia mea mihi, stultitia tua tibi*, That's my sentence.

Phe. Well sir, you neede not doubt my high Carriage.

La. Closet.

Enter Closet.

Madam.

La. Take this Gentlewoman to your Chamber, and I charge you let none see her, or take notice of her, but your selfe and me, till I give order.

Exit Closet.

I shall doe something for her doubt not Master *Saleware.* *Exit Lady.*

Sal. I shall be bound to your Ladiship, now to my Shop, to which I thanke my Wife shee has beene a Wild-cat these two dayes, which must be borne with as wee are friends. And from my House all Night, and yet no Greene-goose-faire-time; Nor though shee were so absent must I be so unfriendly as to question her, where, or with whom shee was; a new Article this twixt Man and Wife! But *Sapientia mea mihi, stultitia sua sibi.* Thus it must be where Man and Wife are friends and will continue so in spite of chance, or high heeld shooes, that will awry sometimes with any Women. Shee is not yet come home heere. What Ladies that, and not my Wife there to handle her handsomely for her Money? My servants are such Affinegoes! stay, are mine eyes perfect?

*The Shop.
discover'd
Alicia, &
Bellamy.*

'Tis shee, 'tis my Friendwife, and in the Courtly habit, which so long shee has long'd for. And my Lord *Lovelies* Gammed with her. His Lordship lay not at home to Night, neither at his Lodging, I heard that by the way. I cannot thinke my Lord and shee both fate up all Night to see the Taylors

at worke, and to hasten the finishing of those Cloaths, if shee were with him which I would not be so unfriendly to inquire for the worth of a Wife. 'Twas right honorably done of him to send her home as gallantly attended as attir'd, if shee die—a—a— lie with him all Night, which I will not be such a beast to believe although I knew it. I must come on her with a little wit though, for which I will precogitate.

Al. Once more your story, for I am not satisfied with thrice being told it.

Bel. Can a Woman take so much delight in hearing of another Womans pleasure taken?

Al. As it was given by you I can, for I am prepared by it to take pleasure from you, and shall with greedinesse expect it till I have it.

Bel. Then know I pleas'd her so, that shee protested, (and I believe her) her Husband never pleas'd her so.

Al. Or any other man you should ha' put her to that, her Husband's but a Bungler.

Bel. How know you that?

Al. I doe but guesse.

Bel. Nay shee swore deeply, and I believ'd her there too, no man besides her husband but my selfe had e're enjoy'd her, but let me tell you Lady, as shee was amply pleas'd she may thanke you.

Al. For sending you, I know she did and will.

Bel. That was the first respect, but not the greatest: For in our Act of love, our first and second Act ——

Al. Indeed!

Bel. In reall deed, I can speak now like an embolden'd lover.

Al. Well, but what in your Acts of Love?

Bel. I had you still in my imagination, and that enabled mee to be more gratefull to her Ladyship,
which

which wrought her thankfulnesse to you, exprest in a hundred pieces, sent by me, more then I could before, which are your own free sayes, since tother morning shee was here with you.

Al. That token confirms all. Had I the spirit of Witchcraft, when putting upon chance for my Revenge, to find Reward! Have you the money?

Bel. Safe at my Chamber for you.

Al. O you are cunning, lesse I should breake with you you thought to oblige me by't.

Bel. I'll rather run and fetch you twice the summe, I conceal'd it onely to give it you unexpectedly.

Al. Sweete *Bellamy* I am yours, I could be sorry now I have lost so much of thee. This Kisse, and Name your time——

Sal. Would they had done whispering once, that I might enter safe in my manners.

Bel. To morrow night.

Al. Shall you be ready so soone thinke you after your plentifull Lady-feast.

Bel. O with all fulnesse both of Delight and Appetite.

Al. And with all faith and secrecie I am undone else, you know my vowes unto my Lord.

Bel. And can you thinke I dare be found your meane, to break'em.

Al. No more my husband comes. Pray Sir returne my thanks unto my Lord for his right noble bounty, and not mine alone, for so my husband in much duty bound also presents his thanks unto his Lordship.

Sal. Yes, I beseech you sir.

Bel. I am your willing Messenger.

Sal. Hee is my most honored Lord, and has so many wayes obliged me both by my wife, and in mine owne particular that ——

Bel.

Bcl. I take my leave. *Exit.*

Sal. Still this is an Affinego. I can never get him to stand a Conference, or a Complement with mee. But *Sapientia mea mihi*, what was that friend you made mee send thanks for to his Lordship, what new favour has hee done us, besides his counsell—These Clothes, the cost was mine you told mee, out of the odd hundred pound you tooke, what late Honour has hee done us?

Al. Ist not enough I know Friend? will you ever transgresse in your impertinent inquisitions?

Sal. I cry you mercy friend, I am corrected justly.

Al. Will you never be governd by my judgment, and receive that onely fit for you to understand, which I deliver to you undemanded? Doe not I know the weight of your floore thinke you? Or doe it you on purpose to infringe friendship, or breake the peace you live in?

Sal. Never the sooner for a hasty word, I hope Friend.

Al. Did you not Covenant with mee that I should weare what I pleased, and what my Lord lik'd, that I should be as Lady-like as I would, or as my Lord desir'd; that I should come, and go at mine own pleasure, or as my Lord requir'd; and that we should be alwayes friends and call so, not after the fillie manner of Citizen and Wife, but in the high courtly way?

Sal. All this, and what you please sweete Courtly-friend I grant as I love Court-ship, it becomes thee bravely.

Al. O dos it so?

Sal. And I am highly honor'd; And shall grow fat by the envy of my repining Neighbours, that cannot maintaine their Wives so like Court-Ladies, some perhaps (not knowing wee are friends) will say
 thee's

thee's but *Tom Salewares* Wife, and thee comes by this Gallantry the Lord knowes how, or so. But *Sapientia mea mihi*, let the Affnegos prate while others shall admire thee, sitting in thy shop more glorious, then the Maiden-head in the Mercers armes, and say there is the Nonparrell, the Paragon of the Citie, the Flower-de-luce of Cheapside, the Shop Court-ladie, or the Courtshop Mistris, ha' my sweet Courtlie friend?

Al. How do you talke? As if you meant to instruct'em to abuse me.

Sal. *Sapientia mea mihi.*

Al. To prevent that I will remove out of their walke, and keepe shop no more.

Sal. Never the lesse for a hasty word I hope Friend.

Al. Fie, 'tis uncourtly, and now i'll tell you Friend, unaskd, what I have done for you besides in my late absence, and all under one.

Sal. Under one! yes, I could tell her under whom if I durst.

Al. What's that you say Friend? mee thinkes you mutter.

Sal. No Friend, I was guessing what that other thing might bee that you have done for mee, all under one. You have taken the House i'll warrant, that my Lord lik'd so.

Al. By my Lords favour and direction I have taken it, And I will furnish it so Courtly you'll admire.

Sal. Must I then give up Shop, or lie so far remote?

Al. No you must keepe your Shop Friend, and lie here if you please.

Sal. And not with you but there?

Al. No not with me at all Friend, that were most uncourtly,

Sal.

Sal. But I shall have a Chamber in your house, and next to yours. Then in my Gowne and Slippers Friend at Midnight—— or the first Cock.——

Al. Softly for stumbling Friend, i'll doe you any honourable offices with my Lord, as by obtaining futes for you, for which you must looke out, and finde what you may fitly beg out of his power, and by courtly favour. But keepe your Shop still Friend, and my Lord will bring and send you such custome, that your Neighbours shall envy your wealth, and not your Wife; you shall have such commings in abroad and at home, that you shall be the first head nominated i' the next Sheriffe season, but I with my Lord will keepe you from pricking. Bee you a Cittizen still Friend, 'tis enough I am Courtly.

Sal. Here's a new Courtlie humour, I see no remedy, unlesse I run my selfe out of credit, desie the life of a Citizen, and turn Courtly too.

Al. What's that you say? doe you not mutter now Friend?

Sal. No, not a fillable Friend, but may not I give up Shop and turne Courtly too Friend?

Al. As you respect my Lord, and your own profit, you must be a Cittizen still, and I am no more a Cittizens Wife else, and shee must be a Cittizens Wife, that wust doe all in all with my Lord Friends. Though my Lord loves the Clothes of the Court, hee loves the diet of the City best Friend, what ever I weare outwardly hee must finde me Cittizens Wife, which Friend, O hee's a sweete Lord.

Sal. Well it shall be then as the sweete Lord will have it, *Sapientia mea mihi.* *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Lord Lovely, Crostill, Bellamy.

Lo. **L**Ady, 'tis true hee is a bashfull Lover,
Unskill'd to court a Widow, has not yet,
The Act methodicall to sweare he loves you,
Must and will have you, nor the moving boldnesse
To stirre your blood by putting of you to't,
Or shewing you how tis, before the Priest
Declares it lawfull. But he has love and sweetnesse,
Which you will find with full and rich content ;
And look (look here) what a long, middle finger he
has,

Which with thin Jawes, and Roman Nose,
Are never sayling signes of Widowes joyes.

Crof. Your Lordship is dispos'd to mirth ;

Lo. It is

My care to put you in a course of mirth,
Nay of felicity.

Crof. In marrying of that stripling !

Lo. Do not thinke slightly of him, tho'he appears
Modest and bashfully, if I have any judgement,
Hee's a fit match for you. His outward fortune
For his estate, I will make good to him,
And for his inward vertue never doubt
Hee'l make that good to you : However still
He holds his much commended Modesty.

Crof. My Lord you much commend his modestie,
And bashfulnesse, urging your confidence
Of his strange inward hid abilities
(I hope your Lordships pardon) can you tell,

If

If hee has with that bashfull modesty
 Got any of his Mothers Maides with child?
 Or of his Fathers Tenants Wives, or Daughters?
 I would have some assurance.

Lo. Then i'll tell you.

These Widowes love to heare of manly acts,
 And choose their husbands by their backs, and faces.

Crof. My Lord you said you'd tell me.

Lo. Yes, but I would not have you cunningly
 To sift discoveries from me to his wrong.

Crof. I am loth to speake so plainly to you my
 Lord,

But by the worst that you can speake of him
 I may the better like him.

Lo. That's her humor;

Then hearke you Widow, to avoid his blushes,
 Suppose I tell hee has got a bastard.

Crof. You may as well suppose i'll say 'twas
 well.

Lo. What say you to two or three!

Crof. The more the merrier.

Lo. He has no lesse then five old Gentlemens
 Young Wives with child this Moone, but got all in
 One weeke.

Crof. Indeed!

Lo. Yes, in good deed, and lusty.

Crof. Good deed call you it, to get other Mens
 Children?

Lo. Suppose they have the husbands consents.

Crof. I suppose they are wittalls then.

Lo. No, they are wisealls, and 'tis a thing in
 much request among landed men, when old and
 wanting issue of their owne, to keepe out riotous
 Kindred from inheritance, who else would turne the
 Land out of the Name.

Crof. An excellent policie!

Lo. You know the Lady *Thrivewell*.

Crof.

Crof. And her old husband, and his riotous Kinsfeman too.

Lo. You will heare more hereafter, but now to him agen, for whom I am spokesfman.

Crof. In a strange way me thinks.

Lo. Hee is sent for farre and neere on those occasions, hee is of so sweete a Composure, and such sure taking mettall, that hee employes my care to have him well bestowd before he begins to waft.

Crof. Ist possible hee has done so much, and sayes so little?

Lo. The deepeft waters are most silent,
But he can speake, and well to *Bellamy*.

Bel. My Lord.

Lo. I have made your love knowne to this Lady.

Bel. My love my Lord?

Lo. And have begun your suit; follow't your selfe.

Bel. My suit my Lord to her? I never mov'd your Lordship to't, Tho' I presume she may be a happy fortune to one of my condition; a poore and younger brother; onely made rich and happy in your Lordships service, and over-flowing favours.

Lo. Which i'll take off o' you if you slight my care in seeking your preferment to this Lady, of beauty equall with her faire estate, in both which shee is great, and her atchievement will be the Crowne, and the continuance of all my favours to you, you are lost if you pursue it not, I would thy old Unkle *Bellamy* saw thy Bashfulnesse.

Crof. Your Lordship seemes now to wooe for me, not him, however I am bound in thanks to your noblenesse, *in your faire proportion*, I hope, I shall not be so poore to require an advocate, when I shall yeild to have a husband. But your mirth becomes your honor, and the young gentlemans reservednes him, Ha, ha, ha.

Lo. How meane you Mistris *Crostill*.

Crof.

Crof. I doe commend your mirth my Lord, for the lusty straine you spoke him in, that he had yet five children in one weeke, wherein I may presume you thought you had mov'd to my liking, ha, ha, ha——

Lo. I am glad I have made you merry, But you will wish if you reject him ——

Crof. If I reject one that tenders not himselfe! yet I commend his caution.

Lo. As how I pray?

Crof. As thinking I am one of your cast peeces (Knowing how well your Lordship loves the game) And now would put mee on him, But you misprife mee sinfully sweet Youth In such a thought, how e're you should not scorne To ride in your Lords cast boots, though you be Gentleman of's house.

Lo. Come now he shall have none of you.

Crof. I'll heare him say he will not first, by your Lordships leave.

Lo. Spirit of contradiction!

Crof. Stay sir, would you be content to have me?

Bel. You heard my Lord say I should not.

Crof. But say he say agen you shall, speake, will you have mee?

Lo. Say no (I finde her now) that is the way to win her.

Crof. Without instructions good my Lord.

Bel. Lady I finde so much your scorn already, That to be wedded to't, I should dispaire (My much unworthinesse consider'd) to convert it Ever to love, and 'tis your love, before Your Person or Estate, that my affection Ought to direct mee to.

In answer therefore, to your will, you have mee, I must say no, till I perceive some signe

Of

Of love in you towards me.

Crof. I now he speakes!

Some signes of love in me? How would you have it?

Must I declare it to you before you seeke it?

Bel. No; I would seeke it zealously, but my Lord Is off on't now, and I may lose his favour.

Crof. Is your love limited by his favour then?

Bel. Not limited: but (as it is as yet,
But in its infancy) a little checkt,
Though it still growes, and may extend beyond
All limitation to so faire an object
As is your selfe: But still my own demerit
Curbs my ambition more then love emboldens.

Crof. He speakes within me now.

Enter Saveall, Carelesse.

Sa. Stay, let us retire. Here is the Lord *Lovely*.

Car. Be he a Lord of Lords i'll not retire a foot.

Lo. What servants Mistris *Crostill* doe you keep,
To let intruders in?

O Mr. *Saveall*!

Carlesse salutes

Sa. The humblest of your Lordships (*Crostill*,
servants. (*& puts by*

Lo. What Gentlemen is that you bring (*Bellamy*.
with you?

Sa. It is the Nephew of the good Knight Sir
Oliver Thrivewell, of which Sir *Oliver*, I have pro-
cured unto your Lordship the sum which you desired
by your servant Mr. *Bellamy*.

Lo. For that I thanke him and you, but I could
wish you had not brought that Nephew hither now.

Sa. Certes my Lord I am sorry.

Lo. My reason is, I have enter'd *Bellamy* a suitor
to the Widow.

Sa. He also comes a suiter.

Lo. And is in deepe discourse with her already.

F

I'll

I'll see faire play.

Car. But you shall heare mee Widow, and that to the point and purpose.

Lo. Lady at my request, doe this Gentleman (who made the first approach) the favour to be heard, and answer'd first.

Car. As his approach was first my Lord, shee has heard him first already, and my request is to be heard now, and then let her answer both him, or me, or neither, what care I?

Lo. Your name is *Carelesse* I take it.

Car. I came to talke with this Gentlewoman.

Crof. Pray my Lord forbear him, and let him speake, what do you say sir?

Car. I say I love you, doe resolve to marry you, and then to use you as I list.

Crof. I say I love you, doe resolve to marry you, and then to use you as I list.——*To Bell.*——

Bell. This to mee Lady? i'll take you at your word.

Crof. Stay, I doe but tell you what he sayes.

Car. Take her at her word againe sir, and I shall take you by the luggs. I say againe you shall have none but me.

Crof. I say again, you shall have none but me.——*To Bel.*

Car. What, doe you foole mee, or him, your selfe, or all?

Crof. Pray sir how old are you?

Car. Are you good at that, pray sir, how old are you?——*To Bel.*

Lo. You presse beyond your priviledge, which is only to speake to the Gentlewoman.

Car. My Lord I am a Gentleman.

Lo. You may tell her so.

Sa. Let me beseech your Lordship. *Take him
aside.*
Car.

Car. How can you use a Gentleman that loves
you

Dearer then Life, and onely bends his study
By all meanes to deserve you, one that (can not ?)
Will not, while there are wayes to die, live out of
Your favour, with so much despightfull scorne,
That when he speakes his soul to you through his
lips,

You make his Language yours, and giv't a Boy ?

Crof. What Gentleman's that you speake of ?

Car. The man that speakes it I am he.

Crof. All this fir in effect, and more of my affection,
can I speake to you.

Car. Uns, but you shall not, you mistake the
person to whom you are, or ought to direct your
affection, you mistake strangely.

Crof. No more then once a Lover, or at least,
A bold pretender, having in civill language
Exprest in writing his affection
To a chaste Mistris seal'd, and directed it,
And on the contrary, courted his vertuous friend
in brothell language ;
To a lewd strumpet. Have I hit you fir ?

Car. What can I say now ! Slife if that anger you
after the errour found, and confest, i'll write worse
to you, and in earnest.

Crof. Mr. *Bellamy* some other time I shall be
glad to see you.

Car. Shee meanes that to mee now, but i'll take
no notice ; i'll finde as good a Widow in a Taverne
Chimney, O shee's a dainty Widow !

Crof. Hee lookes with scorne at mee, I must not
lose him, yet dare not stay, for feare I tell him so.
I humbly crave your pardon good my Lord,
For my ill manners, and abrupt departure ;
The cause is urgent, and I beseech your mercy,
Question it not.

Lo. Let your will guide you.

Crof. Mr. *Savvall* I thanke you for my Suitor.

Car. Nay but Lady.

Crof. Yes you shall controwle mee in my owne House. *Exit.*

Car. Yes, yes, I meane so too, but you shall wooe mee hard first.

Lo. 'Tis a mad Widow, which of these two now think you has the Better on't?

Sa. I thinke he shall in the end have the best my Lord, that can flight her most.

Lo. 'Tis my opinion too, and heare mee —
Aside.

Car. Sir, I have seene you but twice, and it has beene at places where I cannot allow of your resorts, first at my Aunts, and now here at my Widowes.

Bel. Your Widow sir! I thought shee had beene the Widow of one deceas'd.

Car. Thou art a witty, pretty Child. But doe you here use your wit, out of the smell-reach of your Lords perfum'd Gloves, and I shall take you by the Nose.

Bel. Forbeare sir, I have a Handkercher.

Car. And let me finde you there no more, nor here I charge you.

Bel. I heare your charge sir, but you must leave it to my discretion to obey it or not.

Car. Trust to your discretion!

Lo. And so commend me to my Lady *Thrive-well.* Come *Bellamy* away, what's your discourse?

Bel. All faire and friendly my Lord.

Car. Very good.

Lo. So should it be with Rivalls, fare you well Mr. *Carelesse.*

Car. Your Lordships——with a whew.

Sav. Will you walke homewards?

Car.

Car. Excuse me fir, I pray.

Sav. It will not be convenient to returne this day unto the Widow.

Car. Feare it not fir, I like her not so well now.

Sa. Doe your pleasure. *Exit.*

Car. Ha' you crösse tricks Mistris *Croftill*? well I will goe drinke your Crotchets out of my Pate, then home, and doe that which mine Aunt and I must only know. This is her Night of Grace, if shee keepe touche with me. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter Lady, Phebe, Closet.

La. **I**N truth your story is pittifull, but your own folly has brought your scourge upon you.

Phe. 'Twas through the blindness of my love, and my credulity Madam, wrought by his strong Temptations.

La. Well, for this once i'lle straine a point of honour for you, chiefly indeed in answer of his rude unnaturall presumption in attempting mee. That a Villaine can still be so barbarously lustfull! If in this way I fit him not, and cause him to desist his beastly purpose, I will discover all to his undoing. *Closet* you know my minde, and full directions for the conveyance of our designe.

Clo. Yes Madam, doubt not. Though I have but a naughty head at most, other matters, I dare not trust it for a sure one at such conveyances.

La. I presume to further the matter, hee'l come

home Drunke by his not comming to Supper.

Clo. Then he may forget what he so much expected, or sleepe away his expectation.

Phe. No, hee will then be the more vehement till his desire be over.

La. You know his humour best it seemes, away, away, my husband comes. *Exit Clo. Phe.*

Enter Thrivewell and Wat.

Thr. Well *Wat.*, for this discovery i'll make thy reward worth ten such masters services.

Thr. Sweet heart I have a fuit to you—But first what Woman's that with *Nurse*?

La. A Kinswoman of hers whom shee would preferre to mee, but I have answer'd her, I will not charge your purse with more attendants; onely I have given her leave to entertaine, and lodge her this night.

Thr. That's my Good Girle.

La. Now what's your suite sir, (as you are pleas'd to call it) which I would have to be your free command?

Thr. 'Tis for my absence from thee, to accompany Mr. *Saveall*, to bring a deare friend on his way to Gravesend to night, who is sodainly to depart the Land.

La. These sodaine departures of friends out of the Land, are so frequent, and that I may believe you intend really, and no fained excuse; now will I thinke as long as you have good and substantiall Made-worke at home, that you will seeke abroad for any more flight sale-ware.

Thr. No more o'that Sweet heart, farewell, expect me early in the morning. *Exit.*

La. I am glad of his absence to night, lest there should happen some combustion in the house by his unruly Nephew, in case hee should discover my deceit in beguiling him with his own wench instead
of

of me, I do even tremble to thinke upon the unnaturall Villaine, that would offer so to wrong his Unkle. I thought I had school'd him sufficiently, and beaten him off at his first attempt, and hee to affaile me againe with more forcible temptations urging me to a promise.

Enter Closet.

Clo. The young Gentleman is come in Madam, and as you foresaw very high flowne, but not so drunke as to forget your promise! Hee's going to bed in expectation of your approach.

La. And have you put his Damfell into her night-attire?

Clo. Most Lady-like I assure you Madam.

La. And let her be sure to steale from him before Day.

Clo. Yes, with all silence Madam, she has promised. *Ex.*

La. May Ladies that shall heare this story told, Judge mildly of my act since hee's so bold.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Saleware, Bellamy.

Sa. **N**ay but looke you Mr. *Bellamy*, it is not I protest that I am jealous, I make this inquiry for my wife. I jealous? I an Asinego then, I am as confident of my wife, as that she is in this house, how ere you deny her to me.

Bel. Why Lady, you are not jealous now? If you were not, you would believe me she is not here.

Sa. Without equivocation, Mr. *Bellamy*, shee is not here—indeed, under your foot, but shee's here in the house, and under some body for aught any

body knows, but my selfe, that doe confide in her as I say, and will know no such matter ; And so my Lords will be done with her, I hope I shall see her well to morrow, and at her own house.

Bel. Can such language proceed out of any but a jealous mouth ?

Sa. What an Affinego's this ! I say againe, I doe confide in her, nor will I be dasht, or basht at what any man sayes of, or against her ; And therefore me thinks tis very strange that you should deny her to me, that comes not to molest her.

Bel. There you are againe. But since no denyall will serve your turne, indeed shee is here in this house, and in bed by this time.

Sa. Away, away, you mock ifaith, you are a wag, shee's no more here then I am, if shee were here can I thinke you would tell ?

Bel. How came you to thinke, or dreame shee was in this house at all ?

Sa. I neither thought it, or dreamt it. I but fir, a waterman brought me a Letter in hast from one Mr. *Anonimus*, intimating that my *Ally* was with a private friend at this house, and to lie here all night (a very likely matter) what private friend has shee but my Lord, and that in a right honorable way, I confide in 'em both for that ; but at this house is such a thing my Lord having divers Lodgings, and shee a house of her own at his dispose and command, that is such a thing to be thought or dreamt on !

Bel. Why came you to inquire then of such a thing ?

Sa. Why fir, this *Anonimus* writ that I should come hastily hither, and aske to speake with you Mr. *Bellamy*, and I should know further ; hither I came, here I finde you, you deny shee is here, and what doe I inquire any further ?

Bel.

Bel. You heare mee fay agen shee is here.

Sa. Goe you are a wag agen, shee here? is my Lord here? or any private friend? alas, alas you are too young Mr. *Bellamy*, and may as well perfwade mee I am jealous.

Bel. Well fir, to put you out of all jealousie and doubt (if you be in any) I was the *Anonimus* that sent you the Letter to draw you hither and declare my selfe your friend, which shall instantly be manifest to you, if now you have a minde to lie with your own wife before any other man.

Sa. Then shee is here indeed belike.

Bel. Pray come with me into the next Chamber.

Sa. This is some waggery plotted by my wife, I smell it. *Exit.*

The Bed put forth, Alicia in it. Enter Bellamy, Saleware, with Light.

Bel. But you must be sure to fay when shee discovers you, that you came of your owne accord, unsent for, as inspir'd or possesst by some Dreame or Vision, to finde her here.

Sa. Well, if this be not my wifes waggery in a maine proof of her chastity, I am not here, I will doe so fir.

Bel. So then, obscure your selfe a while, while I approach her.

Al. Who's there?

Bel. 'Tis I, your servant Lady.

Al. Sweet *Bellamy* why come you not to Bed?

Sa. Good.

Al. Dos the love that was so hot, and the desire that was so fervent, begin to coole in you?

Sa. Good agen, as if hee an Affinego had ever made love to her fine waggery!

Al. Has my meere consent to fatisfie you, cloy'd you?

Sa. Consent to my Lords man, a likely matter!

Al.

Al. Or did you court me to a promise onley to try my fidelity to your Lord, and then betray me?

Bel. Deare Lady thinke not so, but that I am struck into stone with wonder, and amazement at the most unexpected accident that ever crost a Lover.

Sa. Dainty waggery this, what little mad Rogues are these to plot this to make me jealous?

Al. Pray, are you serious? what is the accident?

Bel. I will not be so crost, but kill him rather. To enjoy such a Mistris, who would not kill a horn'd beast? yet blood is such a horror —

Sa. Very pretty.

Al. Will you not tell mee?

Bel. Speak lower gentle Lady.

Al. Why prithee, who can heare us?

Bel. I know not by what Magick your jealous husband has made discovery of our being here, he wrought sure with the Devill!

Al. I am undone then. He will tell my Lord.

Sa. I shall undoe my selfe then Friend. No, *Sapientia mea mihi.* Be not dasht nor basht for that good Friend, if there were any such matter: but this is waggery, fine waggery plotted betwixt you, to tempt my jealousy, but never the sooner for a hasty word I warrant you, Mr. *Bellamy* that my Wife is here I thank you; But how I came to know it you shall never know from me; you sent not for mee, I am sure you were not the *Anonimus*. Indeed it should have been *Anomina* Friend-wife: for it was thy act I dare sweare; However you doe not heare mee say I was sent, or writ for at all, more then by a Dreame or Vision: But here I am and meane to remaine to night; I hope the house can afford you another Bed in't Mr. *Bellamy*, and you to leave mee to my owne Friend-wife, I like the lodging most curiously sweete Friend, and I
prethee

prethee, lets try heartily what luck we may have in a strange place, I would so faine have a little one like thee.

Bel. I'll leave you to your wishes, a good night to you.

Al. Pray fir a word fir, husband be farther.

Sa. Faces about *Tom Saleware*, and march forwards.

Al. You told mee fir, of a hundred pound that your sweete Lady *Thrivewell* sent me.

Bel. 'Tis true I have it for you.

Al. But shee has since countermanded you to keepe it, has shee, and to mock my expectation of that, and you? why have you foold me thus?

Bel. I rather should suspect your craft in this prevention: but love forbids me and I must conclude, 'tis witchcraft in your husband.

Al. Come let's kisse friends, and (sweet) to morrow night I will prevent his Witchcraft, in the full enjoyment of our free pleasures: be you true to me.

Bel. May all that's Man in me forsake me else.

Al. Another kisse and then good night.

Sa. Are you still whispering? no matter, let'em whisper.

Bel. Good night. *Exit.*

Al. Now may the spirits of all injur'd women, be added to mine owne, for my revenge, which I this night will dreame of flighted and mock'd hee and his like shall know,

That when a yielding woman is so croft,
All thoughts but of revenge with her are lost.

Sa. O hee's gone—*Ally*, Friend I would say,
And now I prithee tell mee how, or why thou cam'st hither.

Al. Will you pardon me?

Sa. Yes faith, I were no friend else.

Al.

Al. 'Twas but to try if I could make thee jealous.

Sa. In waggery! did not I say so! when doe my prophecies faile?

Al. But what brought you hither thinke you?

Sa. A letter from one *Anonimus*, but i'le eate Spiders, and breake if you sent it not.

Al. Give me the Letter.

Sa. Where is it? facks I ha' lost it.

Al. 'Twas I indeed that sent it.

Sa. Did not I say so too? and that it should ha' been *Anonima*, *Sapientia mea mihi*, when doe my prophecies faile? i'le to bed instantly while the prophetick spirit is in mee, and get a small Prophet or a South-fayer.

Al. No, i'le have no bed-fellow to night.

Sa. Nere the lesse for a hasty word, I hope Friend.

Al. I am at a word for that.

Sa. I'le lie upon thy feet then.

Al. Well, you may draw the Curtaines, and sleepe by me.

Sa. *Sapientia mea mihi, stultitia tua tibi.*

Puts in the bed, Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Phebe passes over the stage in night attire, Carelesse follows her as in the darke.

Car. M Adam, Madam, sweet Madam, 'twill not be day these three hours, stay but three minuits longer, but a touch more, she's whipt into her Chamber. Could I but finde the Dore—— I know my Unkle's from home—O shee returnes with light: that's well.

Enter

Enter Lady, a light.

La. What aile you ! Are you mad ?

Car. Would not any man be mad for losing such a Bed-fellow ? sweet Madam, let us retire without any noise.

La. What an insatiate beast are you ? would you undoe for ever both me and your selfe ?

Car. Not with one doe more I warrant you, come away Madam, Madam, somebody knocks mainly at the gate ; and I believe it is my Master return'd before his time !

Enter Closet.

La. I cannot think 'tis he.

Car. 'Tis the Rogue my man I warrant drunke, and has forgot I turnd him away, but he shall spoyl no sport. Come away Madam.

La. *Closet*, goe your wayes downe, and hearke before you——

Clo. ——I will Madam——*Exit.*

Car. So now come Madam, I commend you in the charge you have given your watch-woman.

La. What charge doe you gueffe ?

Car. Why to tell my Unkle (if he be come) that hee must not come neare you, that you have had no rest to Night till just now you are fallen asleepe, and so forth.

La. Goe you are a wicked fellow ; I am sorry for any the least favour I have done thee, and doe thou dare to attempt me once more, i'll ha' thee turnd headlong out of my dores.

Car. I have got her with child to-night, with a sparke of mine owne spirit, and longs already to doe me mischief. The boy will be like mee, therefore 'tis pity to knock't o'the head : But come Madam tother crash and good night, must I drag you to't ?

La.

La. Touch mee but with a finger, and I'll raise the House.

Car. You dare not sure, and now take heed you vex me not, have you not been my whore?

La. You dare not say so, for spoiling your fortune.

Car. Faith but I dare, and if you will not obey me in a course of further pleasure to night, fetch me a hundred peeces to take a course abroad withall, doe yee looke? I'll make you fetch me hundred after hundred Hufwife, when I want it, or shall be pleas'd to call for't. All comes out else, the gates of your fame flies open Lady. I will proclaime our Act,

La. Dare you forfit your own Reputation so?

Car. I shall gaine Reputation by't in the company I keepe abroad, and if the Cuckold my Unkle come to the knowledge of it at home, I shall possesse him that you lustfully tempted me to it.

La. Canst thou be so villanously impudent to destroy thine own fortune to ruine me?

Car. You may conceale all then, and so will I, and mend my fortune by yours, I will live bravely upon your fortune, and the heire which I have got to Night shall inherit it, my Unkles estate. And therefore indeed I would have all conceald; for my child's good, or rather for mine owne: for it shall goe hard if I put him not into a course in his minority to consume the estate upon me before he come to age.

La. I am undone.

Car. And O that ever I did it!

La. Thou Villaine hast undone me.

Car. Come i'll do you agen, and then all's whole agen;

Y're both undone, O you prodigious monsters
That have betwixt you made me monster too!

What's

What's to be done, but that I kill you both,
Then fall upon my sword.

Enter Thrivewell, Saveall.

Sav. Sir, you resume the temper of humanity,
And let the Law distinguish you from them,
You neither are to be their Executioner,
Nor to fall with them.

Thr. Life to me is torment.

Car. O the Devill, what a case am I in now!

La. Pray heare me fir?

Thr. Can more be said to aggravate thy shame,
Or my affliction, then I have heard already?

Sa. Let me intreat you heare her.

La. What shame did you, or what affliction I
Suffer, when you discoverd unto me
Your bargaine of a hundred pound in *Saleware*,
You understand me. How was life a torment
To me then thinke you?

Thr. Did you not vow forgements then? and
thus,
You freely would forgive my act? and thus
Now to revenge it on me to my ruine,
And your owne endlesse infamy? O 'tis horrid.

La. 'Tis no revenge at all, onely a shew
To startle you, or try your manly temper,
And so neare to be even with yee as to let you
know, what some wife might perhaps ha done being
so mov'd. It was my plot indeed to straine you
hither to this false fire discovery, for which i'le give
you reasons.

Thr. O grosse dissimulation.

La. Mr. *Saveall*, you have done many faire offices
for his Nephew, doe this for me, intreat him to a
Conference a few minutes in my Chamber; if I
cleare not my selfe in his and your opinion, and
that by witneses, let me be found the shame of all
my Sex.

Sa

Sa. Sir, my counsellors have been prevalent with your judgement, let me perswade you.

Thr. But I will have that friend thrust out of dore first.

La. I would not that you should, nor give a looke, or word to him till you have heard me ; Then exercise your Justice.

Sav. Sir be induc'd to it.

Thr. You have prevayl'd.

La. Goe to your Bed agen *George*, and sleepe, be not affraid of Bug-beares. *Exit.*

Car. Hows this? She's come about agen, and has patch'd all up already. I hope shee'l worke mine Unkle to reward mee for my Night-worke, and bring him in time to hold my stirrop while his *George* mounts her ; Shee's a delicate well-going beast ! I know but one to match her in a course, just the same pace and speede as if I had onely had the breaking, and managing of her my selfe, but the marke goes out of *Phebes* mouth now ; and i'll play my Aunt against all the Town. But how shee thought to fright mee with villaine and impudent.

And now goe to bed *George*, ha, ha, ha, I find her drift.

No wit like womens at a fodaine shift.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Old Bellamy, Lovely.

Lov. **B***ellamy* thou art welcome, and for thy Nephew I must ever thanke thee, he is my best companion.

Old Bel. O my good Lord without boast be it spoken, I have ever beene right and straight to
your

your honour, and never did you an ill office in Man, Woman, or Child, *what I have said of 'em they have proved at first, or I have wrought 'em to at last.* But what doe I speake on't, I have ever beene for your Lordship, all things I have sworne for you, I have fought for you, I have brok'd for you, I have pimpt for you, but what doe I speake on't?

Lo. You need not *Bellamy*: for I know all.

Ol. B. Oh the Gentlemens Wives, and Farmers Daughters that I have presented to you in your Summer Progresses, and winter Journeys about the Countries. But what doe I speake on't——

Lo. Because thou lov'st to champ upon the bit to please thy old coltish tooth still, thou lov'st the memory of the former sweets which now thou canst not relish.

Ol. B. And here i' the City, I have pledg'd more of your severall Mistresses, then in my conscience there be honest Women in't. But what doe I speake on't?

Lo. I never had so many man.

Ol. B. Or if you had, what doe I speake on't? and in my conscience agen, I have drunke more to your Lordships health in my dayes, then any Wine-cellar in the City at this day, containes of Spanish, French, and Rhenish; but what do I speake of that either?

Lo. True *Bellamy*, fall then upon some other subject.

Ol. B. Yes, my good Lord, and I pray your Lordship tell me, dos not my Nephew drinke and wench pretty handsomely? I would faine have him take after me, and not his drunken father.

Lo. How well he shifts his subject, wicked old fellow?

Ol. B. Dos he not begin to fall to yet?

Lo. Not he.

G

Ol. B.

Ol. B. Not a bit nor a foope? dos he doe nothing by example? or has your Lordship left it? or dos he carry it like a Gentleman?

Lo. Discreetly and Virgin-like.

Ol. B. Pretty commendation for a young Courtier.

Lo. I would for my deserved love to him have put him upon a faire young Widow of a great fortune, but could not make him looke upon her like a fuitor.

Ol. B. Just such a bashfull puppy was my brother, his Father; I wonder how my Mother came by him; My Father was right, and she was right, and I have beene right, but what doe I speake on't?

Lo. True *Bellamy*, speake of somewhat else.

Ol. B. The Boy will nere grow up to me, I thought to have left him somewhat, I must discard him.

Lo. If you do, he is in me provided for.

Ol. B. What can your Lordship love him for?

Lo. Come i'll tell thee, and be comforted. Hee has something of thee in him. Hee will pimpe most conveniently.

Ol. B. That's something indeed.

Lo. And for his modesty which is a rare benefit of nature in him, I dare trust him with a Mistrisse, as I would an Eunuch.

Ol. B. Benefit! A defect I feare, yet I may hope in time some Mistris of your Lordships may tempt, and bring him forwards.

Lo. No I am confident—Now your news.

Enter Page, whisper.

Good *Bellamy* walke in the Gallery a while.

Ol. B. Some Mistris is comming to him, but what doe I speake on't?

Exit.

Goe bid her come in.

Exit Page.

What brings her so unseasonably?

Enter

Enter Alicia, Saleware.

Al. Stay you at distance yet a while Friend, till I call you.

Sal. Faces about *Tom Saleware.* *Exit.*

Lo. How now! How is it with my love? Ha! How comes a trouble on this Face, where my delights are ever wont to Revell?

Al. O my Lord——

Lo. Say who has injur'd thee? Has thy husband taken up the uncivill boldnesse to abuse thee? or be it any other man, it shall be death, or an undoing to him.

Al. My Lord, I am wrong'd, but would be loth to ingage your noble person in my quarrell, some servant of yours may do it.

Lo. Of what condition is thy wrong? tell mee; and who of my Servants thou wouldst have to right thee?

Al. I would have *Bellamy*, how thinke you? is hee faithfull to you?

Lo. How canst thou question it? Has hee not ever been so?

Al. Your Lordship has well trusted him I know.

Lo. I doe not know the man, I trust, or love so well.

Al. But would your Lordship part with any Jewell, or choyce thing you love and have intended onely for your own particular use, to him, or let him be your own partner in it?

Lo. Troth I thinke I should; onely thy selfe excepted, but what's thy wrong, I prithee, or wherein should *Bellamy* right thee?

Al. *Bellamy* has wrong'd mee to thinke me so unworthy as to be tempted to his lust; *Bellamy* has wrong'd your honour in that ambitious attempt.

Lo. Thou amazest me.

Al. And *Bellamy* must right me, and your honour; or you must cast off him or me.

Lo. Give mee at least some circumstance to make this probable.

Al. Must not I be believ'd? you shall have instance then to make it truth, Friend *Thomas*.

Pray verifie unto my Lord the discovery you made last night of me, and Mr. *Bellamy*.

Enter Saleware.

Sal. 'Twas thus my Lord an't like your Lordship, my wife was forth at evening ant like your Lordship, as shee may have often beene ant like your Lordship, and may be as oft agen ant like your Lordship.

Lo. Well pray thee on.

Sal. Forth shee was ant like your Lordship, I staid supper, and almost bed time for her ant like your Lordship; And had even given her over for all night ant like your Lordship, as I may of any night ant like your Lordship.

Lo. On I pray thee.

Sal. Yes ant like your Lordship upon some private notice given to me an't like your Lordship, that she was at a private lodging ant like your Lordship, with a private friend ant like your Lordship, over I went, and found her abed ant like your Lordship, and Mr. *Bellamy* even ready to go to bed to her ant like your Lordship.

Lo. Is this true? (Lordship.

Sa. As true as your Lordship lives ant like your

Lo. How could you be betrayd so?

Al. The Villaine fetch'd me forth, and lodg'd mee there as by your appointment, and for your own pleasure; but when 'twas late, and that your Lordship came not, thinking he had an advantageous opportunity, hee soon discovers his love to me, and his treachery to your Lord- *Aside.*
ship; I being in a strait onely (finding happy meanes to send for my husband to prevent him)
made

made him a false promise being secure in my husband ; and what had follow'd your Lordship understands.

Lo. I'll nere trust man can blush and weepe agen.

Sa. Infooth ant like your Lordship I thought all had been but waggery ant like your Lordship, to tempt mee unto jealousy, and my wife knowing well enough that I was by, bade Sweet *Bellamy* come to Bed, O Wag ! *(Saleware ?)*

Lo. What messenger brought you the notice Mr.

Sa. A waterman my Lord, and like your Lordship, here's the letter, and like your Lordship.

Al. You told me you had lost it, when I ask'd fort to burne it.

Sa. I thought I had Friend, but I found it now, and given it my Lord before I was aware Friend.

Al. Hell take that Letter.

Sa. Now abotts on't for mee, if thou bee'st angry Friend.

Al. You had better ha swallow'd it full of Ratsbane.

Sa. Nere the sooner for a hasty word I hope Friend.

Reades.

Lo. *Mr. Saleware, if you will avoyd a new addition of hornes, come with this bearer over into Montagues close, where you shall finde your Wife with a private Friend, at a private lodging ; Hast thither, and aske for one Bellamy.*

Anonimus.

What Riddles this ? This is *Bellamies* owne hand, I know it, why should hee send to prevent himselfe ? or how could thee write his Character ? This Woman is not right.

Al. Doe you note my art my Lord, to write as in a Mans Name, when I wrought it my self ?

G 3

Sa.

Sa. And did not I tell you Friend, it should ha' been *Anonima*? *Sapientia mea mihi.*

Lo. Within there call *Bellamy*.

Enter Page.

Pa. Hee's not within my Lord, and has not beene to night.

Al. His absence is another circumstance to a probability my Lord.

But hee was seene this morning to goe in at Sir *Anthony Thriuewells*. *(Exit)*

Lo. Goe let my Coach be ready presently. *Pa.* He should receive 500*l.* there for me, I trust he will not furnish himselfe with it for a flight.

Al. My Lord I gave you an inkling of a familiarity betwixt him and the Lady *Thriuewell*, he has since declar'd their act of lust to me, and urg'd it for an instance to my yielding.

Lo. Can you affirme this?

Al. Yes, to his face and hers.

Enter Saveall.

Lo. O Mr. *Saveall*! welcome.

Sa. My Lord your servant *Bellamy* is receaving your money at Sir *Anthony Thriuewells*.

Lo. I thanke you.

Sav. But my Lord, there is fallen an unhappy accident betweene Sir *Anthony*, his Lady and his Nephew, in which your servant *Bellamy* also is concern'd; and your Lordship is much, and most humbly besought by the Lady to heare, and examine the difference.

Enter Old Bellamy.

Lo. I was preparing thither. Oh, Mr. *Bellamy*, you have not eavesdropt, have you?

Old Bel. Will you pardon me my Lord?

Lo. Yes, if thou hast.

Old Bel. I have my Lord, and am overjoyd to heare so well of my Nephew.

Lo.

Lo. You may heare more anon, come all along with me.

Ex. Omnes.

Old Bel. I may heare more anon, your Lordship tho' knowes not of what so well as I doe know.

Exit.

ACT V. SCENE II.

*Enter Thrivewell, Carelesse, Lady, Phebe,
Closet, Wat.*

Thr. I Need not cast thee off, or bid thee goe
Now, and for ever from me, thine own shame
Will force thee hence.

Car. You are deceiv'd in that.

Thr. What is thine own take with thee, here
'tis all *Phebe*

Thou ever getst, or canst expect from me.

Car. Shee was mine own before your wife became our coupler, in English plaine our Bawd.

Thr. Use no uncivill Language while you are well.

Car. For which you have your witneses, this false, Traytor that brought you on.

La. By my direction *George*.

Wat. No Traytor neither since you left to be my Master, wounded and turnd me off.

Car. And this darke Lanthorne here, this old *deceptio visus*, That juggled the wrong party into my Bed.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. Doe you grin *Grim Malkin*? But sweete Madam, if your fine Springall *Bellamy* had lien there in my stead she would ha'brought the right party; your Ladiships Lilly white selfe.

Thr. How's that ?

La. No more o' that good *George*.

Car. Nay, it shall out, since you have wrought my ruine, I will be the destruction of you all ; And therefore now heare mee O Knight, and first resolve to make me rich in my reward, for wonders i'll unfold.

Thr. Canst thou expect reward from mee for any thing that can by thee be utterd ?

Car. Reward ? why not ? why should not you reward my good Offices as well as punish my ill ? I must and will rely upon you for all the good that can befall mee ; or if I must expect no further from you, i'll give't you *gratis*, And if you be any thing but a Wittall heare mee.

La. What doe you meane ?

Car. To set you out livelyer, then all your paintings : or dee heare, will you give mee a hundred pound a quarter for my silence ?

La. Not a penny ; if you seeke my undoing, heaven forgive you.

Thr. What (Villaine) canst thou speake to her prejudice ?

Car. That which (if you are no Wittall) you'l be loath to hear, but you shall have it.

Thr. Darst thou talke so ?

Car. And since you hold my attempt at her, so haynous, you may be pleas'd to know I was incited to't by example of him I nam'd, that smooth Fac'd *Bellamy*.

Thr. Darst thou accuse her with him ?

Car. You may aske her bolster there, her Madam Nurse old Mother *Cockbroth*.

Clo. O me.

Car. I, O you aske her sir, what shee did with him, or he with her, in their two houres privacy in her chamber, when hee came to take up five hundred

hundred pound for his Lord, There was a sweet taking up, fir shee confessed all to me, and on purpose, I dare be fworn to embolden mee in my attempt to her Ladyship.

Clo. I confesse ?

Thr. What did shee confesse ?

Car. That hee made use of your Bed with your wife, what language shall I utter't in ? you were best see it done before you believe it.

Thr. O me most miserable if this be true !

Car. Well, there's for them two.

La. Goe *Closet* till I call you. *Exit Clo.*

Car. Now for that Rogue (because I must expect no further good of you, but this which is mine owne you say) i'll lay him open to you, you remember how once I ingratiated my selfe to you by rescuing you from a Robbery and Murder (as you suppos'd) for which you took me into favour——

Thr. Yes, and have wish'd a thousand times since, that I had lost the thousand pound I had about me then, and tane some wounds for't in exchange rather then by that rescue to have taken thy Viperous selfe into my bosome.

Car. This Rogue plotted that businesse, 'twas a mere trick of his invention. The supposed Theeves were his companions, and wrought by him only to scare you and run away when wee came to your succour, onely to indeare mee to you. There was no hurt meant, but the slap I gave him over the Pate to colour the businesse, with little blood, I wish now I had cleft his braines.

Thr. Your wish tho' against your will is a good reward to him, for I love him the better for his wit in that plot, and care of his then Master.

Car. Doe you so fir ? Then 'twas mine own invention, let him deny't if he can.

Wat.

Wat. Indeed the plot was his fir, I onely found the Actors.

Thr. I cannot condemne the conceipt however ; and am something taken with the wit on't, would all the rest were no worse.

Car. And now I have utterd my whole mind fir, and you declar'd I must expect no further good of you, come away *Phib*, I have injur'd thee long, i'll make thee now amends for all ; i'll marry thee, and sell Tobacco with thee.

La. Let him not go fir, I beseech you in this desperate way, not till I answer to his accusation.

Thr. Sir you shall stay, and make your selfe good before authority, or cleare my wife.

Car. You'll have your house then known to have beene a bawdy-house ?

Thr. The Courts of Princes and Religious Houses

May so have been abus'd.

Car. Under such Governeffes.

Thr. You'll anon be silent, what's the matter ? wee are busy.

Enter Closet.

Ser. Mistris *Croftill*, Madam is come in great haft to visit you, and a Kinsfeman of your Ladiships with her.

Thr. At such a time ? excuse your selfe.

Ser. They are here fir, enterd against all resistance.

Enter Croftill, Fitzgerrard.

La. Mistris *Croftill* ! you have much honord me — Cozen *Fitzgerrard* ! welcome.

Fit. I have a private sute to you Madam.

La. Pray Mr. *Thrivewell* entertaine the Lady.

Car. Another sprunt youth.

Crof. Sir, I perceave some discontent here, I hope your Nephew has not againe displeas'd you ?

Thr

Thr. He is a villaine, seekes my utter ruine.

Crof. Pray say not so, for feare you force mee love him.

Thr. You are undone for ever if you doe.

Crof. Doe not say so, for feare I fly to him,
The thought of him already breakes my sleeps,
I could not rest to night for thinking of him,
Which made my early hast to unload my minde,
Presuming that your judgement may excuse
A simple Womans weaknesse, what is shee
That hee courts so?

Thr. I tell you, shee's a Whore with Child by him, layes claime to him, and I think hee'l marry her.

Crof. Still you speake better of him, and my love must not see him so lost, fir let me speake with you.

Car. Me Lady? I am busy; I am busy.

Crof. What mettall am I of? his scorne's a Loadstone;

No Courtship like his carelesnesse to mee;

And all dispraise speakes for him,

Sir I will speake with you.

Car. I blush for you, what would you say now, were it not too late?

Crof. Nay onely to your eare.

Car. Stand off a while *Phib.* *Goes aside.*

Fit. His Lordship Madam shall give me accompt To each particular.

La. You shall doe well to put it to him Cosen——
Husband, I overheard you, and commend you,
That tho' you cast your Nephew from all hopes
Of good from you, you will not yet destroy
His fortunes other wayes.

Thr. How doe you meane?

La. For that I finde by your reviling him
You more inflame that crosse phantastick Widow
With eager love to cast her selfe upon him.

Thr.

Thr Had I thought so, I had spoke well of him
Against my conscience.

La. No, let me intreat you.
Be that way charitable, and speake worse ;
The worse the better.

Car. Tempt me not good Lady,
To your own prejudice, your destruction ;
I am one you cannot live and lie withall
A fortnight you, alas y'are but a grissell,
Weake picking meat ; Here's one will hold me tack,
Seaven constant ordinaries every night,
Noonings, and intermealiary Lunchings,
At freedome every day, hold belly hold,
The Cupboord never shut.

Crof. I understand you not.

Car. Nor mind me Lady ; Twill be better for
you.
You had a thin chin'd husband, plaid at Doublets
with ye,
And that perhaps, but twife or thrice a weeke,
You are incapable of better Game,
Here's one shall hold me *Tick tack* night by night,
And neither of us guilty of a Why-not,
Shee's bred up to my hand, and knowes her play.

Crof. Can you so slight me ?

Car. Slight ? I honour you.
In caring for you to preserve your life,
And your estate, which I confesse my selfe
Unworthy of : besides I am ingag'd
To doe a poore soule right for my issues sake
Shee goes withall.

Crof. But say on composition shée acquit you.

Car. O but conscience is conscience.

Crof. I'll die or have him presently.

C.... you refuse me for a prostitute whore ?

Car. Take heed what you say, i'll shake your
estate,

If

If you dare call her whore 'fore witneffes.

Crof. Call all the World to hear me Madam,
Sir *Anthony*, and the rest, be all my witneffes ;
Give me your hand fir, here before you all
I plight my faith upon this Gentleman,
He is my Husband, and I am his Wife.

Thr. You are then undone.

Crof. I care not fir, for your ill will : no more
shall hee.

Car. Are you catch'd Widow ? *Futre*, for Unkles
now ?

Crof. Why answer you not me, in troth plight ?

Car. I doe, but yet I tell you againe conscience
is conscience ;

The Woman's not compounded with.

Crof. I'll give her a brace of hundred pounds.

Phe. The Woman will not take it.

Wat. The Woman shall take it, for now know fir,
I love you not so ill as to undoe you. This Woman
has beene mine as much as yours, shee has done as
much with mee for Offices, and Service I have done
for her, as shee has done with you for Love and
Money, let her deny't.

Car. I have lately suspected so.

Wat. And if her Friends will make her brace of
hundreds a leafh i'll marry, and honestifie her.

La. Honest *Wat* in good earnest ! Gentlewoman
with your hand give him your consent, and i'll
supply you with the od hundred pound, for *Wats*
love to his Master.

Thr. Will you ?

La. Yes, and with your allowance ; it shall be
in lieu of the hundred I tooke in Commodity of
her Kinswoman Mistris *Saleware*, which would
never thrive with mee (as it may properly with
them) as 'twas the price of lust you know it was,
and how untowardly things have chanc'd amongst

us since it was so ; And now that I have declin'd it, you shall see how sweetly all will be reconcil'd.

Thr. Doe as you please.

La. Goe get you to the Priest presently, and bring him hither for thy Master, *Wat.*

Exit Wat. Phe.

Enter Lord Lovely, Old Bellamy, Saveall, Saleware, Alicia.

Lov. Madam you sent for mee, though I had former cause to require a conference with you.

La. My cause my Lord, is almost ended among our selves. Pray let your former therefore be determin'd first, your Lordship may be pleas'd to fit.

Lo. I desire first by good Sir *Anthony's* patience, Madam a word with you in absence of all the rest, except this Gentlewoman.

Thr. With all respect my Lord.

La. No you shall stay, and all the rest, speake openly my Lord, I doe beseech you.

Lo. My modesty forbids.

La. I'll speake it for you then ; Good my Lord fit judge, This Woman comes to accuse me of incontinency with your servant *Bellamy*, is it not so ?

Old Bel. I marry dos shee Madam to make her word good to my Lord that he would have lien with her too ; And sayes that *Bellamy* affirm'd to her that he did, I mary did he with your Ladiship.

La. Ha, ha, ha, I have a Nephew here affirm'd as much.

Enter Wat whispers.

Car. I am forry I said so much, 'twas but my suspection in the dayes of my wickednesse, I am honest now, and can thinke no such matter——
Exit Ca. Crof. Wat.

Thr.

Thr. I feare I shall be wretched.

Sav. You are wretched in your feare, note your Wifes confidence; Can Guilt looke with that Face?

Lov. I understand that *Bellamy* is in your house.

La. Forth comming my good Lord. Good Master *Bellamy*, fetch your Nephew, you'l finde him in my Chamber. *Exit.*

Fitz. And in this respect you shall give me leave My Lord to call your honour into question.

Lov. Y'are very round with mee Mr. *Fitzgerrard*, What is your question?

Fitz. Where is my Sister *Amie*?

Lov. Aske you mee?

Fitz. Yes, and in honour y'are to answer me, It is too evident, your courtship wonne Her Virgin honour.

Lov. Then I forc'd her not.

Fitz. The blame of that lay therefore on her selfe,

That losse I seeke not after: but I aske
Her life and being (if shee live or be)
Of you my Lord, since it is manifest,
Shee left her friends, and Country shortly after
Her folly had betrayd her into shame,
To be at your dispose, as we presume
She is since in her two yeares absence; we
Have fought all other wayes in vaine; you shall
Do therefore well my Lord to render her,
Or give me leave to urge you t'an accompt
Of what's become of her.

Lov. You cannot sure
Compell mee sir.

Fitz. To hazard of my life I will my Lord.

Lov. That shee is lost I am grieved; But for your stout demand i'll answer you at Weapons, time and place convenient.

Enter

Enter Old Bellamy, and Bellamy in a Woman's habit, Closet.

Old Bel. I'll end your difference Cosen *Fitzgerrard*, here is your Sister *Amie* my Lord, here is your servant *Bellamy* whom I preferr'd to you as my Nephew, to be a Go-betwixt you and Mistresses, which quality I now abhorre, as I could wish your Lordship would leave——Wenching for this inconstant Womans sake that would be prostitute unto your servant. 'Twas a flat bargain, and but a flat one, but for the non-performance her husband may thanke their party of Sex, not his wifes want of desire.

Sal. Nere the sooner for a hasty word I hope.

Old Bel. What further end shee had to serve your Lordship she may relate her selfe.

Bel. Lost to my selfe, and friends being made unfit

In any other Region to appeare,
And more unable to live other where ;
Then in the presence of my loved Lord
(Although not as my selfe) I did assume
That Masculine boldnesse, so to let you know
My Lord, that I more fully could subsist
By the meere sight of you, and so containe
My selfe, then shee your more respected Mistris
Could in the rich and plentifull enjoyments
Of your most reall, and essentiall favours.

Lov. Sweet let us speake aside.

Sal. What ayles my Friend ? is not all this now but a plot to make me jealous ?

Al. I am discover'd and undone. *chafes.*

Sal. Nere the sooner for a hasty word I hope
Friend : Come leave your waggery, is not all this but a plot now to make me jealous ?

La. Your Plot good Mistris *Saleware* would not hold.

Sal.

Sal. Nor shall it hold good Madam, I cannot be jealous. *Sapientia mea mihi.*

La. Yet the young Gentleman (such as you see he is) has lien with mee of old, before I was married; doe not looke so dismaydly, I will not detect you with my husband for a hundred pound—

Sal. Nor will I be jealous for a thousand Madam, your plot's too weake Facks, but where's my injur'd Kinswoman, Madam?

La. O *Phebe Gimcrack!* shee is by this time righted, that is Married.

Sa. *Sapientia mea mihi,* agen then for that, that was my plot, and it held Madam.

Lov. My deare, deare *Amie*, and my *Bellamy*, I doe commend your vow of future chastity, Vowing the fame my felfe, and here before Your Brother, and these friends to help your marriage

I freely give you two hundred pounds a yeare During your life.

Sav. Now doe you note the effect of all Sir *Anthony?*

Thr. I doe with my much joy.

Lov. And Mistris *Saleware*, for your falsehood (Which I forgive, because you are a Woman) I quit familiarity with you, and advise you To love your husband; giving him no cause Of feare or jealousy.

Ali. Your Lordship counsell's well.

Sal. Hang feares and jealousies, I would there were no greater in the Kingdome, then in *Tom Salewares* Coxcombe; But by your favour friend, we will be friends no more, but loving man and wife henceforward.

Ali. That shall be as you please. *Musick.*

Enter Carelesse, Crostill, Wat, Phebe.

La. See new Married couples, please your Lordship

H

ship to take notice ? *Lov. Salutes the Brides.*

Car. Unkle and Madam, I am come to call you to my house to Dinner, and your Lordship if you please, and all the rest here, I want one, my Rivall *Bellamy*, where is he ? wee'l be all friends to day ; and at night sweete heart,——at night, at night, at night——

Wee'l get the Boy that shall become a Knight.

Cro. You promise lustily.

Wat. And *Phebe* if thou beest not better provided already, if I get not thee with Squire, let me turne clown.

Car. But where's this *Bellamy*, what new Ladies that ?

Old Bel. This new Lady fir, is that *Bellamy* you inquire for.

Sav. The same Gentleman that you accus'd your Aunt with.

Clo. That I confesse had line with her.

Car. Ha, is't so ifaith ? and (now I thinke on't) introth I thought so ; would I have tax'd her thinke you, but with a Woman ? pray Mr. *Bellamy* let me salute your lips, and good Unkle now wee are Neighbours, and both good House-keepers, let us not be strangers to one another.

Thr. Well fir, as I shall finde you by your wives report I shall be still your Unkle.

Car. I shall be his heire in spight o' the Devill, and all his workes and mine.

Lov. Come Madam, I finde here's Musick, let's leade the Brides a Dance to stirre their appetites to Dinner.

Daunce.

Car. And now my Lord to grace our Wedding feast,

As you in honour are the greatest Guest
You have full power to welcome all the rest.

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.

W*ell ! had you Mirth enough ? much good may't
doe you,
If not, 'tis more then I did promise to you.
'Tis your own fault, for it is you, not wee
Make a Play good or bad ; and if this be
Not answerable to your expectation
Yee are the free-borne People of this Nation,
And have the power to censure Worth and Wit,
But wee must suffer for what you commit.
Yet wee're resolv'd to beare your gentle Hands,
And if you will tie us in any Bands,
Let us be bound to serve you, and that's thus,
To tell you truth, as long as you serve us.*

THE
NOVELLA,
A
COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Black-Friers*, by his
MAJESTIES Servants,
Anno, 1632.

WRITTEN
By
RICHARD BROME.

MART.
Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

LONDON.
Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and
THO. DRING, and are to be sold at their
Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.



The Persons of the *Play*.

Pantoloni } Two Senators.
Guadagni,
Fabritio, Sonne to *Pantoloni*.
Piso, His Friend.
Francisco, Lover of *Flavia*.
Horatio, His Friend——
Nanulo, } Servants to *Guadagni*.
Astutta, }
Nicolo, Servant to *Pantoloni*.
Victoria—The *Novella*.
Faconetta, Servant to *Victoria*.
Flavia, Daughter to *Guadagni*.
Paulo,—By-named *Burgio*.
Swatzenburgh.
Cheginno, } Two Lawyers.
Prospero, }
Pedler, Woman.
Zaffi, an Officer.

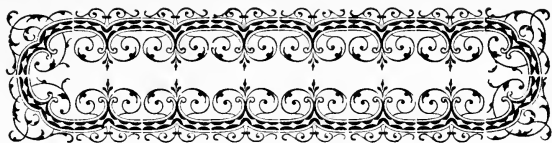
The Sceane Venice.



PROLOGUE.

*S*hould I not speake a Prologue, and appeare
In a starch'd formall Beard and Cloake, I feare,
Some of this Auditory would be vext,
And say this is a Sermon without a Text.
Some thinke it so essentiall, that they say
Nor foole, nor Prologue, there can be no Play.
Our Author's unprovided, and doth vow,
What e're I say must stand for Prologue now;
Then have at wit for once, why mayn't I be
Inspir'd with wit, and sence extempore?
But first I'le tell you, that I had commission
From him to tell you that hee'l not petition
To be dubb'd Poet, for he holds it fit,
That nought should make a man a wit, but wit,
Hee'll 'bide his triall, and submits his cause
To you the Fury, so you'l judge by Lawes.
If Pride or Ignorance should rule, he feares
An unfaire tryall, 'cause not try'd by's Peeres.
Faith be your selves awhile, and pass your vote
On what you understand, and doe not dote
On things 'bove nature or intelligence;
All we pretend to is but Mirth and Sence,
And he that lookes for more, must ee'ne goe seeke
Those Poet-Bownces that write English Greeke.
(Our Author aims only to gaine your laughter,
Which if you won't, hee'l laugh at you hereafter.

THE



THE
NOVELLA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Pifo, Fabritio.

Pi. C Ome, I protest i'lle have you home againe,
And tell all to your Father, if you goe not
More chearfully on about this businesse.

Fab. O *Pifo*! dearest (dearest?) only Friend,
That Name of *Father* tis, that checks my blood,
And strikes a filiall Reverence through my Soule;
Layes load upon my loynes, clogging my steps,
And like an armed *Angell* warnes me back.

Pi. So, so, he runs away to proper purpose
That beares his Hue and Cry in's conscience.

Fab. It is not yet day-light: night will conceale
My secret purpofes. I will returne.

Pi. Do so: and damne thee blacker then the
night,
Thee and thy Father too for company
Expreffe your filiall Reverence so, doe so.

Fab. Deare *Pifo* peace.

Pi. Peace fond *Fabritio*.
Dost thou not fly from him to save his Soule?

His

His and thine own to boot? will not thy stay
 (Stay not to answer me!) ruine your Family;
 Cut off all hope of *Blessing*, if not *Being*
 Of your Posterity? and all this by obaying
 A wilfull Father in a lawlesse Marriage;
 More fatall (I foresee't) then ere our State
 Of *Venice* yet produc'd example for.

Fab. O now thou tear'st my very bowells *Piso*,
 Should I consent (as I dare not deny
 My over-hasty Father) to this match,
 I should submit my selfe the most perfidious,
 That ever shadow'd *Treachery* with *Love*.
 No, my *Victoria*, sooner shall this steele
 Remove thy hindrance from a second choyce,
 Then I give word or thought, but to be thine.

Pi. Why flie we not to *Rome* then, where you
 left her,
 And shun the danger of your Fathers Plot,
 Which would not only force you break your Faith
 With chaste *Victoria*, but to wed another,
 Whose faith is given already to another?
 Double damnation! 'Twere a way indeed
 To make your children bastards o' both sides.

Fab. Can there no way be found to shun the
 danger
 Of this so hastily intended Marriage,
 But by my flight, and the most certaine losse
 Of mine inheritance?

Pi. That would be thought on.

Fab. Stay; who comes here?

*Musick, and divers Gentlemen passe to and fro with
 lights, at last Enter Pantaloni, lighted by
 Nicolo, with darke Lanthorns.*

Pi. Some Night-walkers, that throw
 Balls at their Mistresses, well of all Citties
 Under the universall raigne of venery,
 This is the civill't! in what sweet tranquillity,
 The

The subjects passe by and salute each other !
Stay, what grave beaft, what reverend *Gib* is
that ?

(I'th' name of darknesse) dropt out of a gutter ?

O age what art thou come to !

Fab. Pray forbear.

Pi. Looke there *Fabritio*, *Venus* can it be ?

Fab. Come y'are deceav'd.

Pi. Nay now I know I am not,

For by that little loving glimpse of light
That leads him on, *Fabritio*, tis thy Father.

Fab. I pray thee peace.

Pi. What will this City come to ?

A young man shall not shortly venture to
A vaulting Schoole for feare he jumpe in the
Same saddle with his Father, to the danger
Of his old bones.

Enter Francisco, and Horatio.

Stay here comes more. This is
Some speciall haunt ! sure tis the habitation
Of the *Novella* lately come to Town,
Which drawes the admiration of all
The Rampant Gallantry about the City !

Fab. They say shee's yet a Virgine.

Pi. And is like

So to continue, still shee prove stale fish,
At the rate shee's stamp'd for : for she has set
Such a large price upon her new nothing,
That Venery and Prodigality are at ods
About her, it seemes thy *Father* could not bargaine.

Fab. Fie ! 'twas not he.

Pi. Not hee ! peace and stand close.

Fran. Is shee so rare a Creature, this *Novella* ?

Ho. Rare ? above excellent (man) it is unpossibile
For a Painter to flatter her, or a Poet to bely her
In ayming to augment her beauty : For

I saw her that can judge ;

Pi. Now if a man

Were to unkennell the handfomeſt ſhee Fox
In *Venice*, let him follow theſe doggs. Sure
Shee is earth'd hereabouts. They have the ſent.

Fran. You have not ſeene her often ?

Hor. Onely thrice.

At Church, That's once for every day, that ſhee
Has beautified this City.

Pi. What rare helpe

May this be to *devotion*, that he ſpeaks of !

Fran. And all this *Beauty*, and this ſeeming
vertue

Offer'd to ſale ?

Pi. I thought 'twas ſuch a peece.

Hor. Thence only ſprings the knowledge of her
worth

Marke but the price ſhee's cry'd at : two thouſand
Duccats

For her Maydenhead, and one moneths ſociety.

Pi. What a way, now, would that money reach
In Buttock-beefe.

Hor. Shee is indeed for beauty,
Perſon, and Price, fit onely for a Prince :
I cannot thinke a leſſe man then the *Duke*
Himſelfe muſt beare her ; and indeed 'twere pittie
That ſhee ſhould ſinne at leſſe advantage.

Fran. Why do *we* then make way to viſit her
By our expence in Muſick ?

Pi. A wary whore-maſter : I like him well :
A penneyworth for a penny would be look'd for.

Hor. Why *Franciſco* ? Why ?

Pi. *Franciſco* ! is it hee ?

Hor. Although her price be ſuch to be ſold for
In ready money, ſhee is yet allow'd
To give herſelfe for love if ſhee be pleas'd.
Who knowes how well ſhee may affect a man

(As

(As here and there a Woman may by chance)
Onely for *vertue*? That's worth our adventure,
But I wish rather we could purchase her
At the set price betwixt us for a twelvemonth
Our friendship should not suffer us to grudge
At one anothers good turnes.

Pi. There's love in couples,
What whelpes are these? sure this *Francisco* is
The late forsaken lover, betroth'd to *Flavia*
Whom now thy Father would so violently
Force thee to marry.

Fab. Would he had her *Piso*.

Pi. O here they pitch, stand close, wee'l heare
their Musick.

Song.

Hor. Come sad *Francisco*, wee'l tomorrow see
This Miracle of nature, whose meere sight
Will wipe away the injury thou sufferd'st
In *Flavia*, and make thee quite forget her.

Pi. Tis he, and I will speake to him.

Hor. Good forbear.

Pi. *Francisco* must not so forget his *Flavia*.

Hor. What are you?

Pi. Men, that would have you be so,
And not to wanton out your holy vows *Drawes*.
Dancing your selves to th'Devill.

Fran. What doe you meane?

Pi. I meane, *Francisco*, you too much forget
The love you bore to *Flavia*, shee to you.

Hor. Shee has forsaken him, and is bestow'd
(Forc'd by the torrent of her fathers will)
On young *Fabritio*, *Pantalonies* Sonne.

Pi. Here stands the man denies it, speake
Fabritio.

Fab. Not that I undervalue *Flavius* worth,
But not to violate her faith by breach

Of

Of mine, were all this signiory her dowry
(Here is my hand *Francisco*,) i'le not wed her.

Fran. I must embrace you fir.

Hor. And Gentlemen,

My Lodging is not farre, please you retire,
And there repose your selves, untill the light
That now is near at hand, shall point you forth
A way to future comfort ; you shall finde
Good wine and welcome, please you to accept it.

Pi. Your offer fir is large: yet let me aske
If we may rest securely for a day ;
Lurke close and private, till the appointed houre
For this forc'd Marriage be over-slipp'd,
In case that our necessity may require it ?

Hor. I understand you, Take mine honor of it.

Pi. Be cheard *Fabritio*, thou shalt not to *Rome*,
We may prevent thy danger nearer home.
Now night we thanke, and follow thee away
(As being thy servants) from th' approach day.

Hor. You conclude well, lovers and sprights are
Night-walkers, warn'd away by th'morning Starre.

Ex.

ACT I. SCENE II.

*Enter Guadagni in his Study. A Taper, Baggs,
Books, &c.*

Gua. **W**Hilest yet the Leaden finger'd god of
 sleep
Keeps close the eye-lids of phantastick youth,
Feeding their aery fancies with light dreames,
Of wanton pleasures ; giddy, vaine delights,
The

The ever watchfull cares of aged Parents
 Throw ope the gates and windowes of soft rest,
 Making our midnight noone, to guard and order
 The wholsome fruits of our continuall labour.
 Wholsome and happy off-springs of my paines
 Thus I salute you and implore your fasty,
 And thus that you may rest, grow and increase
 Mine eyes prevent the breakers of your peace.
 But see the morning hastens to relieve me!
 Day spreads apace, and warnes the provident
 hand

Doe out the uselesse taper. Hoe! what hoe!

Enter Nanulo, Aftutta.

Nanulo! Aftutta! is it midnight with you?

Nan. Your servants are all here and ready fir.

Gua. About about, you drowsy headed drones,
 Where is my Daughter?

Aft. Up and ready too fir.

Gua. Sirrah haste you to *Pantalonies* house.

Nan. The rich *Magnifico*?

Gua. Who else, you Rat?

Tell him I doe attend his comming hither,
 To expedite the work we have in hand.

Nan. It shall be done fir, please you give me
 passage. (him

Gua. Here take the Keys; lock the dore after
 Then call my Daughter to me.

Aft. See shee's here fir. *Ex. Nan. Aft.*

Gua. *Flavia* my Girle, see how my early care
 Provides for thee, The toyle of many yeares
 By dayly travaile, and my nightly watches
 Lies here in readinesse to build thy fortune.
 And take it willingly, since thou consentst
 To match unto my will; whereby this Coyne,
 Thy selfe, and both our joyes may finde increase.
 I can no lesse then thanke thee *Flavia*,
 Although I must confesse, my fute was long,

And

And grievous to me, ere thy childish will
 Yelded to my appointment of a husband :
 For whom (with no small joy I speak't) thou didst
 Cast off (indeed) the off-scum of his blood
 The poore, degenerate in fortune, fellow,
 I scorne to name him.

Fla. Alas my *Francisco*——

Gua. By which thou gain'st the Nonpareil of
 heires

In all this wealthy City.

Fla. Sir tis not

The Riddance of the one, to gaine the other,
 Both which are equall blessings unto me
 Can ad unto my present happineffe
 More, then the thought of your paternall wifdome,
 Whose provident care was author of this good :
 Chiefly to you I therefore wish the comfort.

Gua. It will be so : I finde it my deare child
 For though thy joy I know will be abundant
 Mine must exceed, that includes thine with it.
 Why smil'st thou *Flavia*? to think how deare
 Thy *Hymeneall* day, to morrow is ?

Fla. No I could weepe for that.

Gua. How ! ha ! whats that ?

This money's mine againe, and thou art not
 If thou dost wish one dayes procrastination,
 Degenerate brat, changeling——

Fla. Deare Father——Father——

Gua. Th'ast seene thy last of happineffe : all
 content

From this black minute, and thy selfe are strangers.

Fla. Sir, I beseech you heare me ——

Gu. Get you in

I'le mew you up where never Sun shall show
 Into what endlesse misery i'le cast thee ;
 Nor any sound bring succour to thine Eare,
 To call thee back from torment.

Fla.

Fla. Sir,—deare fir—— (Carver.

Gua. My felfe will be your Keeper, Cook, and

Fla. Indeed you will be forry.

Gua. Sorry ! for what ?

Fla. For the miftake you run away withall.

Gua. Didft thou not fay thou wept'ft, becaufe to morrow was come fo nigh ?

Fla. So nigh and yet not come fir,
Fearing how many dangerous houres are thither.

Gua. Ha ! I beginne to be now forry indeed.

Fla. Loves Minutes fir, are dayes, and houres
are yeares,

When each protracted, multiplies our feares.

Gua. Now I am forry with all my heart; and
here's a

Thoufand checquines to expiate my trespaffe.

But do not let thy husband know of them

Till he redeeme a fault to their full value,

Oh mine own Girle, my honey, honey Girle :

Fla. Was not I fir applauding of your wifdome,
And giving you the glory of my comfort
In this approved match ?

Gua. Thou didft, thou didft,
With teares of joy I muft confefse thou didft.

Fla. Had you but heard me out, I had magnified
My fortune, fprung out of your providence.

Gua. Speake yet, and I will heare attentively.

Fla. Firft then, how firft your admirable wifdome
Weighing how I had fetled my affection
Upon *Francifco*, excellent in parts,
Of noble blood, how ever low in fortune,
You gave your free confent (knowing your eftate
To be a portion fitter to reftore him
Unto the dignity of his Ancestors,
Then to be added to anothers Muck-hill)
That I fhould be his wife——

Gua. What's this you fay ?

Fla. Nay deare fir flie not off.

Gua. Well, on then, on.

Fla. I say you gave consent, that I should be
Wife to that noble Gentleman (pray sit still fir)
As you had foreseene my future happines
Only in him consisted — fir untill
This wealthy heire, young *Fabritio*,
Your Neighbour Tradef-mans Son, of great estate,
Was by his father tender'd unto you
For me a husband, then unseene by mee :
But since I must confesse a proper man,
Worthy a fitter Wife —

Gua. Sweet Modesty.

Fla. But that your wisdom needs will have it so,
By reason that his heapes may purchase honour,
Which to'thers wants can never wash away,
But farewell him : I must looke this way now ;
And crown your wisdom with this closing point,
That whereas I betroth'd was to *Fraucisco*,
And *Pantalonies* Sonne unto another,
(A Lady as tis justified at *Rome*)
You force me on this man, the fittest husband
On whom to make my party good hereafter,
Who shall not dare to upbraide my breach of faith.

Gua. And ist not a sound policy my *A Bell*
Flavia ? *rings.*

But now no more ; old *Pantalon* comes,
I take it. How now ! dos he not come ?

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Signor *Pantalon*, fir, intreats you
Meet him on the *Rialto* instantly,
That you may goe to the Advocates together.

Gua. It is my *Flavia* interchangeably
To seale your Marriage covenants ; make thee
happy,
Looke to my house and havings ; keepe all safe,
I shall be absent most part of this day.

Be

Be carefull Girle, thine own speciall good
Requires thee to't : and therefore I dare trust thee.

Fla. Happy successe attend you sir, whilst I
Rest here in prayers for you.

Gua. Thanks my child,
Come firrah lock the doore. But first (dee hear)
Beware that none have entrance in my absence
Except *Fabritio*, *Pantalonie's* Sonne ;
Or such as I have warranted, looke to it.

Nan. With due respect.

Gua. Come lock the doore I say. *Exit.*

Fla. I be sure of that, and I could wish (fly
My thoughts were prisoners too : that they might
No further then the casement, or the wicket ;
Where they (loose things) get out, and nothing bring
Back to this heart, but cold and sad returnes.
O my *Astutta*——

Enter Astutta.

Ast. Now or never helpe me !

Fla. As thou didst ever dreame what true love
was,

Fancy some way to quit me of this bondage ;
Or else contrive this houre to be my last. (what !

Ast. What ! would you disobey your *Father* ?
So good, so carefull, and so wise a *Parent* ?

Fla. O doe not vex me into longer life.
Either speake helpe, or let me die in silence.

Ast. Yes, at sixteene ; you would die at sixteene ?

Fla. Else let thy pittie of my youth preserve me.

Ast. O *Cupid* what a *Termagant* tyrant art thou
Over poore subjects of sixteene ! There is not one
Among a hundred of those ticklish *Trifles*
But is more taken with a *Toy* at sixteene
Then six and twenty : because by that time
The edges of most maydenheads are allayd.

Fla. Nay deare *Astutta* hast thou thought a
course ?

Ast. What to prevent your Father, my good Master?

Thinke you I can turne traytor to his trust,
And crosse his purpose for your Marriage?

Fla. If Knife, or Poyson, Fire, or Water may
Remove this wretched cause, i'll do it else. (house)

Ast. Yes, you were best leape from the top o'th'
Into the *Cavail grande*: and there perhaps
Some courteous *Gondaliar* may catch you up,
And waft you to some house of deare delight.

Fla. Thou tortur'st me.

Ast. You see the doore is shut,
And *Go-by-ground* your fathers Giant here
More sterne then *Cerberus* holds fast the Key,
You can make no excursion; nor let in
Any attempt for your redemption:

No Letter or a Message can approach you,
But by this Gyant-dwarfe your Fathers Agent,
Though I my selfe were wicked to assist you.

Fla. O couldst thou be so vertuous! Then I
know

Some quaint devise would issue from thy braine
To conjure and controwle his weaker spirits.
Thou knowst I have command of Gold and Jewells
Enough to buy a Senators large conscience:
Doe thou command it all to win him to us,
That petty thing. Dos he appeare bribe-free?
Is he the only officer uncorrupted?

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. *Madona Flavia* newes.

Fla. What I beseech you? (*Fabritio.*

Nan. From your elected Bridegroome, brave

Ast. Dissemble patience as you are a woman,
Or hope to be; and heare him handsomely.

Fla. How dos hee *Nanulo*?

Ast. That was well said.

Nan. Well and respectfull towards you it seemes,
For

For hee desires you not to stir abroad,
As I could wish you would not——

Fla. Insolent slave!

You know I may not stir beyond the Key
You keepe, and yet you wish me stay within.

Aft. Will you marre all? the reason?

Nan. The reason is, he meanes to send anon
A *Mercadante* from the *Merceria*,
The famous Pedler woman of this City
With her most precious wares; for you to choose
What you shall like and take them as his presents,
(A ceremony us'd on wedding Eves)
Such Rings, such Things, such Knacks, such Knots
& Bobs;
Such Curles, such Purles, such Tricks and Trilly
bubkins 'hem!
As Mayds would turne no Mayds almost to see
And can you yet be angry at such newes
With me the gladfome bringer?

Aft. Very good!

I have heard of this rare Pedler-woman;
And that shee is much us'd in close affaires
Twixt parties *Hee* and *Shee*; and doe not doubt
Since you make golden offers (gentle Mistresse)
To work her to your ends, as neare (dee marke?)
As womans wit may reach at such a pinch,
Pray let her come.

Fla. Well sir, you know I shall not stir abroad;
When shee is come shee's welcome with my thanks.
Returne so by the messenger.

Nan. Most readily.

Exit.

Aft. Now Mistris if I chance to set the saddle
On the right horse; that is, to place your Mayden-
head

Where you would faine bestow it, I trust you will
Out of your store reward me with a dowry
Fit to convey me to a *Tradefmans* Bed.

(c)

I 3

Fla.

Fla. Yes, and with there a second Maydenhead,
On the condition.

Afl. Well, be chearfull then,
And cleare those cloudy looks, awake your senses,
Refresh your temples, rowse invention up.
I have found ground to build on ; but there lacks
Much rewing, squaring, joynting, to make fure,
Against all stormes, our lofty Archi'ture,
Come up to counsell ?

Fla. Now thou comforts me. *Exeunt Om.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Pantaloni, Guadagni, Nicolo, with a Zaffies
habit under his arme.*

Pan. IS this *Checchino's* house, your Advocate ?

Gua. It is, and *Prospero* your learned Councell
Is with him here, attending too, our comming.

Pan. Tis well, Give me my writings *Nicolo*,
Please you to enter : I'll dispatch my man,

Exit. Guad.

And follow instantly. Now *Nicolo*,
About the serious busines *Nicolo*,
In which this morning I instructed you.

Nic. For your revenge sir.

Pan. Right my Apprehension
On that discourteous, curfed *Curtezan*,
Twill breed me more delight, then all the dalliances
I could have found in her most free ambraces ;
I hug my quick and sweet invention for it ;
Here take this *gold* ; this bright refulgent *gold*,
Twenty Checquines, and promise twenty more
On the performance of the brave exploy't

Twill

Twill take unto my wish, I doe foresee't.

Nic. Twill be fir, such a notable Revenge
That the report of it in after-ages
Will either mortifie concupiscence
In young lascivious Harlots ; or, at least,
Fright out of'em their itch of wronging age :
They shall no more dare to put youthfull tricks
On yeares, and gravity.

Pan. Right my *Nicolo*.

Nic. Sli'd fir, and if you should not be revengd,
An old man should not step in the *Bordello*
Without the taunts of Boyes and Gondeliers,
Crying take heed, old man, you be not serv'd
As the *Novella* fitted *Pantalon*i.
So, in short time, the City were well serv'd
When age shall be asham'd to crawle to lechery.

Pan. Right, witty Knave. Goe heartily about it,
Thinke what a Master tis thou dost it for,
That has no slender tie upon thy duty ;
One that has bred thee from a youngling up
To this maturity.

Nic. I must acknowledge it.

Pan. And *Nicolo*, it was no petty kindnes
To manumize your Father from the Galley
Which you cannot forget.

Nic. Yet must I heare it—— ?

Pan. But i'le urge thee no further. Boy be
carefull ;

Worke but this for me with effect and speed,
And bind me as a Father to thy need. *Exit.*

Nic. You have even spoyl'd all now. I had as
good a mind
And thought to ha' gone as heartily about
This peece of villany as the Devill, that
Is in my Master could devise, or wish
Till that ore-doing spirit put me out ;
Could he not see 'twas well ; and mischievous

Enough in conscience, but himselfe must crosse it ?
 Dos he thinke by redeeming of my Father
 To slave me with his boasts, and foule upbraydings ?
 Had he still rowd i'th' gally, I not knowing,
 The toyle, the smart and griefe had been his own :
 Now I inherit what was then his paine,
 Hearing continually the clasp of's care,
 And his fell stripes, out of this Bablers mouth,
 Which more then kills my thanks ; it wreaks my
 Spleen.

To brag of benefits one hath bestowne
 Doth make the best seeme lesse, and most seem none :
 So often times the greatest curtesie
 Is by the doer made an injury.

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. *Nicolo* well met, I saw you house my Father,
 And waited for you. Come you shall draw neare.
 This is a neare friends Lodging (*Piso, Fran-*
 Gentlemen, (*cisco, Hora.*
 My fathers speciall man I told you of ; (*at a Table,*
 Pray bid him welcome. (*Wine, &c.*

Hor. Most intirely,
 Please you to sit fir : Here's a short potation.

Pi. But good *Lyatico* I assure you fir
 I'le be your taster to quit feare of danger, *Piso*
 And now i'le let you know we have made *drinks.*
 oath

Upon this nimble master of invention
 This sprightly liquor to be firme, and faithfull
 To one another in a present project.
 Take you the same, and grow in one with us.

Nic. May I not aske what end your project
 aimes at ?

Fra. Nor what, nor unto whose —

Pi. Let it suffice,
 We carry that about us shall end you, *They draw*
 And presently, if you comply not with us, *Stillettoes.*
Nic.

Nic. Nay, nay, by faire meanes Gentlemen I pray.

I am apt enough to mischief of my selfe.

Looke yee. I sweare with you. *He drinks.*

Hor. Tis well. Now know.

Tis for the good of your young Master here.

Nic. Then you would use me in some treachery Against my old one.

Pi. Thou art a Soothfayer.

Nic. Look you, i'le sweare againe, I like your oath, Your deep *Lyatic oath* here, wondrous well. *He drinks thrice.*

Fab. Tis well done *Nicolo*: try the bottome of't.

Nic. I will comply now and complot with you, And was indifferently prepar'd before. Provided alwayes that it tend not to Danger of's Life.

Fab. Couldst thinke me such a Villaine?

Nic. Nay, if it were, 'twere no disparagement To stake my head with yours. But Gentlemen, Please yee fall roundly now upon the busines, I have now sworne enough,

Pi. Then you must answer To these intergatories. First do you know If the old men *Guadagni* and *Pantalon* Doe hold their purpose for their match to morrow Betwixt *Fabritio* here, and *Flavia*?

Nic. They are marrying of 'em now at their Lawyers, By Deed and Covenant, under Hand and Seale. I left them, and their Bookes there now together, And for the Priest to morrow is the day.

Hor. Is not *Fabritio* mist at home this morning?

Nic. No, not at all, the old man's mind's so carried Upon the wings of this new marriage fortune—— I cry you mercy sir, you are the Gentleman I thinke, that should have had her.

Fra.

Fra. In good time fir.

Nic. In good time may you i'le do something for you.

Fab. Honest, deserving *Nic.*

Nic. Sir thus it is :

My Master sent in my young Masters name,
(The more to indcare his service and his care
To the young Lady) that the Merchantesse,
The rich Shee pedler of the *Merceria*
Should visit her to day with all her wares,
For her to take her choyce to deck her Brideship ;
If you know how to plough now with that Heyfar
You may perhaps convey a message to her.

Hor. I know her, and will fit you with directions.

Fra. Thou hast given a hint, for which I will
renown thee.

Pi. But *Nicolo*, where was your reverend Master
Attended by your selfe before day-light ?

Fab. Prithee inquire not further, 'twas not he :

Nic. The doubtfull light deceav'd you fir.

Pi. No more then Noon ifaith, a man may spie
An old whore-master in the darkeft night
Like an old Cat, by th' gloring of his eyes.
Will his old Mutton-mongerfhip nere leave ?
He is already known fufficiently
Through the City for his gift that way ;
And yet he will deny his fonne free choyce,
And force him marry one hee not affects.

Hor. That is his drift, whereby he may inherit
From him the fame licenciousneffe ; and make
The World acknowledge him the more his Son.

Pi. But has he made the purchase ? has he
bought

The famous peece of flefh, the rare *Novella* ?

Nic. I could unshale a plot.

Hor. Nere doubt but doe't then.

Pi. My noble *Nicolo* out with't I say.

Nic.

Nic. I would intreat the favour of this *Senate*
I might unfold it only unto one.

Fra. Take your free choyce.

Nic. To you young Master then,
Take heede wee render not ridiculous
Your Father to the wildnesse of their youth :
But to your selfe I will disclose a secret
That may be wrought to your advantage.

Fab. On.

Nic. Tis true, my Master was with the *Novella*,
Drawne by the loose desires of wanton flesh ;
But such a foule affront he did receive
As justly doth provoke his dire revenge,
Which he hath trusted me to execute.

Fab. How *Nicolo* ? but first what was th' affront ?

Nic. He bargain'd with her ; and for some large
Shee yielded to be his. But in the night (price
In the condition'd bed was laid a *Moore* ;
A hideous and detested *Blackamore*,
Which he (demanding light to please his eye,
As old men use all motives)

Discoverd and inrag'd, forooke the house ;
Affrighted and asham'd to aske his coyne againe.

Fab. But seeks Revenge ! How, how, good
Nicolo ?

Nic. Thus sir, you know what common disrepute
Falls upon Man or Woman that is found
Conversing with the common City-hangman,
That nearest Kindred after such converse,
Shun their society, as they would doe him
(The Hangmans selfe) so odious are they held
Except it be those officers allowd
By the *State-publick* to negotiate with him.

Fab. I know it *Nicolo*. But what can follow ?

Nic. Tis plotted that the Hangman shall go to
And be discover'd with her in such fort, (her,
As her disgrace shall force her fly the City,

And

And I have undertaken to effect it.

Fab. It must be then by bribing of the Hangman :
And how canst thou do that with thine own safety ?
Thou mayst be so discovered and so hated.

Nic. For that observe the politique invention
Of my old Master ! the habit of a *Zaffi*,
One of th'inferiour Ministers of Justice,
That walkes betweene the *Senate*, and their Friend
The Executioner of their commands.

Fab. But what disguise shall shrowd the Hang-
man thither, whose own shape is as horrid as the
Plague ?

Nic. The habit of some stranger in the City,
Which here is gold to purchase.

Fab. Thou hast inform'd,
Nay more thou hast inspir'd mee *Nicolo* !
I shall find way by this, to breake the contract
My Father would inforce ; preserve his credit,
And save the poore *Novella* from the same
My father threatens by his own disgrace
Be then but true to me.

Nic. Sir, if I faile ——

Fab. Enough : I'll trust thee. Keepe the gold
thy self :

Give me this Habit. Get thy selfe another
In all points like it, and in that returne
Unto my Father, confidently tell him
The Hangman undertakes it, and at five,
Soone in the Evening, in strangers habit,
He will accost her.

Nic. Sir ——

Fab. I'll see't perform'd,
Trust to my word and care, and thy reward.

Nic. I leave all to you sir. And crave my dis-
mission.

Pi. What ! Has he done ?

Fab. Most friendly, Farewell *Nicolo*. *Exit. Nic.*
He

He has given me plot enough, if I but worke it ;
 And it produce not Comick sport i'th'end
 I must subscribe my Wit is not my Friend,
 I must crave your assistance Gentlemen.

Hor. We have beene plotting too. (way,

Fra. And though our project run not the same
 It may conclude with yours to crown the day.

Pi. So to your severall wayes.

Hor. I am for the *Novella*. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

*Victoria above, looking in a Glasse, Jacomo, Paulo,
 by-named Burgio.*

Vic. SO I am ready : And trust me *Jaconetta*
 My pretty Moore, (for so I still must call
 thee

For thy deare Masters sake that gave thee to me)
 Thou art grown skilfull in these quaint attires,
 So lately unacquainted with my wearing :
 Thou hast plaid the good beginner at this dressing,
 And by thine industry and further practise,
 I doubt not but my Knowledge will grow ripe.

Pau. And by that Knowledge, you your selfe
 soone rotten. *Aside.*

O ! could these Creatures grow still towards ripe-
 nesse ;

Or, being ripe, abide so, and no further,
 What excellent fruit they were !

Vic. What say you *Borgio* ?

Pau. I say among the twenty thousand *Curtezans*
 In and about this City, none becomes
 The dressing, or the habit like your selfe ;
 Your most unparallel'd selfe ! But noblest Lady,
 Thinke

Thinke tis your perfon beautifies the Dresse,
Not it, your perfon.

Vic. Why not it my perfon ?

Pau. Yes, as the flame the fuell ;
To worke it into coales, and so to ashes.

Vic. Still *Borgio* in your old morality !

Pau. These Tires, these Chaines, these Paintings,
and these Gawds
Are but the sprigs and leaves the butchers uſe
To set out flesh to sale with ; or, at best,
But the gay *Garlands* which adorne the Beast
Prepar'd for Sacrifice ——

Vic. Peace *Borgio*, peace.

Pau. And as those Beasts, so senselesse are you
women
Of the most certaine danger you put on,
With your vaine glorious gayety ; chips and
strawes,
To kindle fire of lust, in whose lew'd flame
Sinks (with *Troyes* Buildings) *Natures* choycest
Flame.

Vic. I would I understood this misery !
Deale freely with me *Borgio*, what new art
Hast thou in practise, that thou setst a face
Shiningly varnish'd with Divinity
On a profession, that makes Nature vile
In her own shame ? Lust's instrument !
Nay case of instruments holding all meanes
For propagation and maintaining of it ;
To make thy Gaine out of its dregs and fragments.
Tell me, dost thinke by preaching modesty
To quit thee of the baseness of thy trade ;
A poore necessitous *Bravo* ? or hast hope
To live upon my honesty, and yet be still
Thy selfe a *Ruffiano* ?

Pau. I would give o're, would you ; and change
my Function.

Vic.

Vic. Ha, ha, ha,—

Jac. What meane you *Borgio*, would you now spoile all?

Did you instruct her in this way of profit,
And no lesse pleasant too, then profitable
(As most of my Bookes titles are) whereby
Shee was so well resolved to goe on——

Pau. Hold thy peace foole: shee will runne on
the faster,
Thou knowst not how much harme, preaching has
done

'Mongst women. She will prove the only Sweep-stake
In all the City.

Jac. O are you there Devill?

Vic. Sir, leave this grumbling, or i'll turne you off
Amongst your Brothers, and your Sons *Ruffianos*,
To lurch i'th'night betwixt eleaven and two
To rob and drown for prey; till being taken
Immediate Hanging followes.

Pau. I'm now your Creature;
My noble resolute Mistris; now I adore you:
Now you shine bright; your bravery now becomes
you,

Yet (let me tell you under faire correction)
I have some cause to hinder your desires,
And theyrs that seeke you more, yet, for a time.

Vic. Your reason sir?

Pau. You know I was prefer'd to you for a *Bravo*
Of long and deare experience: I have serv'd
Six, the most famous *Dames*, this City bred
These sixty yeares; none scorning my advise,
By which, and their endeavours they grew up
To purse the price of *Providences*; which bestowd
The most in publike, some in pious uses
Purchas'd them fame, almost Canonization.
The last and least of them *Margarita Emiliana*
Founded the *Augustinian Monastery*

I shoud you late ; where shee has daily prayers.
 These women, whom successively I serv'd,
 Fell not by rash adventure unto all
 Great *Fortunes* offers ; but by sound advise
 (Which kept their Bodies sound and rich'd their
 coffers)

Were long e're they embrac'd ; by which their price
 And beauty grew of greater estimation,
 My profit in this too is unneglected :
 For long suspense, and tedious Expectation
 Bring me more certaine fees ; where, if you fell
 Immediatly to work, my work were done,
 And your own too, perhaps too soon ; witnes the
 falls

That *Pox* and *Poverty* have brought on many !
 When their youths flame was spent and they re-
 jected,

When others of their *Sisterhood* were embrac'd
 Into a wholesome *Nunnery*.

Vic. This fellow speakes my thoughts. *Borgio*,
 I thought

You had respect to your particular profit
 In all this winding warinesse for my good.

Pau. You may conceive, 'twould grieve me, that
 (where now

You have continuall new, and bounteous suitors,
 That yeild me fees for the bare sight of you)
 You should in yielding to their common use
 Send one man cloyd away, t'affright another
 From his approach.

Vic. *Borgio*, no more of this,
 A deare friend put you to me, for whose sake
 I hitherto have follow'd your advise,
 In hoysting up the price of my *virginity*.

Fac. To such a rate no common purse dares
 venture,
 Nor common folkes presume t'approach the house.
Vic.

Vic. And such as did attempt, by offering leffe,
I have sent back with fhame ; as the old *youth*
Laft night, for which I thank thee *Faconetta*.

Fac. I thinke I could his grave concupifcence.

Vic. And therefore, doubt not, carefull *Borgio*,
Unleffe I meet a husband by the way
I will not ftooke this moneth at a leffe rate,
Then the propofed fum and your consent.

Pau. I thanke you more then if you had poffefs'd
Me of the value of that fum propos'd.

Fac. He meanes her Maydenhead ! Ifaith good
fir,
The mark's grown out of your old chaps, or elfe
Hang me if I believ'd you, by that little
I know of man.

Vic. So now about our bufineffe.
Some of my vifitants I know are neare,
Wayt circumfpectly *Borgio*.

Pau. You need not doubt me. *Exit.*

Vic. There is fome hidden vertue in this fellow,
Or dangerous ill : but whether let it be ;
As was my Birth my purpose fhall be free.
Make fit my Chamber *Faconet*. But firft
Give me my Lute ; and fet me for the figne
Of what I meane to be, the fam'd *Novella*.

Song.

*Whilst ſhe playes and ſings above, Paulo waits
below. Many Gallants paffe over the ſtage
gazing at her. Pifo is received in by Paulo,
after him a French Cavalier, then a brave
Spaniard, and after him a glorious German.
Paulo takes fees of all as they enter the houſe.*

The Song ended, *Paulo* appears above
with *Victoria*.

Vic. Now *Borgio*, how ſpeakes your mufter roll ?
What ? are you full ?

Pau. I have an army royall

K

Of

Of Princely spirits, ready for incounter.

Vic. But one at once good *Borgio*.

Pau. I have encamp'd them each in severall quarter.

Here lies the no lesse politick then stout
Italian force, and there your sprightly *French* ;
Here the brave *Spaniard*, there the *German* bold ;
Here the *Polonian*, and *Sclavonian* there ;
Persian and *Grecian* — —

Vic. Pray thee hold. No more.

Pau. 'Tis not your house can hold, (would I admit 'em)

One of each severall nation would throng in
To make his battery on your virgin Fort.
The rich *Piazza*, on her greatest Mart
Boasts not more Nations ; nor *St. Marke* himselfe
The understanding of more Languages
Then I (could I find house-roume) could receive,
To be made one by your interpretation.
O what a Daring glasse is sparkling beauty ;
Fetching ambition from above the pitch
Of towring Eagles, or Sky-touching Larks
Down with a glance into the Nets of Love !

Vic. Praythee speake nearer home, who hast thou hous'd ?

Pau. I have cull'd from the pack a speciall prince ;
Foure glittering Gallants ; one of *Italy*,
For our deare Countries sake ; But then a *Monsieur*,
A joviall French-man, all of flame and spirit.

Vic. I shall not dare to meddle with his glory
For feare I fall with *Semele*, who next ?

Pau. A *Spaniard* next, that, to adorne his pride,
Weares an Epitome of both the *Indies*.

Vic. I saw his punctuality passe by.

Pau. And did you note his stiffe reservednesse ?
He dares not cough for breaking of his chaine,
But then there is a *Dutchman*, (*Cargo lustick* !)

A jolly strong chind *German*, princely borne ;
A *Landsgrave* at the least ; whose very bluntnesse
Promises more then the sharp-set *Italian* ;
The fiery *Frenchman*, or the doughty *Diego*
In all their eager pursuit.

Vic. That man *Burgio* !

You have bestowed them all in severall Roomes ?

Pau. O like fierce Beasts, from sent of one another.

Vic. Then first, in faire requitall of the Musick,
I doe imagine some of them bestowed

On me, this morning e're my Love appears

To feed their eyes, let Musick feast their eares.

Exeunt Om.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Piso, Victoria.

Pi. **W**Hy not me, Lady ? stand not I as faire,
And fit for your embraces as any man ?

Vic. Yes sir, tis granted ; and as acceptable
I yeild to none.

Pi. Tis but to try my Courtship, I presume,
That you put on this coyneffe, and to draw
More ample testimony of affection,
By Protestation, Prayers, Compliments ;
The weakeft ceremonies due to love ;
Meere noyse and Lip-labour, with losse of time.
I thinke with scorne upon such poore expressions,
And am above the art of *Amorists*,
That cringe and creepe by weake degrees of *Love* ;
To Kisse the hand, the Cheek, the Lip, then cry
O Divine touch ! then smirk, and then embrace,
Then nuzzle in the *Elizium* of your bosome,

And be entranc'd ! meanes fit for duller spirits,
 To gather heat and strength of appetite.
 My desire speakes in *Loves* true dialect ;
 And, from my heart inflam'd, you may perceive
Loves fire rage in mine eyes, enough
 To melt to yeildingnes a frozen breast.
 In this I talke too much. I finde you yeilding.

Vic. And I my selfe too blame —

Pi. Let us retire then.

Vic. Mistake me not good Signior. Keep your
 distance :

I blame my selfe to let you overweene
 By my long silence, that immodesty
 To be in me, that might embolden you
 To your and my dishonor. Pray desist,
 And let the friendly welcome you have found
 Perswade your faire construction.

Pi. Is this earnest ?

Vic. Yes in sooth is it.

Pi. I'll be playner then,

What make you here i'th' *Smock-Faire*, precious
 Mistris ?

Or why these dressings, these perfumes and paint-
 ings ?

Doe you weare the habit of our *Curtezans*,
 And, by their art, call Gazers to your beauty,
 Full of high hopes and flames of ardent Love,
 Thus to delude, and make them witnesse
 Of a cold seeming *Chastity* ? what new Art
 Is this ? it cannot be to get a husband !

Vic. Nor a child neither sir, that's lesse.

Pi. That's soone believ'd, yet, no disparagement
 To your expert sufficiency in the trade :
 For the best Carpenters make fewest chips,
 There's very few of all your function fruitfull :
 Yet some there be approved men at armes
 Famous in publique service : and a many

Good

Good handy craftsmen in the *Arsenall*
 Bred by this bounteous City from such mothers
 That nere could boast their fathers ; and as many
 Daughters (if they prove worthy in their feature)
 Succeed their active Mothers in their fortunes.

Vic. You are better read then I sir.

Pi. Tis common knowledge Lady. Nor do I
 Read this t'informe your selfe, who were instructed
 (I make no doubt) before your price was set,
 By all examples to your present practise.

Vic. Sir, I must tell you now, you grow too lavish;
 So, as I feare foule language ; to'avoyd which
 Let me intreat a faire departure hence.

Pi. Lady, this overacted State might fit
 The wife of a *Clarissimo*, or the bashfull
 Daughter of some *Patrician* : but in you,
 A piece set out to sale, it but appears
 Affected singularity, more unfutable
 To the temptations you weare about you
 Then th'holy seeming pictures in your Chamber.

Vic. Why should it trouble you sir ?

Pi. It dos, to thinke what new and secret aime
 You may intend by this ; in taking on you
 The habit, and the name of *Curtezan* :
 And, first, to set a price so far beyond
 The strength of any ordinary meanes ;
 And then to shew a carriage that may strike
 Lust out of countenance ! O the Knot's dissolv'd !
 O *Oedipus* ! O *Sphynx* ! I now have found it
 You fish for Fishermen (tis pregnant truth)
 Shee claps a Cardinall aboard at least :
 Tis not a Lay-mans purse, or Learning can,
 Or purchase, or confute you, ift not so ?

Vic. Now you are foule indeed, and I must plead
 My priviledge against you sir, you know
 I have a freedome grounded upon custome
 Here in this City, for a moneth to make

Choyce of my Lodging, fet what price I please
 Upon my felfe ; admit what vifitants
 I fhall thinke fit ; no other, nor no more ;
 And this without controule, or leaft exception
 Of you or any man ; secur'd by th' City,
 So fafe from out-rages, that leaft abuse
 May, on my juft complaint, be punifhable
 In whomsoever by affront dares grive me.

Pi. I feare fhee'l prove another creature then
 The Beaft I tooke her for : fhee knows her ftrength.

Vic. Yet thus much (for you are a Gentleman)
 I'll yeild for fatisfaction unexacted :
 If in this Moneths fpace, in that honor'd way
 (For I defpaire not of a husband fir)
 Of holy Marriage, I be not promov'd ;
 Nor, by that time prefix'd, the Great Sum tenderd
 (Great as you terme't) for my virginity ;
 And that I ftoope for leffe, here is my hand
 I will be yours as freely as mine owne
 At your own price.

Pi. Said like a noble Wench,
 Onely a word by way of friendly advife,
 And fo farewell. This Maydenhead of yours,
 By you fo highly pris'd ; now being ripe
 (And therein only merchantable ware)
 Will, if you overflip the feafon, grow
 Sodainly fulfome, ftreight way stale, then Rotten :
 Think upon choyceft Fruit, or Foule, or Fifh,
 Rich Wines, or any Rarity ; how foone
 Their vertue's loft.

Vic. I am enough inftructed.

Pi. Once more farewell—pray ponder on thefe
 things.

Vic. Feare not I fhall.

Pi. Could you confider how 'twould grieve a
 foule
 Indued with Reason, Knowing, the true ufe

Of

Of *Nature's* delicates, to see 'hem lost,
Or spoil'd for want of seasonable taking,
I know you would, and thanke me for my counsell.

Vic. Indeed and so I doe.

Pi. Indeed farwell then. *Exit.*

Vic. Hee's gone, at last the tedious storme is
over.

I shall want day, as well as patience
T' indure and answer all the rest so largely.
See my sprightly *Frenchman* ! I must looke
For a hot Onset now, though a short Skirmish.
Enter Horatio, like a French cavalier, Paulo pre-
sents him.

Hor. Let me in my approach admire that Object
That vindicates the voyce of Fame, in proving
Shee was no Lye in the lowd reports,
That blaz'd it for the Beauty of the World !

Vic. Good sir beware idolatry.

Hor. The *Egyptians*,

Would they forbear their wonted heathenish wor-
ship,

And fall in adoration of this face——

Vic. Indeed i'll heare no more.

Hor. Lady you must,

You are so farre above the pitch of flattery
That highest courtship in our best of Language
Wants due expreſſion of your supream graces :
And not to tender you the height of prayſe
Were mere Rusticity, rather prophanation.

Vic. Yet. Let me stay you there, and let me tell
you

You have worded well your high concept of me,
But in a way so low, so undeserving
A courtiers art, that I have found you none.

Hor. No Courtier Lady ?

Vic. No, no Courtier sir,
How can it fall in courtly understanding

That beauty can be conquer'd by it's praise?
 It breeds but lesse respect, and oft times scorne
 From those that are ambitious of praise
 On such praise-givers. And if you came onely
 Thus to pronounce my praise, you have said enough.

Hor. Nay dearest Lady, saving your displeasure —

I must come closer to her, shee'l forget *Aside.*
 Shee is a whore else.

Vic. Sir, your further pleasure.

Hor. To tell you, Lady, now I like your wit
 Equally with your beauty; briefly of which
 A word or two, and so unto our businesse.
 (You tax me with the losse of time already)
 You doe consider fitly, that to praise
 What we would purchase makes the value higher:
 It is the chapmans rule to discommend.

Vic. Right sir, were you to buy a Horse or Jewell,
 You would not praise it past the price propounded.

Hor. Yes, where I finde the worth exceed the
 price.

Vic. (I am betray'd. Hee brings the Money
 sure.) *Aside.*

Hor. And, that you know I doe esteeme your
 worth

Above all Salary, I yeild my selfe,
 Fraught with unvaluable Love and Honor
 To be the due reward of your embraces.

Vic. What's this sir, to a thousand double
 Duccatts?

Hor. You cannot thinke so poorely, or if so,
 Perceive them in a taste of my endowments.
 First see my late composure; where the flame
 Of the soule-ravishing art of *Poesy*
 May light your judgement 'bove the love of money.

Vic. You'l say my soule is noble, then if I
 (As I protest I doe) complaine the wants

Of

Of even the best professors of that art.
The words are set.

Hor. To notes my voyce can master ?

Vic. Please you to read 'hem fir, and in requitall
Of such a debt, my mayd shall sing 'hem for you.

Enter Facconetta.

Facconetta, observe this Dity.

Hee Reades the Song.

*Let not the corrupted steame
Of invective breach blaspheme,
Ladies for those artfull graces
Which they lay upon their Faces :
Ceruse and Vermillion there
As aptly may be layd,
As (to cover Nature bare)
All other parts be clad.*

*Be wee sick in any part,
Pain'd, or Lane, we seeke to Art,
(Nature's Rectōr) to restore
Us, the strength we had before.
Who can say a Ladies Face
Lesse meriteth the cost,
Or the priviledge, or grace
Her other parts may boast ?*

*Ladies no, since Time may steale
Natures bounty, learne to heale ;
And with nimble hand repaire
Teeth and Lips, Cheeks, Eyes and Haire ;
Filling wrinkles, purling veynes :
That unperceav'd may be
Upon your lookes, the stroakes and paines
Of Age and Casualty.*

Vic.

Vic. Now try your voyce, Maide.

Fac. Sings.

Hor. However 'twas well Sung, you seeme to flight

In such requitall, my esteeme of you :

But yet there rests in me a quality,

I may suppose not so to be requited.

Please you command your Musick, I will Dance,

To what you first shall name of latest practise.

Vic. Your skill hath made you confident ; and I

Do so much honour these endowments in you,

That I my selfe will answer you in this.

Name you the Dance fir.

Hor. To come the closer to you, the *Novella.*

Vic. I am but weakly practis'd yet in that.

Hor. Some other then.

Vic. No let it be the same.

Goe play it *Faconetta*, the *Novella.* *Exit Fac.*

Hor. I doe begin to doubt my qualities

Will not passe here in payment at the rate

My schooling cost me, when shee repayes all

I can bestow, in the same coyne againe :

But since I'm in, i'le on, and make the best

Both Face and Legs I can in't.

Dance.

Hor. How like you it Lady ?

Vic. For so much fir as you have excell'd me

I crave your kind acceptance of my thanks.

Hor. I still had rather you were pleas'd to accept

Me and my whole deservings. I come to you.

If you esteeme of Courtship, Language, Quality,

Sorting a Gentleman of best degree,

The Mixture of whose knowledge with his practise

Cost thrice your golden Sum ; let me and those

Be made the meed of your most sweet enjoying.

Vic. I will not make you such a loser fir,

But rather wish you had your money againe

Those

Those excellencies cost.

Hor. You doe not flout me Lady ?

Vic. No, i'le speake plainly fir, these qualities
Might on some thriving Stage, and lucky legs
Bring you your money againe, winning, perhaps,
The love of some old Lady, by stirring up
The embers of affection, rather lust.

Hor. Did ever wòman talke so ?

Vic. But certes here
They will not passe for ready money fir.
Hor. I dreamt as much. Shee has a devillish wit.

Vic. My curtesie fir forbids me bid you hence ;
But having private businesse of my own
I must crave leave to leave you to the thought
Of what two thousand Duccats are. *Exit.*

Hor. Be hand'd.

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Is it perform'd fir ? have you done the feat ?

Hor. Pox o' your Feates,

Pau. Just as the Musick playd I warrant you
Sir, 'twas a moving Lesson ; playd to th'life.
We struck it home, that you might do so too.

Hor. The Rogue, too, jeeres me ! fir I should
doe well

To strike, or beat your undeserv'd Fee
Out of your bawdy Pocket.

Pau. As if you had not done the doe you came
for !

What pretty wayes can Gentlemen find out
To save their moneys ! 'Tis worth praise in some,
That have but little, or come hardly by't,
By travaile, study, or laborious toyle,
Deare shifts sometimes, and dangerous wayes with
hazard ——

Hor. Very good !

Pau. But for you Gallants, that have, as it were
Wealth above wit borne with you, and still growing
Up

Up with you, past the reach of your expences ;
 And never sweat, but for your exercise,
 Or what your exercises bring you to !
 For you to thinke your pleasures costly ; faine
 Excuse for petty fees, now the great charge
 Is paid, and your desire satisfied —

Hor. No more.

Pau. Alas sir, what is a poore Duccatoun
 After a thousand Duccats ?——

Hor. Ha' you done ?

Pau. Would you had not ; 'leffe my reward were
 better.

See, see, the bed made smoth againe and all !
 (O precious craft !) as here had nothing been !
 Well would yee were all as wise in greater matters.

Hor. Tis the Rogues humor : I will give him
 something

For abusing me. There's your Duccatoun
 To worke more affability in your Mistris
 Against my next approach.

Pau. It seemes then yet
 You are not cloyd with her delicioufnesse.

Hor. Nor had one tast (I sweare by life and
 honour)

Of all my hopes, more then her Hand and Lips.

Pau. Have you not in that a double meaning sir ?

Hor. I vow, for ought I know shee is a virgin.

Pau. Y'have satisfied me, and perhaps my art
 May in your absence worke a little for you.

Hor. Thinke of me then.

Pau. My profit pricks me to it.

Hor. Respect it then, Adieu. *Exit.*

Pau. Serviteur Monsieur.

The feare of thee is past. I was almost
 In a cold sweat : but all the danger now,
 Lyes on the tother side o'th'house ; my Don
 My hot Goat-liver'd *Diego*, should he now

Dif-

Discharge his Pistols on her, they would prove
More forcible then Cannon-shot on me.

Enter Pedro, Victoria.

Faith quit me of suspect. How big hee lookes!
As if he scorn'd repulse. If he grow violent
I'll bring the Duchman in to coole his pride,
And fet them by the eares for our *Low Countries*.

Exit.

Ped. I have not in all *Spaine* (where Majesty
Enthroned sits upon the brow of beauty,
And crowne the Ladies with prerogative
'Bove all the women of the Earth) incountred
With such a scorne, as here. Discourteous woman,
Worthlesse and ignorant of the weighty trust
Was tenderd to thee in my blood and honour.

Vic. Your blood and honour, will not feed or
cloath mee.

Ped. I will not change a word more with a mouth
So full of rudenes, and mechanick baseness.

Vic. Not upon my submission sir?

Ped. It must be great and sodaine if it move me.

Vic. Hee lookes that I should kneele and beg a
Kisse.

Ped. Why seeke you not to expiate your trespassse
By tender of your selfe to my embraces?

Vic. I cannot doe't; My virgin Modesty
Denyes that freedome.

Ped. I'll no more delay,
I see tis only force must conquer you.

Vic. You will not ravish me! within there! help!

Enter Paulo, Facconetta.

Pau. What! is the great some tender'd?
Doe you want hands to tell your money Mistris?

Vic. No, to take off the hands of Rape and Out-
rage

This proud imperious Spaniard grip'd me with.

Pau. Signior you must not gripe nor grope here
(c) Under

Under the fum prefix'd ; two thousand Duccats.
 We have arithmetique to receave them by
 In your own Pistolets, or peeces of Eight
 In Rialls, if you please ; but not one single one
 To be abated, my most thrifty *Don* ;
 Whom I cannot abuse enough me thinks,
 I have seene one in your shape so well presented.

Ped. Villaine, i'le have thee whipp'd for this
 Thy fault is punishable by the Law. (affront,

Pau. Not in defence of honour deare *Don Tar-*
 Preventing Rape and Murder. (quin.

Ped. Villaine die. *He drawes*

Pau. Not at this distance sir, *Pistoll.*
 Besides here's ayd.

Enter Swatzenburgh.

Swa. Hence you Muskitta. Give a look more
 this way
 I'le force thee take thy wings out at the window.

Ped. Borne down by *Bravoes* ! let the place pro-
 tect ye,

By my few minutes patience. My revenge
 Shall shortly speake in thunder.

Swa. Hold your peace ;
 And vent not here your lowd *Rodomontadoes*
 Left I spit lightning.

Ped. Well sir I am silent. (snapt her ;

Pau. Be so my politique *Don.* This *Hans* has
 The Dutch man carries her from your great claime :
 And this may be an ominous portent
 Against your title to the *Netherlands*,
 It may hold in the great worke sir, as well
 As in this small assay.

Ped. Abus'd and Jeer'd !

Pau. Nor they heare me not my noble *Signior*,
 I'le tell you for your satisfaction
 This *Alinanie* is a younker that would marry her,
 And shee nor I durst beare it otherwise,

(Knowing

(Knowing by chance he flipp'd into the house,
And overheard us) when you come againe
I will informe you further, you shall finde
My information worthy of a fee.

Ped. Take from my hand a peece of foure
Gazetts.

Pau. That's three pence sterling, you are bounteous sir,

So, now, looke bigge and vanish. *Exit Pedro.*

Vic. I have not sir, in my short story strayed
In the least syllable from truth, and were
The eyes of all the world fix'd upon
My seeming Levity, my mind should be
Still constant as the center to that end
Reserv'd in my free thoughts.

Swa. Why was the sum, then, of two thousand
duccats

Proclaim'd the price of your virginity?

Vic. To keep the flesh flies off, you know my
aime sir.

Swa. I find the noble Lady; nor can I
Further attempt a breach upon your honor.

Vic. Upon those termes I pray sir be my Guest,
I have by this time a slight Dinner staying.

Swa. Your favours make me bold.

Vic. See all in readinesse *Jacquet.* *Exit Jac.*

Swa. I'll drinke a frolick Lady;

Mirth and good wine take me: My loose desire
Is to chaste love refin'd by *Vesta's* fire. *Exit.*

Pau. Am I a prophet? sure the Dutchman's tane
In a chaste snare indeed. I did but forge it
For an excuse to calme and rid the Spaniard,
And he seemes to prevent my fiction: yet
Presumption shall not sway me. Womans wiles
Are oft times past prevention, and men catch
Sence of the wrongs, which to prevent they watch.

Exeunt Omnes.

A C T.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Flavia, Aftutta with a Letter.

Aft. IF this move him not, nay prevaile not with
him

To the accomplishment of your desire,
Would I were a man, both for your sake and his.

Fla. What wouldst thou do?

Aft. First take away the cause
Of your Greene-sicknesse by killing him; then
Cure you my selfe.

Fla. What wonders thou wouldst doe!

Aft. I, if I were a Man and able to doe what I
Now desire (for I would have mine own desire still)
I would doe wonders indeed. Believe it Mistris,
An able man that has but a weake womans desire
Has an unknown thing; and may doe any un-
knowne thing, for ought I know——

Fla. I pray thee leave thy idle prattle, and let
Me heare thy moving Letter.

Aft. Heare it then,
As your own Act and Deed, and quickly signe it.

MY deare Francisco, *If you intend not my
death, helpe me to breake Prison this
Night: Else tho' my Execution be appointed to
morrow morning by a forc'd Marriage, I will
prevent it by a speedier way, and by my own
hand die,*

Yours and Love's Martyr.

Here, write your name.

Fla. But thou hast fet him down no meanes.

Aft.

Ast. That's in the Postscript, marke,
The last minute that I will expect you shall
be three in the morning, when from the back
Window I will either fall into your Armes,
or on my Death.

Fla. I thank thee good *Astutta*. O that the
 messenger

Would be as true to mee!

Ast. If we cannot win her to't, tis but a Letter lost,
 How doe they that have whole pockets full of 'hem
 In readinesse, to borrow money?

Fla. I pray thee peace.

Ast. Why I doe not thinke there's any of 'hem
 within hearing,

Fla. Thou dalliest with my feares.

Ast. Fear it not Mistris, she is as sure at such a
 lift——

And so shee's come already.

Enter Nanulo, Francisco, like a Pedler Woman
with her Box.

Nan. Look you Lady, I told you true, here is the
 Party, that has the Knacks and things; come
 Open, open, and shew all.

Fra. Not before you good sir.

Nan. Are you so coy of your toyes?

Fra. Your diligence were better somewhere else :
 This prying into womens businesse
 Is ill sir for your eye-sight, and perhaps
 May spoile your growth. Good Sir, I crave your
 absence.

Nan. I must give way. Shee has a devilish
 tongue.

Exit.

Ast. Mistris, shee's for our turne I warrant you
 I finde it by her aptnes to abuse him. (one,

Fra. Come Mistris Bride,—Nay blush not, pretty
 To take the name one day before your time.

Fla. I hate the Name, on those accursed termes,
 L That

That have prefix'd the time. Good *Astutta*,
Breake with her by your selves ; I cannot speake :
My teares forbid me.

Ast. I hope you will not offer it. (one ?

Fra. Come Mistris, see. What weep you, pretty
What ! and the great good turne so near you ? ha !
What will she doe to morrow night ?

Ast. Even cry out right perhaps.

Fra. Perhaps so too ; and laugh as fast e're
morning,

Come Lady, come, hear me, and see my ware :
Tis from *Fabritio*, he, that noble Gentleman,
Dos not your heart leap now ? Now but suppose
French chaines here of five hundred crowns a peece ;
A rich Pearle Neck-lace, Saphire and Ruby Brace-
lets ;

Variety of Jewells, and a Diamond work ——

Fra. I hate their price and them, the Sender

Ast. Pray peace. (more.

Fla. I cannot : let mee goe.

Fra. Pray stay sweet Lady.

I doe not say *Fabritio* sent such things,
I said I came from him, that noble Gentleman.

Fla. He is not noble.

Fra. Judge him by his presents,
And see the things he sends.

Fla. I would not heare

A mention of him ; much lesse would I see
The least relation from his hated hands.

Ast. Pray Mistris see 'hem ! Open your Box !
pray. (coales,

Fla. Had she there *Lucrece*' Knife, or *Portias*
Or *Cleopatra's* ashes I could embrace 'em.

Fra. Look you how near I fit you. See what's
here (A Halter, a Knife, a Viall.
What a choyce chaine is this ! and here's a Knife,
As sharpe as that of *Lucrece*. And, for coales,
Here

Here is a poisonous juice, whose every drop
Would eat through Iron. These *Fabritio* sends you.

Fla. I doe accept them.

Fra. Stay ; conditionally

If you refuse another present here.

Fla. I must reject any from him but these.

Ast. What a scorne's this ! This Bawd nere scapes
alive

Out of these doors. Pray what's your other present ?

Fra. Here Lady, look on't pray ; examine't well.
And take or this or those. (*A Picture.*)

Fla. Ha ! look here *Astutta* ;

The lively image of my love *Francisco* ! (troue ?)

Ast. It is exceeding like him ! what's the plot

Fla. A thousand kisses shall thy welcome be,
Happy resemblance of my haplesse love ;
As many thanks to you, good, vertuous Woman,
O let me fall and blesse the ground that beares thee,
And aske forgiveness for my late rude trespassse.

Fra. Recall your selfe, sweet Lady, tender heart !

Fla. And could *Fabritio* (I can name him now)
Shew me such Kindnesse, and himselfe so noble,
To send mee this ?

Fra. On this condition (as I was to say)
That you embrace it in the memory
Of him your Love, namely his friend *Francisco*,
And that you ever love, and onely him.

Fla. Ever and onely (though I thanke him for't)
He need not have urg'd that.

Ast. Nor threatned these ;
(Your Rope here, and the rest) had she refus'd,
And to expresse their needlesse the better
I pray returne them to him with great thanks.

Fra. 'Twas his great care to worke mee to this
Message,

Fla. Let then the charge be mine. Here's forty
duccats.

And could you but convey a Letter for me
To my *Francisco*, take a hundred more.

Fra. Knew you but my desire to further Lovers
You need not bid so much. Give me the Letter.

Fla. Seale it *Astutta*.

Fra. Then you know me not ;
I must be privy unto all I carry,
Where I meet doubts I never undertooke.

Fla. Nay I dare trust you (Read it if you please).

Fra. Indeed you may. To wrong an innocence
So sweet as yours were sin inexpressible. (*Reads it.*)

Fla. But will you gi't him Faith ? I never swore
Nor urg'd a body to an oath before.

Fra. Tis given already *Flavia*. Hence disguise,
More yet ? nay all shall off. Doe you know me yet ?

Fla. O my *Francisco* ! *Shee* *swounds*.

Fra. Curs'd be this idle habit
In which my impious curiosity,
To make a tryall of her constancy
Hath wounded her so deepe with jealousy
Of a mistrust in me, that now shee faints
Under the passion ; and herhaps may die so,
Flavia ! my Love ! O ——

Ast. Slight what meane you sir ?

Fra. By all the blisse that a true Lover wishes —

Ast. Will you hold your peace ?

Fra. By all the oathes and practises of Lovers —

Ast. Will you undoe all now ?

Fra. I was not jealous of thy constancy,
Flavia ! my Love, my Life ! my *Flavia*.

Ast. Will you lose all you came for with your
clamor ?

Fra. Help me ; for Love's sake helpe to make
Or but looke up. (her speak,

Ast. Would you could old your peace ;
Whilst I looke down to scape discovery, (not
Shee'l come to her selfe againe, and you too ; feare
Tis

Tis but a qualme of kindnes, this.

Fla. Francisco——

Ast. Shee comes already.

Fra. Speake my *Flavia*.

Ast. Pray doe you peace. Handle her hand-
fomly,

And then all shall be well I warrant you,
You doe not know the danger, noyse and nakednesse
May pull upon you, should the Rogue
Dwarfe overheare you, we were all blowne up,
Which to prevent, all hufht while I goe down. *Exit.*

Fra. Be cheard my Love, I came to rescue thee ;
And hir'd this habit and the Pedlers craft ;
Prayd for her absence, and her silence too,
And caus'd a *Gondalo* wait at the back dore
In case I might surprise thee. Pray take comfort.

Fla. You need not bid, nor wish it in these armes,
Who ever praye's for those in Paradise ? *Bell rings.*
Ay me ! How soone my feares controule my blisse ?
I have blasphem'd in my security,
And terror threats my downfall into torment.

Enter Astutta.

Ast. Out, out alas my Master in all hast——

Fra. What shall we doe ?

Ast. It is too late to aske,

Or now to d'on your Pedlers weeds againe :
Gather'em up and fly into your closet,
Dresse him up there. Stay not to look about ye.
(Exit Fra. Fla.)

I'll doe my best to keepe him back a little.

Enter Guadagni, and Nanulo.

Gua. None else to speake with mee ?

Nan. None but the merchantesse to fit my Mistris,
Signior *Fabritio* sent.

Gua. I thanke his care.

I see that all goes well. No crosse but one,
That I forgot a writing, which in hast

I am constrain'd to fetch. Now where's my Girle ?

Ast. Above sir, busy with the daintiest things,
That e're allur'd a virgin into wedlock.
Out with your purse sir, for you cannot see 'hem,
But they will ravish you to large expence :
Besides sir, 'twill be fit you give her something.
Coming so jumpe as 'twere into the Market.

Gua. I will not see 'em. Put the woman by
Into the Gallery, or somewhere remote,
Quick, quick, dispatch.

Ast. You shall not need to urge it. *Exit.*

Gua. No no : my cost is amply shown already :
And will be more, before the Wedding's over.
Without a needlesse wast in Gawds and Trifles,
(*One rings*)

See who's at doore. *Exit Nan.*

A fathers care consists not in expence
That is not qualified with providence.

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Signior *Pantaroni*, sir sends after you
He and your advocates expect you in hast
To bring away the Writing.

Gua. Say I am comming. *Exit.*

Ast. What have you done with him ?

Enter Flavia, and Astutta above.

Fla. Our hast and feares could not find time to
dress him

But I have lock'd him up into that presse.

Ast. Your Father's coming up to seek a writing,
Pray Love it be not there.

Fla. I am undone then.

Ast. Well hold you peace, looke bold and chear-
fully,

And be you silent, youth : nor cough, nor stink ;
Nor let your feare run forth in streams of urine
To make him thinke his *Aqua vitæ* spilt.

Gua. Where are you *Flavia* ? *Within.*

Fla.

Fla. O me he comes !

Ast. Why speake you not ?

Gua. *Flavia.*

Ast. You were best betray all with your fillineffe.

Gua. Why *Flavia* I say ?

Ast. Here father, here fir,

You will not I shall answer for you when hee's here ?
Come, look as nothing were, all will be nought else.
Beare up hee comes.

Enter Guadagni above.

Gua. Tis here that I would have thee *Flavia.*
Give me the Key of this presse here.

Fla. O Father, Father—— *Shee falls.*

Gua. What's the matter ? ha !

Ast. Alas poore heart ! you know fir, in her in-
You beat her once for losing of a Key : (fancy,
For which shee trembles still, being ask'd in hast.
Are you a child still in your feares, and must
Be wed to morrow ? Fy, fy upon you,
Shee thinks shee has lost it, but I saw her look it
Together with a writing which you dropt
Out of this presse this morning, safe enough
Here in her Cabinet.

Gua. Tis like I let it fall.

Ast. Where is your Key of this ? Give mee't, give
mee't.

How hast and feare perplexes her ! I could
Have pickt it open.

Gua. Doe, or break it open. (*Shee lets the*

Ast. Ay me the fruits of rashnes ? See, (*Cabinet*
tis fallen (*fall out of the*

With all her Jewells and your writing too (*Window.*
Into the street. O my unlucky hand !

Gua. Peace giddy headed harlot, watch that none
Take it away, while I runne to recover't, *Nanulo,*
Nanulo. *Exit.*

Ast. Will you be nimble yet to finde a way

By the back-dore into the *Gondalo*.

While I lock him and's man into the street ?

I know their haft will leave the Keyes i'th'dore.

Quickly unpresse him ; and take as much gold

As you can carry, i'le along wy'e too.

Stay not to think, or thank me for my wit.

Fla. What shall we say ?

Aff. Do as you are bidden, and say nothing.

Fra. Lovers shall faint thee ; and this day shall be
For ever callenderd to *Love* and thee. *Exit.*

*Enter a Zaffie, taking up the Cabinet, to him Nicolo
in a Zaffies habit.*

Gua. *Nanulo* ! The Key to let me forth. *Within.*

Zaff. St. *Marke* and fortune make it a good prize.

Nic. Hands off Sir, that's not yours.

Zaff. Nor yours I am sure.

Nic. Halfe part then brother *Zaffi*.

Gua. The Key I saw.

Zaff. Sir you are none oth' *Zaffi*.

Gua. Villaine, slave ! come open the dore.

Zaff. How came you by this habit ?

Nic. Perhaps to trie fir how it will become me
When I have a minde to be as very a Knave
In office as your selfe. But shall we slip
Aside, and share, before the dog that ownes it
Take the bone from us both ?

Enter Guadagni, Nanulo.

Gua. I feare you can be quicker in my absence.

Nan. The fault was in your haft fir.

Gua. Took you not up a Cabinet, friends ?

Nic. Zaff. Not we fir, we saw none.

Gua. O you watch well above there.

Nan. This fellow has it under his coat fir.

Zaff. But who shall know't for yours fir ?

Nic. May we be bold to aske what marks it
has,

Or what's within it ?

Gua.

Gua. I'll have you ear-mark'd Villaines for your
Know you not me? (theft,

Zaff. I cry your worship mercy, and am glad
I was your instrument to preserve this treasure
From this false counterfet.

Nic. Fortune has sent my master to relieve me.

Enter Pantaloni, Checchino, Prospero.

Pan. Signior *Guadagni* our Councill have
thought fit,

For better confirmation of our act,
That it be past here in your Daughters presence
Together with my Son, whom I have sent for,
Why doe you seeme thus mov'd?

Gua. An accident hath crost me. Look you sir,
You have authority; Here's a Counterfet
(Deserves examination) would have rob'd me.

Nic. I sav'd you sir from being rob'd. Heare
. me aside

Sir——*Nicolo whispers Pant.*

Gua. Carry this in; and send away the woman.
(*He gives the Cabinet to Nan. who knocks at dore.*)

Nic. Now do you know me, I have done the feat.

Pan. Haft treated with the Hangman *Nicolo*?

Nic. The *Carnifex* is fitted for your service,
In a most gorgeous habit of a Dutchman,
And about five i'th' evening will be with her.

Nan. *Astutta!* Madona *Flavia!* *Astutta!*

Gua. What's the matter there?

Pan. The best jest, ha, ha, ha.

Nan. You'll open the dore?

Gua. What's that?

Pan. It will be mirth to morrow at our feast
To laugh our bellies full.

Nan. I am sure you heare me
Foole me, but not my master: he is here.

Gua. Why stay you there sirrah?

Pan. I let him goe: a merry harmlesse fellow.

I'll

I'll answer for him. Hence, away, and shift you,
And quickly send my Son. *Exit. Nic.*

Nan. The dore is fast sir, and they will not heare mee.

Gua. I feare I am undone. *Flavia, Aftutta, hoe!*
Tis so, tis so, some Robbers are slipt in,
And now make havock of my goods and Daughter.

Pan. It is no dallying. Run and fetch a Smith
To force the Lock. *(Ex. Nan.)*

Gua. Aftutta, Flavia! O this curfed chance
I feare will ruine me and all my hopes.

Enter Pedler woman.

How came you hither?

Ped. Sir by good appointment
To bring Bride-laces, Gloves, and curious Dreffings
To deck your Daughter on her Brideale-day,
To morrow as I weene, holds it I pray?

Gua. Were you not here before, and in the house?

Ped. If you could put it off sir one day longer
I could so fit her with new fashiond tires
That shee should thanke me.

Gua. I fear a new, and further secret mischief.

Nan. Hence let me fall to earth; I *(Nanulo*
may not see *above.*
My Masters fury rife out of his ruine.

Gua. How gotst thou thither?

Nan. By the back-dore which I found widely
O sir your Daughter —— *(open.*

Gua. Ravish'd or murderd is shee?

Nan. Worse, worse, by far sir, shee is conveyd
hence,
The Neighbours from the windowes o're the way
Saw her, the Mayd, and a young Man take boat.
They guesse it was *Francisco.*

Pan. How, how, how!

Nan. Loaden with Caskets sir. Here's his *Deceptio*
visus, *The*

The curfed cloak, that charm'd my honeft care ;
(Nan. fhowes the habit, the cord, &c.
 And here's his jugling Box. What toyes are thefe !

Gua. O me accurfed wretch.

Enter Nicolo.

Nic. O fir, your Sonne !

Pan. Where is he ? fpeake.

Nic. Sir, no where to be found

In private let me tell you, he flipt forth
 At four i'th' Morning ; fir, when you and I
 Were you know where. He caft forth doubtfull words
 Of a vagary he would fetch at *Rome*.

Pan. We both are wrought upon by hellifh
 Magick.

Gua. Devills are in this plot.

Chec. Prof. Thinke you of Devills ?

Pan. Though you firs, being Lawyers, think
 there's none

We may both thinke there are, and fear 'em.

Chec. Forbear fuch talke ; and think upon the
 mirth,

The jeft you have in hand againft to morrow.

Pan. Sir, ufe your jerks and quillets at the bar.

Gua. Caft there your petulant wit on mifery.

Chec. Sir, you miftake, my counfell is to comfort,
 Be not dejected, but feeke speedy way
 To circumvent the wit has wrought upon you.

Gua. Good fir, your beft advife.

Chec. Firft charge this officer

Here, with this woman ; who by'examination
 May make difcovery——

Ped. I can difcover nothing but my ware fir,
 Nor part with that for leffe then ready money.

Pan. Take her to cuftody.

Zaff. Miftris come with me.

Ped. Whither ? for what ?

Zaff. You fhall know that hereafter.

Ped.

Ped. What can I discover ?

Pan. Away with her.

Ped. What can I discover ? *Exit Zaff. Ped.*

Chec. Into your house fir now, and secure that ;
Come, recollect your selves, call home the strength
Of your approved judgements, wee'll assist you.

Prof. You must be foddaine too in this your
pursuit ;
Advise and do at once, use no delay ; *(Om.*
The speediest course is now the safest way. *Excunt*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Fabritio like the glorious Dutchman, Horatio, Pifo.

Fab. Found you the Fort, then, so impregnable ?
Hor. Against all force of armes, or braines.

Pi. No way but by the down-right composition
Of the two thousand Duccats to be enter'd.

Fab. Sure tis some noble wench then you imagine,
But my disguise shall put her to the test. *(Ship.*

Hor. I'm sure she jeerd me out of my *Monsieur-*

Fab. Did she, and all thy fine French qualities ?

Pif. And is as like to make a skitter brooke
Of you in your Dutch slops. For if she be not,
After all this, a cunning whore, i'me couzen'd.

Hor. Shee lives at a good rate how ere maintaind.

Pi. The secret way, man, by her commings in
Too common among women for their livings,
I'll not believe her wit and feature are
Allyed to honesty.

Fab. Thou art no worshipper of faire women

Pi. No, If I worship any of 'hem more *(Pifo.*
Then

Then in the Knee-trick, that is necessary
In their true use let me be eunuchiz'd.
Looke here's your fathers Pimpe againe.

Hor. Now *Nicolo*?

Nic. Saw you my young Master Gentlemen?

Hor. Yes, there he stands, translated out of sober
Italian into high Dutch.

Nic. I sweare he was past my reading,
Slight, he appeares as like the noted *Almaine*
Late come to town, if he had but his beard —

Fab. How like you this for a beard?

Nic. Most excellent!

But pray take heed your stay spoyle not the purpose
Of your disguise.

Fab. Why what news *Nicolo*?

Nic. Your Father is in busie quest of you.

Fab. Then he dos misse me?

Nic. Pray *Phæbus* he misse as much of Madnesse,
He and his vertuous brother old *Guadagni*,
Who misses too his Daughter. *Francisco* has her.

Hor. Has he got her off?

Nic. And shee has got him on by this time: they
Are filly fooles else.

Pi. *Hymen* be their speed.

Hor. But how I pray thee scap'd they?

Nic. First, sir, know

There's a strange fellow without desires to speake
w'ye

I guesse hee is some *Bravo*.

Hor. A *Bravo* speake with me?

Nic. Yes, and inquires here for my Master too,
And Signior *Piso*, you are all known it seemes.

Pi. Come leave your fooling.

Nic. By mine Eares tis true.

Hor. Goe call him in, I feare no Knavery.

Pi. Your lodging protects me.

Fab. My disguise me. *Puts on his false beard.*

Enter

Enter Nicolo, Paulo.

Nic. This is the Gentleman.

Pi. Tis the proud Braches whiske!

Pau. I cry you mercy fir, are you Signior *Horatio*?
I tooke you fir this morning for a Monsieur.
I thanke you for my Duccatoun.

Hor. What! Is fhee come about? Has fhee fent
for mee? (fir,

Pau. Good fir! are you here too? I thank you
You payd me your entrance, but no parting fee.

Pi. Prithee deserve no beating till thou haft done
Thy errand. What doft come for?

Pau. Sir, to intreat this Gentleman to bring
With him one Signior *Pifo*, and *Fabritio* ——
Beyond my hopes! Good fir, are you here too?

Fab. This is a Devill! could he know me elfe
That nere faw him before; in this difguife?

Pau. Cry'mercy fir: you would not thefe fhould
know

Nor fhall they (I feare it not) but hark you fir.

Nic. What Familiars thefe Bawds are. They'l
talke yee

Thus to Lords in private.

Pi. Sure he takes him for the Dutch loggerhead
We faw to day in the *Piazza*.

Hor. So would any man: Hee has hit his fhape
fo right. (you

Pau. I am fure I rejoyce in thefe Dollors, that
Give me to day, and are as certaine, that
My Miftris wifh'd a better dinner for you
For frightening of the Spaniard with your fireworks.
But, by your ftrangers it feemes you repent
The Marriage offer that you made my Miftres.

Fortune direct you to no worfe a wife,
And fo I leave you to your choyce.

Fab. I have found the error, and will make good
ufe on't.

Hor.

Hor. Your businesse then is to that strangers
fir——

Pau. Only your selfe, and briefly from *Francisco*.

Hor. *Francisco*! where?

Pau. Where but at our house fir? he and his
Bride

Craving your company and those Gentlemen
I nam'd unto you.

Pau. For no disparagement unto their worths, fir,
But private reasons yet unknown to me
Wherein you shall be satisfied at your comming.

Hor. But are they Married?

Pau. I brought the Priest to'em;
And saw them lawfully coupled, and before
Sufficient witnesses, that saw 'em chamberd,
Shee was his own Church-sure before I left'em,
And he has made her Cock-sure, fir by this time,
Or else he is a Bungler.

Hor. Goe i'lle follow thee.

Piso is here.

Pau. But where is that *Fabritio*?

Pi. Wee'l finde him too. Jog you fir on before:
You are no street companion for us.

Pau. I am gone fir——*Exit.*

Hor. You have heard all *Fabritio*; what dee
thinke on't?

Fab. Nothing; nor nothing will till I arrive
There at the full knowledge of all together.

Pi. But prithee hang thy Hangmans project now,
And beare us company in thine own shape.

Fab. Not for the price of the *Novella Piso*,
I'lle try her to the quick. You'l give me leave
To make prize of her if I can, I crost not you.

Hor. We wish you safe aboard fir.

Fab. On before then. *Exit Hor. Piso.*
Now *Nicolo*; your disguise againe oth *Zaffi*.

Nic. O, it is ready; and I know my queue.

Fab.

Fab. Who see me, in this straine, seeme to outstrip
 The bounds of filiall duty, let (withall)
 Their observation, by my just ends, gather,
 Tis not to lose, but to recall a father.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Victoria, Francisco, Flavia, Astutta, Jaconetta.

Vic. NOW Lady, has your entertainment pleas'd
 you
 In the *Novella's* house? is all well yet?

Fla. So well, that now come Father, Friends,
 and all

The friendly Foes that did oppose my blisse
 I can maintaine my cause in these safe armes
 'Gainst all their Frownes and Furies.

Vic. And your Mistris is over, too, I hope fir
 The place is not so dangerous as it was.

Fra. Lady your nobleneffe shown in this great
 bounty,

Hath not alone wip'd off my foule suspection :
 But scor'd upon my breast an endlesse summe
 Of thanks ; which I, unable to discharge,
 Must not presume to live, but as your Creature ;
 Nor will I further dare to tempt your goodnesse
 In deeper search of what your reason was
 (Past all my hopes and wishes) to provide
 For me ; I will not sum in such a scruple :
 For sure, I hold you for a power Divine
 (Past all the fictions of the fabulous times
 Fashioning out the Gods in earthly formes)
 Sent by the highest providence to helpe me.

Vic. You take too deepe a sense of curtesie !
 But see, are these your friends?

Enter

Enter Paulo, with Horatio, and Pifo.

Fra. And let me beg

Your suffrage Lady, I may bid them welcome.

Vic. Your Bride and I will both supply you in it.
Neither of these is he they call *Fabritio*?

Pau. No, but hee's sent for; and comes instantly.
(*Exit.*)

Fra. This is the Lady I am bound to serve.

Hor. And I to honour.

Vic. Setting aside your suit sir.

Hor. I cannot promise that.

Vic. And I doe wish

I had her double price in ready Duccats,
For what she has done, and tother doe besides.

Vic. You still stand in your good conceit of me.

Pi. Yes, and I would so stand to't, ha ——

Vic. You are a merry Gentleman.

Fra. I will not whisper it, *Horatio*,

The woman that I dealt with for disguise
Was wrought before by this most matchlesse Lady
To crosse the Match twixt *Flavia* and *Fabritio*;
And had undone it though I had done nothing,
And ere she would condition with me,
Oblig'd me, by an oath, (in case we scap'd)
To bring her hither to this Ladies house.

I kept that oath, and here you find us welcom'd.

Pi. Then thou hast done't, would I had still the
Duccats

To pledge thee here.

Enter Paulo, whispers with Victoria.

Vic. Wee'l talke of that hereafter.

Pi. What acted you, *Tit*, in this Comedy?

Aß. The Chambermayde, a kind of putter for-
wards,

Sir, to the businesse.

Fra. Shee has done so well,
That, if a Match in *Venice* may be found

By my best care, i'll helpe her to a Husband,
For shee deserves a good one.

Aß. And if he prove not so, I am like to prove
A good one my selfe, and make him something.

Pi. Thou wilt, I find it in a villanous cast
Of that eye there.

Hor. And what thinke you of this? *By Jacco-*

Pi. Even such another, of another hue, *(netta.*
Shee has a devilish gloat too.

Vic. Gallants, I find you merry, y'are more
welcome :

My man acquaints me with a present businesse
Requiring privacy. Please you, with your friends
Goe up to the Bride-chamber, There is musick.
Waite you respectively. *To Jac.*

Hor. Wee'll all observe you Lady. *Exeunt.*

Pi. But Lady, if you receive the Duccats
Before you come to us, pray bring our shares,
Wee all connive you know.

Vic. Pray be not jealous.
Follow your Friends, i'll follow you streight
way. *(Ex. Pi.*

How dreames he of this money ? he knows nothing,
An English Factor, say you *Borgio ?*

Pau. Yes Mistris, a brave fellow.

Vic. And is he so well money'd as to spare
Out of his Masters trust so great a summe ?

Pau. Oh hee's a master here himselfe. They are
Abroad, the royallst Nation of the World.
What rich Venetian Rarity has not
The English Money-masters purchac'd from
Princes and States, to beare home as their triumphs?
And for their pleasures ——but i'll say no more ;
Hee thinks I stay too long for him to wait
Without, with so much money.

Vic. Didst thou see't ?

Pau. Most brightly shining ! Hee's now telling it
In

In the next roome ! He comes not to tender
 The value of it in fine qualities
 Like your suppos'd *Monsieur* : but in cash !
 Cash ! cash of Gold ! Oh tis a tempting sight ;
 Able to damne a Noble womans honour. (tion :
 What's your descent ? But poore I make no ques-
 Why, this will set you up and make you noble.

Vic. This way of his might serve to turn the blood
 That has but any tincture of good in it
 From touching such a bait, yet he thinks now
 He spurres me to it. But *Bravo* I will fit you.
 Goe call him in goe.

Pau. Now my Blood and Braine,
 Be strong and sodaine, stay,

Vic. Why stop you *Borgio* ?

Pau. To see him weigh his gold. Oh dainty fight !
 He brought his weights in's pocket : just Gentleman
 He will be sure you shall not want a graine
 Of your full price of sweet damnation.

Vic. Hee's doing no such thing.

Pau. No, no, I have it now.

Vic. I pray thee goe, thou knowst not how the
 thought
 Of so much gold, and the conceit o'th' Maydenhead
 Loft i' the house to day sets my virginity
 On edge now to be a going.

Pau. Are you so ready ? then I fly.

Enter above, Piso, Horatio.

Vic. What ayles the fellow tree !

Pi. I must yet have an eye upon this female
 To quit my jealousy, or catch her i'th' nick.

Hor. Here we may see, and heare all undiscover'd.

Pi. Watch close, he comes.

Enter Swatzenburg, like a Merchant with a full Bagge.

Swa. By your leave Lady, I come not a pure
 Tutor

(With studied Oratory ; nor addresse a Sonnet,

Or trifling Love-toyes to perfwade admittance
 By flow degrees into your inmoſt favour)
 But a rich purchacer, that brings, at once,
 The golden Summe, and Price of your enjoying.
 Here precious *Beauty*, made by this more precious !
 Take your full due, and render readily
 The full tuition of my wealthy purchase.

Vic. Now vertue guard me.

Pi. What's that ?

Hor. Shee invokes vertue.

Swa. Ha ! why this delay ?

Let not the glorious fight of this amaze you,
 Though it be granted, fodaine apprehenſion
 Of ſuch bright bleſſings may tranſport a ſoule
 Into high raptures, when it is conſiderd,
 The Ornament of youth, the ſtrength of age,
 Lifes great maintainer, Lady, let not this
 At all tranſmute you. For i'll bring ſupplies
 That ſhall ſo frequently acquaint you with
 Such fights as theſe, that you ſhall grow regardleſſe
 Even of the care to keepe them, in reſpect
 Of the delicious pleaſure brings them in :
 Delay not therefore that high purchac'd pleaſure,
 That brings this to you, by a Minutes loſſe
 To make it fully yours.

Vic. Sir I have heard you.

Enter Paulo behinde with piſtolls.

And now muſt let you know, tis not the fight
 Of that your glorious ſumme can take my wonder ;
 Much leſſe my love or perſon : my amazement
 Is, that a man, that beares his Makers ſhape,
 Indued with reaſon, to direct and governe
 That goodly fortune ; and has ſuch treaſure given
 him

(Beſides his greater bleſſings of the mind
 By well deſpoſing of it) to advance
 This worth in deeds of vertue, ſhould deſcend

Below

Below the fenſe of Beaſts, to part with that,
Allotted for his livelyhood and honour
To waſt it, and himſelfe in beaſtiall Luſt.

Swa. How's this?

Pi. I know not what to make o'this wench.
Shee preaches me thinks.

Vic. Beſides fir, were it well examin'd,
The golden ſumme you tender is, perhaps,
None of your proper own : I underſtand
You are anothers Factor, I preſume
In all your Catalogue of Merchandife
You finde no warrant to buy Maydenheads.
Is ſuch a thing in all your bills of Lading?
They are no way transportable, tho' you allow
For fraught and leakage halfe the worth ; and leſſe
Returnable by way of exchange. How can
You take up a virginity in *Venice*,
And make a *London*-payment of it, on
Sight of your bill, or fix or ten dayes after?

Pi. Good !

Swa. Nay then you dally with me, and I muſt
Deale plaine and briefly with you. Here's the
price,

And either render me my juſt demand,
Or I ſhall take for your diſgrace an order
Shall ſpue you forth the City.

Vic. Now I feare

I am inſnar'd. I have but one way left
To fly from ſhame, or fall to utter Ruine.

Pi. I begin to ſuſpect her honeſt.

Swa. Your anſwer Gentlewoman.

Vic. Gentle fir.

The Law hath made me yours. And I have now
No Court but Conſcience to relieve me in. *Kneels.*

Swa. What may this meane?

Vic. If the ſtrong paſſion of a Virgin ſoule,
Expreſt in bitterſt teares, move not your pitty,

This shall prevent your cruelty. *A Knife*

Pi. Shee'l prove honest o' my life.

Swa. What meane you Lady?

Vic. Keepe at that distance fir, and you shall know :

Come nearer, and I will not live to tell you.

Swa. Pray rise and speak your story : yet I tell you,

I hold it very strange, that so much money
And such a one as I (none of th'unhandsomst)
Should not goe down with a young wench, and one
Of the profession you pretend to be of
Before cold Iron ! Me thinks most unnaturall.
Thinke better yet before you utter further.

Vic. Indeed I may not.

Swa. Well, well, on then.

Vic. Tis true, I am indeed a meere pretender
To the profession you suppos'd me of ;
A spotlesse Virgin (by my utmost hopes)
And will remaine so till I am a Bride.

Pi. Too honest to be a woman !

Swa. Why tooke you this deceiving habit then ?

Vic. I am about to tell you for your pittie.
I am a *Romane* borne, of good discent ;
My father noble (of the *Candiani*)
How ere decay'd in fortune, ere he dyed ;
Which drew on my Misfortune : For, being be-
troth'd

Unto a wealthy heire, here, of this City,
Who sojourn'd then in *Rome*, his covetous Father
Ravish'd his faith from me, to give't another ;
And call'd him hastily from *Rome* to *Venice*.
I followd him, in hope to crosse the Match,
And so regaine him ; towards which already,
I have done something.

Pi. *Fabritio's* wench my life on't.

Swa. What in this habit, as a *Curtezan* ?

Vic.

Vic. Not without good advise: For, by this
meanes

I draw the eyes of all the youthfull Gentry,
Not without hope to gaine a sight of him.
My price and port keepe back inferiour persons.
Nor lose I honour by it: For the strictnes
Of our *Italian* censure gives a virgin,
That held familiarity with any Man,
By way of Marriage treaty, and then forsaken,
Lost in repute; shee is no honest woman
Untill that man doe vindicate her honor.

Swa. But should hee finde you here, what were
his censure?

Vic. Here he should find what his disloyalty
Had wrought me to; and should restore me firme
On my first basis, or exchange a life
For mine ere we would part.

Swa. This sounds yet well.

Pau. I'll trust thee now. Thou art a noble
wench,
Thou hadst kist'd Death by this else. Now i'll
trust thee. *Exit.*

Vic. If he were lost by Marriage of another,
I would remove with such a testimony
Of my reserved honour (in despite
Of this my outward carriage, for my ends;
Maugre the sterne construction of my countrey)
That strangers should receive me; and some one
More noble then himselfe——

Swa. Take you to wife?

Vic. I should not doubt.

Swa. Tis done, and I am he that does it.

Vic. I cannot sir, but kindly take your offer:
But, if my first love faile me, there is one,
A noble *German*, that commenc'd his suit
To me this day.

Swa. I am he too Lady—Looke well upon me
12 VOL. I. M 4 That

That in this shift, reducing of my beard,
With this supply of money came to try you,
I finde you noble, and above it, honest.

Pi. This is the *German* that *Fabritio* apes.

Hor. And he should come now.

Enter Giacomo to them above.

Jac. Gentlemen forbear ;
Indeed it is not civill in you to pry beyond
Your hospitable ufage, pray forbear.

Hor. Tis timely chidden wench, we will obey
thee.

Jac. Besides the Bridegroome, and the Bride
expect you. (*Hor. Pi.*

Pi. O ha they done, we come, we come. *Exit*

Vic. This jealous tryall now of yours (how ere
You have exprest strong arguments of love)
Has not augmented you in my affection.

Swa. O say not so sweete Lady, i'le redeeme it.

Vic. I cannot yet believe you are the Man,
You are so chang'd from what you seem'd to day,
Must the minde alter with the outward habit ?

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Mistris the *German* —

Vic. Here he is man, he sayes.

Pau. I say he is without, and craves to see you.

Vic. How can this be ? or who can I believe ?

Pau. Good sir depart and make roome for your
felfe

Your proper felfe to enter the Dutch Prince.

Swa. I tell thèe I am he, and here already,
I am *Swatzenberg*.

Pau. Yes in your tother beard sir.

Hans Snortanfart, are you not ? well I can but
warn you,

If you will needs stand to the taking off
A mans good name from him before his face,
Then take what followes, I will fetch him in

Mistris

Mist'ris, you were best be out of sight a while ;
Your presence with this stranger may whet up his
fury

To cut all our throats else.

Vic. I'll take your council. *Exit.*

Pau. For sir i'll tell you, if you had but seen
How he worried a *Spaniard* to day, you would
Have beene able at your returne to make
As many of your Countrey-men, as thrive
By serving of the *States* to laugh ifaith.

Swa. I tell thee I am he ; 'twas I that chac'd
The *Spaniard* hence.

Pau. I tell you yet againe
You were best be gone before the He indeed
Come in to chace you after him.

Swa. I'll stand the hazard.

Pau. See his impatience pulls him in already.

Enter Fabritio in the Germans habit.

Fab. Where is this Lady ? Dos her beauty flie
me ?

Pau. Shee is at hand, but first here is a stranger,
A most strange stranger that sayes he is you sir.

Swa. Was oder wer bistu ? Bistu ein Deutscher ?
Sag mir in was ort Du gelebst hast ?

Fab. Who's this ?

Swa. Ich denke du bist ein heuchler ; bistu aber
ein Deutscher so anwort mir in deutscher sprach.

Fab. Good sir speake in the proper language of
The Nation we are in, though it come brokenly
From you that this good fellow here may under-
stand us.

Swa. Thou son of impudence, and imposture,
speake ;
What is thy end in this ?

Fab. Thinke what thine owne must be, thou son
of slander.

Swa. Precious counterfeit !

But

But I am weaponlesse, and must fetch strength
Of officers to right me. *Exit.*

Fab. What dos your shame remove you sir?

Pau. What can this Rascall meane?

Swa. I care not honest fellow, where's thy
Mistris?

Good Angells guard me.

Enter Victoria.

Pau. Dos shee fright you sir?

Fab. I aske thee for thy Mistris, the *Novella*.

Pau. What appeares shee to you?

Fab. Thou powerfull man in *Magick*, I will tell
thee.

Th' hast rays'd an apparition, that has damn'd thee
Blacker, then thy black art; nay hell it selfe.

Pau. Blesses us! more madnesse yet!

Fab. The heavenly spirit, that inspir'd this forme,
(When the unworthy world enjoyd her being,
Which thou hast conjur'd into this lewd habit)
Has, at this instant won the powers above
To sinke thee and thy forcerers.

Pau. What may you meane? Here is no forcery,
This woman's Flesh and Blood.

Fab. I would not dare to try to be the Duke.

Pau. You may depart, pray hinder not the house.

Fab. Hadst thou but seen, as I have, one like her,
And noted the divinity in her lookes
(Although in those adulterate incitements
Shee seemes to wear) she would have struck thy
foule

With fervent adoration, not base lust.

Pau. I know not what to say to 'him. *Bell rings.*

Vic. See who rings. *Exit Paulo.*

What divine creature, sir, was that you mention'd?

Fab. I dare to name her to thee, though thou be
Her incens'd Ghost, to worke me to despaire,
It was *Victoria*.

Vic.

Vic. This sounds most strangely! Have you beene at *Rome* fir?

Fab. 'Twas there I saw and lov'd her.

Vic. Answer me pray fir, why could not this fall In your discourse to day, when I related My Life and Fortune to you? why do you start? I am no shadow; but suspect you rather, To be not as you seeme, the noble *German* That vowd me love, dos that too startle you? See fir, to prove I am no aery spirit, I'll trust your hand (if you be mortall substance) With so much flesh and blood as may resolve you.

Fab. I find tis she, and having found her thus Shee's lost for ever, and my selfe no lesse. That was the cause of this her desperate fortune.

Vic. What's that you say? what aile you fir? how ist?

And what moves thy distraction? *Borgio*, speak.

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Horror and shame invades us, all the house Is round beset with officers. The Magistrates Are entering now, for what, or whom they search I cannot guesse, unlesse this be some Murderer Slipt in, to draw our lives in question.

Vic. Deale plainly fir, what are you? hee's stupified!

Pau. The Spanyard's with 'hem too that took th'affront

By the supposed Dutchman here to day; And he that fain'd himselfe to be that Dutchman Desires their aid against this unknown person.

Enter Pantaloni, Pedro, Guadagni, Swatz. Prospero, Checquino, Zaffi, Pedler-woman.

Gua. This is the house you say.

Ped. And this is the Gentlewoman.

Gua. Give me my Daughter, Harlot.

Vic. Here's no such creature, here fir, if she be
Your

Your Daughter, this woman directed hither,
 Shee is no Harlot, but an honest Bride ;
 Lawfully wed and bedded ; as may appeare
 By the strong testimony of divers friends :
 Call them all downe. *Exit Paulo.*

Pant. Unheard-of impudence ! Are Bawdes, and
 Whores

Fit Matchmakers for *Magnifico's* Daughters ?

Vic. Speake lower, or at home sir, you know not
 What we are : Harke you sir—your last nights
 Did not enough informe you. (triall

Pant. We shall know more anon ;
 I'th' meane time what are you ?

Fab. A stranger sir.

Pant. We shall know more of that anon too.

Ped. This is the stranger, that affronted me ;
 'Gainst whom I crave your Justice.

Pant. You shall know more anon too.

Swat. And this is my Abuser.

Pant. You also shall know more anon.

Gua. You are well met Gentle-woman — I
 gave you lost.

*Enter Paulo, Francisco, Pifo, Horat, Flavia,
 Aflutta, Facconetta.*

Afl. What will you whimper now ? will not
 marriage
 Make you bold, that makes so many impudent ?
 Shee was not lost sir ; nor in danger of losing,
 Shee was but mislayd a little, as your Writing was
 to day.

Pi. Well said my chattring Magpy. I will fide
 thee.

Gua. Audacious strumpet that seduces my
 Daughter.

Pi. You are Mistaken, shee did but wait upon her.

Afl. Right sir, and did but duty i'le be sworne.

Ped. Nor I, I will be sworne.

Gua.

Gua. Not, in consenting to the stealth ?

Ped. It was my duty fir for the reward,
Wee all would live you know.

Gua. Will you be gone ?

Ped. I hope I am discharg'd : for looke you fir,
I brought you where you finde your Daughter safe.

Gua. Begone I say.

Ped. No whit the worfe for wearing, as they say.

Gua. Goe thrust her out of dores.

Ped. At my owne liberty I hope.

Gua. How thou wilt to be rid of thee.

Ped. May you see your Childrens, Childrens,
Childrens, Children. *Exit.* (of thee.

Pant. And thou misledst my Sonne, I aske him

Pi. You shall know more of that anon fir.

Pant. Out-brav'd and scornd by Strumpets,
Bawds, and Bravoës !

Call in the Officers.

Pi. And call the common Hangman if you please,
And end all 'mong your selves, if your grave wif-
domes,

And Lawyers, here, can find one guilty person

*Horatia and Francisco, &c., talke aside
with Fabritio and Victoria.*

Wee'l all submit our necks to you.

Gua. Tis boldly spoken.

Pi. I will speake but truth.

And you, opposing it, shall wrong the dignity

You beare i'th' City, to your utter flames.

This Gentleman and your Daughter were con-
tracted,

Your selfe a willing witnesse ; your Son likewise

Unto a noble virgin (Sir of whom

You shall know more anon)

It pleas'd diviner providence to take

From eithers chosen mate their earthly fortunes ;

Yet each had person, blood, and vertue left

Above

Above the value of a Princes dowry.
 Would you so Kick at heaven then, in despight,
 Of its great Ordinance, as to force your children,
 To forfeit both their faiths, thereby to lose
 The never-fayling hope of future blessings,
 To pull withall a curse on your own heads,
 That could no lesse then ruine your estates,
 And render you most wretched in your dotage,
 Past helpe or hope how to relieve your selves :
 Your consciences still groaning underneath
 The lashes that your Childrens bastard issue
 Should lay upon you ? more, you may consider —

Pant. We doe consider fir, this place and people
 No fit receipt for warrantable businesse.

Pi. This was no bawdy talke fir, nor have I
 Heard worse from any mouth in this free place
 Till your arrivall here.

Vic. I cannot be so happy. }

Fran. Let her see your face. } *Aside.*

Vic. O my *Fabritio* —

Pau. You see the worst of us, I should be loath
 Any unwarrantable act should passe among us.

Gua. Thou lookst like one indeed of upright
 Conscience !

Pau. And for the Marriage fir, it is as lawfull
 As if your selfe had given her in *St. Marks*.
 I'll fetch the Priest t'avouch it.

Gua. Fetch that Priest.

(*Paulo joynes*

Pan. But i'll be so reveng'd

(*in conference*

Upon this instrument, this un-

(*with Victoria*

knowne Trull here —

(*and Fabritio.*

Hor. Our Eares and Eyes, *Fabritio*, witnesse for
 her.

Fab. You have told me wonders,
 Yet with such faith as I shall ever wish
 Lockt in this heavenly Cabinet I take all.

Pi. You may *Fabritio*, for as I prize Life ;

Honour

Honour 'bove that ; and above both thy friendship,
My soule is not assur'd of firmer truth,
Let thy Dutch habit drinke off jealousy,
And take her to thee.

Fab. 'Tis done my *Piso*.

Vic. And I made happy past my height of hopes.
(*Kisses.*)

Pant. Good, you shall see how I shall coole those
Kisses.

Pau. May I say boldly you are man and wife ?

Fab. Vic. We are most faithfully till death ;
I'll fetch a Priest shall streight pronounce yee so.

(*Exit.*)

Pant. You say that is a Dutchman sir, that
wrong'd you.

Ped. Right, worthy *Signior*, that's the man I
Challenge.

Pant. You say you are the man confronted *Don*
here.

Swa. Yes, and will still mayntain't, for violence
He offerd to that noble vertuous Lady.

Pant. Good ! vertuous Lady ? Let mee joyne
your Friendships.

Ped. Swa. You have done it sir.

Ped. That is the man I challenge.

Swa. The same man I. He has not left the house
Since my abuse ; I feare to her much wrong :
For he is some disguis'd Knave on my life.

Pant. Now you are in the right.

Swa. Hee could not weare those Cloathes and
speake no *Dutch* else.

Pant. Still i' the right ; i'll shew you what he is,
And out of him, what shee is, whom you call
So vertuous and so noble ! and you sir,
That mentioned the Hangman, come all and see
The commendable port this Lady beares.
It seems, sir, you affect this Gentlewoman.

Fab.

Fab. The best of any living.

Pant. And you him Lady?

Vic. Yes, he is my husband.

Pant. Would that were true ifaith. The rogue
your man

Sayd he would fetch a Priest — —

Enter Paulo in Friars habit.

Pau. No verier Rogue then my selfe fir.

Pant. Thou art a mad fellow for a Priest indeed ;
But such a Priest, such a Marriage,
Put 'em together.

Pau. I doe pronounce them lawfull man and
wife.

Pant. The Bridegroome thanks you, but you
Mistris Bride

For the fine trick you put on me last night,
Looke now upon your husband,
Who would you speake with fellow?

Enter Nicolo, as the Zaffi.

Nic. With Signior *Rastrofico* here, the Hangman,
I come to call him to State-businesse fir.

Pant. Can this be he.? (you said he was a coun-
terfeit)

I saw him ride the Wooden-horse, last day
With lesse then halfe this beard, unbeard him firrah.
I'le beare you out. So rest you Gentlemen
With your so vertuous Lady, and her husband.

Hor. Pi. &c. Fabritio!

Vic. Sir I must crave your pardon, This is he,
My first love that I told you of.

Swa. You have it freely Lady.

Pant. I am abus'd and couzend. (me

Vic. I thanke you fir for all the harme you did
In your Revenge — — And harke you, be at peace,
And i'le be silent for your last nights worke.

Gua. Forbeare mee, I am off againe.

Fran. Good fir,

Stop

Stop not the blessing you were about to give us.

Gua. I am off againe. The pandare was the Priest,

The Match is no Match, you no more my Children,
But Knave and strumpet.

Pant. I'll not be so couzend.

This is no Priest ; and all that's past unlawfull.

Pi. You will know more anon. (Paulo.

Pau. Then cast your eyes on me, who dare *(casts*
maintaine *(off his Perruk*

My Priest-hood lawfull ; it being deriv'd *(and Beard.*
From th'holy Order of St. *Augustine ?*

Vic. Let me not surfet with excesse of joy ?

My brother *Paulo !*

Pau. Thy brother and thy father, vertuous sifter :
Be ever subject of my dearest care ;

And pardon me, who (jealous of thine honour
Inflam'd by the same heart, of the same blood :

For we are all the Relicts of our Parents)

Watch'd nearely, and pursu'd thy scape from *Rome.*

For which I had good warrant, Gentlemen

See there my dispensation with th' allowance

Of all the holy brotherhood of my *Covent.*

My ends were faire, though in this uncouth way

Tho' (heaven I beg thy pardon) as my care

Was to preserve her life and more her honour ;

Fearing her violent and abused spirit,

Might have made wrack of either, or of both,

I once had secret purpose to have ta'ne

Her Life, in case shee had forsooke her honour ;

And with her cut off *Candianies* Line,

Which now branch'd here, may touch the worlds end

With faire succession ! Be you blest for ever.

And now, grave sirs, let me intreat your likings,

And cheerefull reconcilment to your Children :

That so you may your Childrens, Children see,

Crownd by the prayers of your prosperity.

N

Gua.

Gua. I am content.

Pant. And I, but for one scruple.

Clear me this point, how had you fav'd your honor
If the old youth, last night (who shall be namelesse)
Had but mis-spent his time upon your moore here?

Vic. 'Tis easily done sir, see my lov'd *Fabritio*
The Eunuch moore you gave me.

Fab. My boy *Jacomo*, turn'd Chambermayd!
Has thy Mistris us'd thee well?

Vic. Not without much desert.

Jac. Shee meanes for your deare sake sir.

Fab. I see, sweete Heart, you have an honest
Family.

Vic. Here you see all, and all that came i'th'
house;
(Since it was made mine) in this Convention,
I dare them not; but give them freest leave
To speake the worst they found in the *Novella*.

Omnes. Wee all conclude y'are noble.

Pau. All's well accorded then. Wee all are
Friends,
And may Priests travaile never to worse ends.



EPILOGUE.

*C*ause 'tis the Custome, By the Poet, Sirs,
I'm sent to crave a Plaudit, and the Spurrs
That prick him on to't, is, his promis'd Pay
May chance to faile, if you dislike the Play,
But don't if you be wise ; for hee has vow'd
To write farre worse if this be not allow'd.



FINIS.



THE
C O U R T
B E G G E R.

A
C O M E D I E .

Acted at the *Cock-pit*, by his
M A J E S T I E S Servants,
Anno 1632.

W R I T T E N
By
R I C H A R D B R O M E .

M A R T .
Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

L O N D O N .

Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and
THO. DRING, and are to be sold at their
Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.



Drammatis Personæ.

SIR *Andrew Mendicant*, an old Knight, turnd a projector.

Mr. *Court wit*, a Complementer.

Mr. *Swayn wit*, a blunt Countrey Gentleman.

Mr. *Cit wit*, a Citizens Son that supposes himselfe a wit.

Mr. *Daynty*, a supposed Picturedrawer, but a Pick-pocket.

Sir *Raphael*, an old Knight that talkes much and would be thought wise.

Sir *Ferdinand*, a Knight distracted for love of the Lady *Strangelove*.

Frederick, in love with *Chariffa*.

Gabriel, servant to *Mendicant*.

Doctor of Physick.

Three poore Projectors.

A Sowgelder.

A Boy.

Lady *Strangelove*, a humerous widow, that loved to be courted.

Philomel her Chambermaide.

Chariffa, *Mendicants* Daughter.



PROLOGUE.

W*E'e've cause to fear yours, or the Poets frowne
For of late day's (he know's not (how) y'are
grown,*

*Deeply in love with a new strayne of wit
Which he condemns, at least disliketh it,
And solemnely protests you are to blame.
If at his hands you doe expect the same;
Hee'l tread his usuall way, no gaudy Sceane
Shall give instructions, what his plot doth meane;
No handsome Love-toy shall your time beguile
Forcing your pittie to a sigh or smile,
But a slight picce of mirth, yet such were writ
By our great Masters of the Stage and Wit,
Whom you approv'd: let not your suffrage then
Condemne't in him, and prayse't in other men.*

*Troth Gentlemen let me advise yee, spare
To vex the Poet full of age and care,
How he might strive to please yee and beguile
His humerous expectation with a smile,
As if you would be satisfy'd, although
His Comedy containes no antique show.*

*Yet you to him your favour may expresse
As well as unto those whose forwardnesse
Make's them your Creatures thought, who in a way
To purchase fame give money with their Play,
Yet you sometimes pay deare for't, since they write
Lesse for your pleasure than their own delight.*

*Which if our Poet fayle in, may he be
A Sceane of Mirth in their next Comedye.*

THE



THE
C O U R T
B E G G E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mendicant, Chariffa.

Men. Y^O' have given him then his answer?

Cha. Forc'd by you,
Heaven knowes with my much sorrow. Such a
Lover

So in all points deferving of true worth,
And best indowments to make up a Man
That I shall never see — your pardon sir,
Though you pulld back, by violence, my hand,
In which my heart was freely given to him,
It is not in your power or strength of art
To beat a sigh back, or restraine a teare
Which I must offer to his memory.

Men. Such stormes soone waft themselves in
absent Lovers

When light of Reason, and good Counsell shall
Breake forth and shine upon 'em : and for your part
Daughter, I know it shall. And, presently,

I thus begin to dissipate your errors.
Yoo love this *Frederick*.

Cha. Love knows I do.

Men. You say he is deserving in all points.

Cha. My love emboldens me to tell you he is.

Men. *Chariffa*, take me with you. Is he not
Deficient in that onely absolute point
That must maintaine a Lady, an estate?

Cha. Love weighes not that.

Men. What can he shew you more
To take you with, then a wild head of hayre ;
A very Limebush to catch Lady-birds ?
A Tissue Doublet ; and a Riband shop
Hung in his Hatbands, might set up a Pedler ?
Can this maintaine a Lady?

Cha. You but looke
Upon his outside sir.

Men. I trust you have not
Bin over inwardly acquainted with him.

Cha. Sir, he has Valour, Wit, and Honour, you
well know

Hee's of a noble Family extracted. (acquir'd

Men. What's that a yeare? those parts may be
In winning of a strumpet. But what Joindure
Can he propound to you? or, (in case he dyes,
Your Dowry being spent) what personall Estate
Ist like hee'l leave you, but his Powder glasse,
His Combe and Beard-brush, and perhaps a Trunk-
full

Of Elegies, Raptures, Madrigalls and Sonnets ?
No let him goe ; discard him : and embrace
The hopes that I have for thee in the hopefull,
Exquisite Cavalier, Courtier and Souldier.
Scholler, (and what not !) brave Sir *Ferdinando* :
There's a Man rising in the favour Royall,
And may in thee *Chariffa*, make me happy.

Cha. Sir you have given me liberty of speech ;
And

And may be pleas'd to let me tell you now,
You aime at your own fortune, not at mine.

Men. I seeke no fortune, but for thy advancement :

All that I shall call mine must be thine owne.

Cha. I would be playner yet ; beseeching you
I be not thought too lose in my obedience.

Men. Speake freely Girle.

Cha. Your ayme has bin to raise
Your state by Court-suits, begging as some call it,
And for that end you left your Countrey life,
And Lands too ever since my Mother dy'd,
Who while shee liv'd with best of womans judgement

Which held you from that course of selling faire
Possessions to enable you with money
To purchase *wit* at Court. You pardon me ?

Men. On, on.

Cha. And for th'Exchange of a faire Mansion-
house (pastures
Large fruitfull Fields, rich Meadows and sweet
Well cropt with corne and stockd as well with
Cattell, (in't,
A parke well stor'd with Deere too, and Fishponds
And all this for a lodging in the Strand now——
But doe I not offend ?

Men. No, no, on still. (and Poultry

Cha. Your own fed Beefes and Muttons, Fowle
Loaded your long boords then ; and you had then
Neighbours could boast your hospitality,
And poore, that for the remnants prayd for you,
Now all concludes upon a two-dishd table.
And whereas then you had a numerous Family
Of Servants and Attendants, out of which
For profit or for pleasure you could call
Your Bayliffe, Groom, your Falconer, or your
Huntsman,

Now

Now fir, a Varlet Coachman, and Footboy
 Are all your Retinue ; and for the Hounds
 You kept, that made you sport and Musick, now
 None but your project Beagles, that smell out
 Where such a forfeiture is to be begg'd ;
 Where one would purchase a Reprieve, another
 A Pardon or a lease of Life Rope-free
 For ready money : Then where Goods or Lands
 Are found of men that make away themselves,
 And so of fooles and madmen ; All to set
 Your trade of Begging up, and still you beg :
 But your own want of favour holds you back
 From reaching any profit by't, because
 You beg by Mediators tongues, which you
 Call Favorites, who reape the crop of all,
 And leave you but the Gleanings ; some small
 pittance

To keepe alive the itch of begging in you ——

Men. Shee speakes home and within me, to the
 purpose,

Cha. Still wasting your own fortunes ; till at last
 You have no hopefull project left to thrive by
 But to put me upon this suppos'd favorite
 To beg for you when it is doubtfull yet
 Whether hee'l take me with the Dowry, which
 Mine Unkle left me, though you adde your projects.

Men. The noble Gallant loves thee, Girle, and
 holds

Thy Person and thy vertues Dowry enough.

Cha. He is a wanton Lover, full of change,
 And at this instant singularly devoted
 Unto that humorous Lady, the young Widow.

Men. The Lady *Strangelove* ?

Cha. Shee is ambitious
 To draw all mens affections to her service,
 And then abuses all by scornes or slighatings,
 And this (they say) has made him almost mad.

Men. He mad ! believe it not : his reason is
Married to him better then so. How now !
Ha' you seene the noble Knight from me ?
How did he entertaine my Message ? ha !
Why speakst thou not ? what answer has he sent ?

Enter Gabriel.

Gab. Hee's not Sir to be spoken with or seene
To any purpose, but by his Phisitions.

Men. So sodainly and dangerously sick,
Where are my hopes ?

Gab. I cannot say how sick
He is ; nor can himselfe give any account
Of his condition : for he is mad sir.

Men. How ! mad ?

Gab. Starke staring mad ; as mad
As you can thinke a Courtier must be
That is more mad then all the rest.

Men. If this be true I sinke, what is suppos'd
The cause ?

Gab. That sir has puzzell'd all the Doctors
In weighing all his severall wild affections ;
One findes he was ambitious of Court favour,
And guessees he was croff'd in some great suite ;
Another takes him as he was a Souldier,
And losing cost and travaile in the warre
Must lose his wits for that. A third collect's
He was a Poet that drunk too deepe of *Helicon*,
And turnd his braine in clyming of *Parnassus* :
A fourth considering that he was a Gamster
Long and much favoured, and uprais'd by fortune
To mountaynous heapes of Gold, conjectures, that
Some late unlucky hand or chance at play
Hath with his money swept his wit away.

Men. Fy, these can be no causes to remove,
Or shake his settled judgement or his temper.

Gab. Then sir a fist and youngest head among
The learned men (what call you him for a Doctor ?
Hay

Hay that affects gay clothes and Flanders Laces,
 That trim effeminate Gentleman) he
 Has known this noble patient to have beene
 An extreame Amorist, desperately devoted
 Unto the service of some threescore Ladies,
 And honord every one the most in costly presents,
 Banquets and Verses ; and thinks the disdain
 Of one or all of them has turnd his braine.

Cha. I told you sir, the cause before ; and nam'd
 That humorous Lady for it, whom in heart
 I can no lesse then thanke.

Men. Goe, get you up.
 And stirre not from my Chamber on my blessing
 Till my returne, nor admit any one
 Unto a conference with you.

Cha. I obey you.

Exit.

Gab. Some of your project searchers wait with-
 out sir,
 Loden it seemes with new intelligences.

Men. They may come in : but as I feare they
 Me little comfort, I am sure I shall (bring
 Afford them none. Now sirs, your businesse ?

Enter 3 Projectors.

1. *Pro.* We wait upon your honour my good Lord
 To crave the knowledge of what good succeffe
 Your honor finds in our late suits my Lord.

Men. Why honor ? why my Lord ?

2. *Pro.* We stile you now.

3. *Pro.* As all must doe hereafter.

1. *Pro.* Yes, and that

In a short space of time, the world holds no
 Proportion else, nor shall it more be sayd
 That money can buy Land ; or great Estates
 In Lands and Mannor-houses be call'd Lordships.

1. 2. 3. Or wealth joynd with desert attaine to
 honor. (full cry.

Gab. So now the Game's afoot. They hunt in

1. *P.*

1. *P.* My Lord 'tis most apparant.

Men. How you torture me!

2. *P.* Wee'l mak't appeare most plainly on our

3. *P.* And credits too. (lives.

Gab. Their Lives and credits, ha, ha, ha.

1. *P.* That in the space of one whole year our
projects

Shall bring in fifty thousand pounds to us,
And hundred thousand to your selfe; and to
The Coffers Royall for full seaven years space
64 Thousand 783 l. 7s. 9d. *ob. q. per annum*,
Tis here already cast. Which to make good
Wee'l venture Lives and Goods.

2. *P.* Our Wives and Children. (*Mend. takes*

3. *P.* We can ingage no more. (*the scroll and*

Gab. A wondrous strange ingagement (*peruses it.*
Your lives and goods; your wives and children
gentlemen!

That's too deep set, and questions the King's Mercy:
Me thinks it were enough, for non-performance
You would submit your bodies to perpetuall
Imprisonment at the Kings charge; and leave
Your wives and children to their severall Parishes
You are still faithlesse fir, in all projects.

1. But when you shall perceive the wealthy sonnes
Dayly brought in, and be, continually,
Troubled with the Receipts (if you may be trusted
That have so little faith) when you shall foyle
And gall your fingers ends with telling money,
Yet find the lickings of 'em sweet, you'l then
Sing other Notes.

2. Meane time entreat my Lord
To put you to some Tellers Clearke to teach you
Ambo-dexterity in telling money.

Gab. Do you hear fir? Can you give me two
fixpences
For a shilling—or any single money?

2. *P.* *Pish.*

Gab.

Gab. Cry mercy, you weare none in ready coine,
But all in Bullion lockt up in your brave chests,
And there you have the treasure of the *Indies*;
Of deeper value, could it be digg'd out,
Then all the *Hollanders* have waited for
These 7 yeares out of the Spanish plate fleets.

3. *Pugh.*

Gab. But put mine eye out (now I dare you to't)
With any single peece of ready money.

1. *P.* My Lord your man abuses us here strangely
With his old misbeliefe. But still we doubt not
Your honourable good opinion of us.

2. *P.* You have perus'd this weighty paper here.

Men. It weighe not all twelve graines.

1. *P.* No more?

Nay the whole platforme of a stately City,
Or a designe to conquer a whole Nation,
But doe you note the grounds, the Rules and Reasons,
First for the easinesse of the severall grants.

2. *P.* Next for performance of our undertakings.

3. *P.* And then the certainty o' th' propounded
Both to the King and us. (profits)

1. *P.* Without all grievance unto the subject.

Gab. That's no little marvaile.

1. *P.* Take 'em into particulars my Lord,
First this for Perrukes. The Monopoly
Of making all the Perrukes male and female,
Through Court and Kingdome.

Gab. There's a capitall project.

2. *P.* Note the necessity, that they be well made
Of no diseas'd or infectious stuffe, of dead or living,
No verminous or fluttish locks or combings,
But harmlesse and sound haire, of innocent,
And wholesome people.

Gab. They must then reape none
From Gallowfes, nor Hospitalls; from whence
They have had great supplies.

1. *P.*

1.P. You have in that
Said very well ; For here's a Reformation
Of that abuse intended in these words
Innocent and wholesome.

Gab. How if a man or woman shall desire
To weare a friends hayre so departed ; as
You his ; or your wife yours ; may't not be had ?

1.P. Or if your friend or Mistris dye so, you
Procure the haire and bring it from the Gallows
To th'office, and it may be done accordingly.

Gab. You have in that said very well Sir too.

1.P. Now out of this provision, what an infinite
Profit will rise i' th' generall use of'em,
And multiplicity that will be worne
By people of all forts, degrees and ages :
The old to hide their naturall baldnesse, and
The young and middle-ag'd their artificiall
Or accidentall.

Gab. By the pox or so.

1.P. They shall be brought into that reputation
That none shall be esteem'd so sound or wise
As publique wearers of them : which to effectuate
Tis requisite that you obtaine a Mandat
Unto all Courtiers, that would be thought wise
To weare false hayre : because clownes have been
noted

To talke like fooles or mad men in their own.

Men. No more of that.

1. What say to this my Lord,
Touching new fashions of apparell ; futes,
Hats, Boots, Swords, Belts, Ribands, &c.
For every wearer of his first o'th' fashion
To pay a groat to th'King ; and every Tradesman
Two pence on every severall piece he sells
Of any such new fashion the first yeare ?

Gab. And what may this pride money amount
Per annum, can you gueffe ?

(unto

O

Men

Men. I will not meddle in it.

2. No my good Lord.

Men. No, nor your Perrukes neither.

3. What say to this my Lord of the Balconyes?

Men. Nor that.

1. This then for fucking out of cornes.

Men. Away with it.

2. This then : that on the birth of every Girle
The Father pay a groat ; to hearten men
To live soberly and get Souldiers.

Men. Away.

1. This makes amends for all then. A new project
For buylding a new Theatre or Play-houſe
Upon the *Thames* on Barges or flat boats
To helpe the watermen out of the loſſe
They've ſuffer'd by Sedans ; under which project
The ſubject groanes, when for the eaſe of one
Two abler men muſt ſuffer ; and not the price,
Or pride of Horſe-fleſh or Coach-hire abated.
This ſhall bring floods of gaine to th' watermen
Of which they'l give a fourth of every fare
They ſhall boord at the floating Theatre,
Or ſet aſhore from thence, the Poets and Actors
Halfe of their firſt yeares profits.

Men. Fy away.

1. This is a weighty one : For maſſy ſummes
That may be freely given out of the City,
To have but this aſſurance, that hereafter
They may ingroſſe the getting of their own
Children : by order tane that Cavaliers,
And Courtiers may no more invade,
Or mix with Tradefmens wives : whereby tis
thought
So many City Prodigalls have been gotten ;
Onely the thrifty countrey Gentlemen
To be excepted : for by them 'tis gueſt
So many Citizens grow landed men.

Gab.

Gab. Were not they gotten by Projectors think you?

3. My Lord your servant jeeres us.

Men. To deale plainly

I doe allow't in him——

Gab. Heaven has heard my prayers.

Men. And will heare him or any man oppose

All that is put to me by way of project

To put me by all further hopes in 'em :

For (with hearts grieve I speake it) he by whom

I onely hop'd to climbe (alas) is fallen.

1. What out of favour?

Men. No, out of his Reason.

2. The noble Cavalier fir *Ferdinando*.

3. That late stood candidate for the favour royall,
Is he now fallen besides himselfe?

Men. Even he.

1. What have you then to doe my Lord
In lieu of all your service but beg him?

Men. His greater and his nearer friends at Court
Will prevent me.

2. They shall not, never feare it.

1. Come we will make quick worke of this.
My Lord you shall disburse but twenty pieces.

2. Among us three. 3. And we will instantly
Finde his estate. 1. And lay you down a way
So plaine that you shall say All's yours,
Before you stir a foot.

Gab. But when he has travell'd
Till he has tir'd himselfe, he shall returne,
And say All's lost, ist not so Gentlemen?

Men. I will not part with any money firs.

1. Trust me you doe not well to put my Lord
Off o' his benefit, by disheartning him
In this small venture. Will you then be pleas'd
To give us but ten pieces.

Men. Not a penny.

2. Five you shall my Lord,
And stand no longer thus in your own light.

3. Or but a piece a Man.

Men. Not a denier.

1. A dinner then my Lord, but of one piece.

Men. My answers cannot please you. Answer
'em you. (throats)

Gab. I wonder how you having stretch'd your
With the loud sounds of thousands, hundred thou-
fands

Can, after all, so faintly whisper forth
One piece ; and that as much in vaine, as all
The massy summes : for all but brings you nothing,
It shewes you Gentlemen of resolute patience ;
And would take thankfully I warrant you
An od halfe crowne amongst you : and what say you
To every man a kick on the condition ?
What say you to one with tother ?

1. This abuse

Shall lose your Master a hundred thousand pound.

Gab. Goe coine your bullion braines into the
money

And come againe. My master was
Your Lord even now, as he was Lord of Beggers.

1. I hope to live to see him beg of us.

Gab. Out hundreds, thousands, ten thousands,
hundred thousands, Millions, ten Millions, Millions
upon Millions

Away, i'll stamp your buttocks into coyne else. (*Ex.*
The Devill ride that hindmost of 'em, for (*Projectors.*
A raw bon'd Jade : Sfoot he has lam'd my toes.

Men. I am glad I am so rid of 'em, and now
As th'art my Servant and my loving Kinsfeman ——

Gab. To follow you in all things but in Projects.

Men. Looke to my House and Daughter, that she
Nor any entrance be allowd to *Fredrick* (start not ;
To re-entangle her in his Love. I know

Thy

Thy vertue and thy valour can make good
My trust impos'd in thee.

Gab. You need not feare fir
But, good fir, no more projects.

Men. I have but one,
On which I'll set my rest. Thoult say tis good.

Gab. Except it be the begging of this Madman
It can be nothing.

Men. Tis the very fame :
By which I will advance my house and name. *Exit.*

Gab. The Beggers best is that he feels no shame :
Spreious what meane you ? Ha' you forgot so soone
Your Fathers strict command, and he scarce gone yet?

Enter Charissa.

Cha. Alas hee'll then meet *Fredrick* and divert him,
I saw him at the window making this way.

Gab. He gets no entrance to you. I must obey
A master though you can neglect a father.

Cha. Be not so cruell. Thou mayst live to love,
And need the pittie of a friend.

Gab. I pittie you,
And will do no more then you know how to aske
For your own good. I understand your cause
And can relieve you if you'll yeild to counsell.

Cha. You are my Kinsman ; and have bin my
friend,
Though you observe my father who, I feare,
Has not a fathers love towards me.

Gab. His love is great and certaine,
And all his travell is for your advancement :
But he goes blindfold on unprosperous wayes
Led by credulity. Projects ! pox o' projects
The patron of his projects is (it seemes)
Pepper'd with madnesse. Tis but Justice on him,
And now i'll give you a secret if you'll promise
To be rul'd by me.

Cha. You shall rule me cofen.

(c)

O 3

Gab.

Gab. This *Ferdinand*, your fathers great Court-godling

Nere fought you for a wife; but to have whor'd you :
(That is the English on't) and to appeare
A right great man in th'a^ct, he would ha' made
By hopes and promises your credulous Father
The instrument of your prostitution :
Which to effect (though still he undertook
His hopefull projects) cunning Lawyer-like
He croit or lost him still in all, on purpose
That poverty at length might urge him to
Give you to his dispose.

Cha. This was my feare.

Gab. Away, some body comes.

Cha. Tis *Fredrick*. I must see him.

Gab. You'l never see him more then. Go to your
A little patience and he shall be yours. (chamber.

Cha. So dos a heart consume in lingring fire,
When cooling hopes are cast on hot desire. *Exit.*

Gab. Poore heart, I pittie her, and will labour
for her.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. O *Gabriel*! I am happy in finding thee,
Thy master absent, whom I saw, in hast
Now passing towards the Court. Where's my

Charissa?

Gab. You may not see her.

Fred. May not see her fir.

Gab. May not! nay must not : shall not see her.

Fred. Y'are very plaine with me.

Gab. Her owne command
Warrants me speake it fir.

Fred. A villaine speakes it.

Draw.

Gab. I have a sword speakes other language for
me. (written here,

Fred. Can she whose thoughts are truth, and
Here in this breast, giving me ample welcome,
Give

Give thee a countermand to bar me from it ?
Wouldst thou make her a double hearted monster ?
Or like another woman ?

Repent thee of thy trespassse yet and live.

Gab. Sir, if you thinke to fight, talke not too much ;

Or, if you needs must talke, then heare as well.

Fred. What wouldst thou say ?

Gab. Sir, I have more to say

Then fits this place, since you are apt to quarrell ;
And this no ground to bustle on : nor indeed
Where I dare for my honesty and trust
Allow you longer stay. If therefore you
Will walke, I'll wait upon you ; and direct you
In a more ready way to finde *Chariffa*.

Fred. Is shee not here i' th' house ?

Gab. O sir, a man

May come within his arme-reach of his money
In the Exchequer : but he must walke about
To finde due order e're he draw it out.

Fred. The fellow's honest, valiant, and discreet,
Full man, in whom those three additions meet.

Gab. Sir, dare you trust me ?

Fred. Yes I dare ; and why ?

Because if thou dar'st fight, thou dar'st not lie.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philomel, Court-wit, Swayn-wit, Cit-wit.

Phi. **H**ere in this gallery Gentlemen you may
at your pleasure,
Untill my Lady comes, walk or sit.

Cou. Or lie down if you please.

❧ VOL. I.

O 4

Ph.

Ph. If you fo, wrong not my Ladies Couch with your Spurres I pray : take heed you leave not a Rowell there.

Sw. If one should, your Lady has no Lord to call her honour to question, whose Knight-hood it belong'd unto.

Phil. You have a good countrey wit fir.

Sw. My name is *Swayne-wit* ; and for all you twit me with the Countrey, I am a Gentleman tho'.

Ph. I honour you the more fir, for I am a Countrey Maide my selfe. (deceiv'd else.

Sw. Thou art a baggage, and a bold one, I am I would be further acquainted with you tho'.

Kisse long.

Have you done now ? You will have time enough Further and better acquaintance. (for

Thou art a Jackanapes of the basest tricks that ever I saw, for a halfe-penny. Shee's your choyce, is shee ? Could not you let be tho' ? I ha' bin acquainted with thee but two dayes, and forgi' me for swearing, I ha' found thee beating ripe a skore o' times at least. Take heede I begin not now, and handsell your Ladies house, that is so much talkt on, and your Gentlewomans prefence here with a fist about your eares.

Cou. Not for a thousand pound.

Sw. That's a great deale of money. I could find i'my heart to do't tho'.

Cou. Slife we are all undone then.

Sw. He sets my teeth on edge to looke upon him : He lookes so like a wilding crab, good neither for drink nor fauce.

Ph. Why would you presse him then ?

Sw. Thou hast a verjuice wit.

Ph. For my poore sake forbear fir.

Sw. Let him stand further then, and looke o'toe side.

Cit.

Cit. Well, fir, this is no cause nor place to fight

Sw. What sayes he? (in, when——

Ph. Nothing, you heare he whistles tother way.

Sw. Tother way, what backwards?

Ph. What new guesst ha' you brought here Mr. *Court-wit* for my Lady to laugh at?

Cou. One for that purpose *Phil* you ha' spoke the man,
But what company has my Patronesse, that shee is yet busy.

Sw. I that! If shee be long busy I will not stay, and shee were ten great Ladies, or one as big as twenty, for all shee is your Patronesse, must we wait out of our wits, because *Chalivers* ran mad for

Ph. Ha' you heard o' that fir? (her?

Sw. My Cozen *Court-wit's* question was who's with her?

Ph. O sweet Mr. *Court-wit*, when will you bring the fine civill Gentleman, that maintaines himselfe so gallantly by picture drawing?

Sw. Here's a new businesse! Fare yee well, pray tell your Lady I came not from Pensans to grow here.

Ph. Nay sweet fir stay, there is fir with my Lady none but the grave and witty talking Knight. Some call him the metrapolitane wit of Court; he that loves Ladyes society so much, and yet has vow'd virginity.

Cou. As much as in man lies *Phil*; Hee is a perpetuall vovd batchellor indeed, and as constant to his vow as to his fashion in apparrell, which is ever the same, fir *Raphael* Winter-plum.

Cit. That old witherd piece. I know him.

Sw. Thou wilt beare up again.

Cit. He has lick'd up a living with his tongue; makes all great tables his own; and eats for his talke. He may be conversant with women: for
(they

(they say) he guelt himfelfe beyond Sea for fpight one did him ; and now preaches chaſtity to Ladies, and love to their husbands. Hee's a Lay-gospeller among the married fort, and an eſpeciall pedant to the youth o' Court.

Cou. Fy, thou ſpeakſt too much.

Sw. There's another humor I could beat thee for with all my heart, thou wilt ſpeake outragiously of all men behinde their backs, and darſt not answer Ba ——to the face of a ſheep, O I could pommell thee.

Cit. This is not yet a cauſe to fight for, when——

Ph. But will not that fine Gentleman Mr. *Dainty* come, Mr. *Court-wit* ?

Cou. I expect him preſently.

Ph. I'll ſee if their conference be ended, or breake it if I can, and haſten my Lady to you. *Exit.*

Sw. This wench has a dainty wit.

Cou. Shee may, living with the prime Lady-wit in towne.

Sw. But what *Dainty* is that ſhee talkes on ſo affectionately ?

Cou. Troth a Gentleman that lives at a good rate ; very civill in converſation, keepes good company ; yet none of his acquaintance that I am acquainted with knowes his beginning, or his

Sw. A Gentleman borne. (preſent meanes.

Cou. I know no more but by his port, and faſhion, you ſaw him with me laſt night.

Sw. Forgi' me for ſwearing, Iſt he ?

Cou. He was at the Play with us too, doe you not remember that ?

Sw. Yes, that I was at the Play, by ſure token and a ſad one.

Cit. I'll ſhew you ſomewhat of him. A Gentleman borne did you aſke ?

Sw. Now he beares up againe.

Cit.

Cit. Hee cannot be a Gentleman by birth or place. A fine-handed, and a fine headed fellow he is ; and pretends great skill and practice too in Picture-drawing, Watch-making, and such like finger-workes ; which he sayes he uses as a Gentlemans exercise, not as a trade to live upon ; when either he does live on't ; or else hee has some more secret way, as perhaps pimping or purfing for ought I know.

Sw. There he is again ! Art thou bound in conscience to wrong all men in their absence, till I beate thee into better manners ?

Cou. Hold, hold, I prithee hold.

Cit. Yet still the cause is insufficient, when——

Cou. Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter Dainty.

Cit. Is hee come ? Noble Mr. *Dainty*——The welcomst in the World. I protest I suffer'd by your absence.

Dai. You do me too much honour Mr. *Cit-wit*.

Cit. Oh sir, your humble servant.

Sw. Ha, ha. Forgi' me for fwearing, what a Spaniell's this ?

Dai. Gentlemen you are well found, I was a little stayd by the way upon receipt of monies. Ha' you seene the Lady yet ?

Cou. Shee's yet a little busy. We shall a instantly take the opportunity together.

Dai. But Gentlemen ; you that have better knowledge of this Lady informe if you please, why are we summond hither ?

Cou. Thou speakest as if thou hadst guilt upon thee ; fear nothing man.

Sw. I that's the thing that I would understand too. And why me of any man ? They say indeed shee is a humorous Lady, and loves to busy her selfe. But what are we to her ? are there not

(c)

greater

greater men, and Lords enough for her to foole away the time with, but we must dance attendance on her humors?

Cit. I protest Mr. *Swayn-wit*, I admire your ingenuity.

Sw. You will be meddling still.

Cit. Tis to your question sir, which I will answer.

Sw. I there's another of your cockscomby tricks, to answer any question, that's ask'd another man, out with tho'.

Cit. This Lady sir, this humorous witty Lady is a wit-sponge, that suckes up wit from some, and holds as her own, untill shee squeeze it out on others. Shee will make use of ours, or any courser wits; and search 'em out to sift 'em. Shee will collect from market-folkes; and hold conferences with the poore Trades-people that cry their wares about the streets, Shee will rake wit out of a dung-hill Ragwoman.

Swa. So there he is againe! darest thou abuse a noble Lady, in her owne house too? I dare not now but beat thee.

Cou. Forbeare good cosen.

Cit. Still, still, the cause is naught, when——

Dai. Ods fo the Ladies comming I think.

Enter Philomel.

Phil. Gentlemen, my Lady cannot yet be rid of the tedious talking Knight. But shee will cast him presently. He is now following her into this roome, pray passe into the next; my Ladies Musick roome. There you shall find a collation of good *Tobacco* and *Sack* and one to attend you, you know the fashions of the House Mr. *Court-wit*.

Cou. Come away Gentlemen. *Exit Gentlemen.*

Phil. I could even love and looke upon that sweete Mr. *Dainty* a whole houre methinks.

Enter

Enter Strange-love, and Sir Raphael.

Stra. Goe your wayes down Mayd, and if any aske for Sir *Raphael* here, say that I hope he will ha' done anon.

Ra. You would be rid of me: but pardon me Madam, I must hold your glasse to you.

Stra. That's a poore Chamber-mayds office; and ill becomes your gravity Sir *Raphael*.

Ra. I'll open then the booke to you of your errors.

Str. Now you speake scholler-like, and your selfe: But have we spent all this while in by, and idle talke, and have that volume to be open'd yet? Pray read mee for the first Lesson for this Mornings Exercise, and my Edification, the last Chapter of my book of errors as you call it.

Ra. You are a mocker of instruction, and good counsell.

Str. Begins it so? whom is that spoken to?

Ra. I speak to onely you; to conjure (if I can) that spirit of scorne out of you; which you have taken in, and long affected for a humor, your singular own humor, till it is grown so familiar, so inherent in you, that you have wonne the title of the humorous Lady by't; and drawn a scorne upon your selfe.

Stra. Why then all's paid, and wellcome good Sir *Raphael*.

Ra. I am not gone so; nor is all so payd: For there's a greater reckoning yet of Raylings, Reviling, Curfes by the many that Y'have scornd and slighted, shot at you in hot vollies.

Str. They hit me not. I am sure I do not feele 'em.

R. You may in time be sensible of their suffrings, Whom you have violently, and willfully abus'd With scorne and pride; if you call to mind

The

The cause, bred meerly out of humour ; cause you would have it so.

Str. You come too neare me sir, cause I would have it so ?

Ra. Can it be otherwise ? Has it not ever bin Your practise, since your time of widow-hood To catch all mens affections ? 'Tis indeed An honour to a Lady to have many suitors ; But to lay bait for 'em only to delude 'em—— Is impiously dishonorable.

Str. Have I done so ?

Ra. Yes, and have gloried in it for your humour To lead men into brakes with foolish fire.

Str. If they will follow it, I cannot helpe it.

Ra. You might though have prevented the mis- Of many, by a faire and free resistance (haps In the beginnings of their suits of Courtships, And not to set your selfe at gaze to draw them on, And then allure them with assured hopes Of love and favour till you have wound their follies Into the reach of your disdain ; and then To torture 'em, or having ta'ne 'em captives To slave and sell 'em to the worlds derision.

Str. O sir *Raphael* ——

Ra. Shee feeles compunction !
I will pursue it to the quick.

Str. On good Sir *Raphael*.

Ra. Consider then good Madam, since I know,
And your own conscience knowes, that you have made

A secret vow from your late husbands death
Never to marry, how better and more glorious
It would be for your honor to declare
Your constant purpose to a single life,
Then to fall into the transgression
Of robbing men so of their wits and reason,
And all by willfull humor : as this late

Unhappy

Unhappy accident of madnesse in
The hopefull Knight Sir *Ferdinando* cryes
Lowdly to your disgrace, and the worlds sorrow.

Str. Halfe the worlds sorrow is mine own
For that sad accident, I would I could redeem't
With halfe my health or life. But let me tell you
(Now you have justly chidden me) that you
Have a fault too.

Ra. What ist in your construction ?

Str. As I conceal'd my vow of single living,
And gave men leave to court me, by which meanes
I won them into hopes, and robd their wits,
You in declaring to the Court and City
Your vow of chastity and single life,
Yet dayly, nightly, howlerly frequenting
The company of Ladies, with your sweet,
No lesse then grave discourse and conversation
Have rob'd (nay I may say deflowr'd) more Ladies
Of chast and honorable thoughts, then all
The cavalry of Court.

Ra. Who I Madam !

Str. Even you sir *Raphael* (if unchast desires
Must be held sinfull) I know some of them,
And one (I feare) too well, that have bin subject
Unto the breach of any vow for you,
Yet you to vow a single and chast life ;
And publish your intent !

Ra. Tis with intent,
And a religious purpose to decline,
And divert womans fond affections from me.

Str. O, but forbidden things are womens longings!
You have read, you have read (sir *Raphael*) you
have read. *(Falls on her Couch)*

Ra. And travell'd too : yet never could discover
Such an example.

Str. Pray sit down by me. (hence.

Ra. Good thoughts possesse you Madam. I must
Str.

Str. I'll not be tedious to you. One word I pray sir?

Ra. Vertue, be thou my armor. Briefly then Let me intreat you Madam.

Str. Pray refuse not To sit downe by me.

Ra. Sanctity protect me, *Sit.*

Str. Sir, you are famous, and cry'd up by all For your great wisdom, Morall and Divine : You are the *Ipse dixit* of the Court As I have heard you stil'd by men of learning, The Court Philosopher —

Ra. Madam to the point.

Str. What is our strength, and what is not our frailty?

Ra. Where is shee wandering now? Bee playner Madam.

Str. Doe not my blushes (which I hope you Deliver you a message from my heart? (pardon) Which I want words to utter? O these voves! These rash and ill-made voves! dos not your judgement

Read something on this face? pray look upon me.

Ra. I am no good interpreter of looks.

Str. I dare not speake, till you have first remov'd A weighty scruple, which doth much perplexe me.

Ra. You must first speake it Madam.

Str. Whether these voves, (I meane your own, and mine, for single life) May safely be dispens'd with or absolv'd, And we become a lawfull paire in Marriage? Pray sir resolve and bleffe me in a Match.

Ra. Madam I'll pray for you. *Starts up.*

Str. You will first kill me With your disdain, and then you'll pray for me! Is that your Charity?

Ra. I dare not heare you.

Str.

Str. Leave me not so.

Ra. Who waits upon my Lady here? *Exit.*

Str. I had no other way to shift him, would he would make

An errand now to *Rome* to quit my scruple;

And rid the Court of an officious foole:

Women some times have sent wise men to schoole.

Is the Knight gone?

Enter Philomel.

Ph. And blessing of himselfe,
As witch-craft were i'th' house.

Str. But where's my favorite *Court-wit*, has he brought his countrey Kinsman and the rest?

Ph. They are all in your wit-office Madam (as you call the Roome)

Passing the time among the Pipes and Bottles,
And singing catches. Here you may heare 'em
Madam, *A catch.*

Str. Marry, this takes past all fir *Raphaels*
Lectures,

Goe call 'em downe. *Exit Phi.*

This Madam troubles me, 'would he were right agen;
Or I quit of the scandall.

Enter Court-Swain, and Cit-wit.

O Gentlemen! y'are welcome,
And chiefly you that are the onely stranger,
I ha' been so troubled with an overtalking fir, that he
Has wound me into melancholly——

Swa. I wish you mirth Madam. I come not as
one o' your fooles to make you any though—*Offer*
(to go away.)

Str. Be not so briefe with mee, let mee intreat
you though.

Swa. Forgi'me for swearing doe you mock me tho'?

Str. Mistake me not sweet fir——

Swa. Sweet with a mischief! How sweet am I?

P

I

I come not as a fuitor to your great Ladyship. I am a Gentleman of two hundred a yeare tho'.

Str. Not as a fuitor to me fir?

Sw. No you are too great for me. Nor to your Mopsey without, though shee be snout-faire, and has some wit shee's too little for me, I understand degree and quality, respect and difference; and am scholler enough to know my *unde* and my *quarc*.

Str. You ga' me his true character. You are a compleat Gentleman fir (if I mistake not) the Kinsman of my favorite here, who has given me an ample relation of your worth and vertue.

Cou. Yes, Patronesse, 'tis he, who though not thoroughly vers'd, or conversant i'th' Court or City garbe, he understands both Men and Manners.

Sw. Prattle for your selfe fir.

Str. But to the businesse Gentlemen.

Sw. I that I would faine know if it be any.

Str. You have heard I doubt not of a disastrous blot lately cast upon my fame, out of my owne freeness.

Cit. Concerning the Mad-courtier Madam, when 'tis as likely, that his Taylor made him mad as you, for not hitting the fashion right in his last rich suit. But tis most like he fell from a reasonable man, by over-studying himselfe what Lord he should be at the next creation, whether of Gleek, or Cribbage;

In and in, or Hazard.

Sw. Hearke how this shotten headed Cock-combe prates! And how he, that can indure beating, dares speak any thing, or abuse all men! canst not give the Lady leave to speake tho'?

Str. Since there is an aspersiō layd upon my freeness in giving entertainment unto persons of great and noble quality, the world deeming it to be
done

done by me meerly for ostentation, to cry my own humor up, by drawing them into Love-knots, and then to flight or scorne them: My resolution is from henceforth, to exclude those great resorts, and friendly and freely be merry within our selves. I have foure thousand a yeare to spend; and will be hufwife good enough to keepe in compasse. I will not entertaine a servant, friend or guest above your rank or fortunes—— (think of us?)

Sw. Why—(forgi'me for swearing) what do you

Str. I thinke you Gentlemen of worth and quality: and therefore welcome, I thinke you able to maintaine your selves midle-sis'd Gent.

Cit. I am Midlessex indeed; borne i' th' City.

Sw. Give the Lady leave to speake tho'.

Str. I'll give acceffe to none, that the censorious world shall dare to judge a suitor to me, Or to finde favour further then meat and wine.

Sw. Yes, faith a little money to; and make's your Fidlers.

Cit. Pray give the Lady leave to speak though.

(*where*)

Str. Mauger the greatnesse of my former visitants I give you my election for the chiefes Of my familier society.

I may perhaps call in, (at least admit)
People of meaner garbe, without (I hope)
Your grudge or envy. But they shall be men
Of Science, Art, and Action.

Sw. Of action Madam? who do you meane? the Players?

Str. Why not? I love their quality and them, and mean to have the use of some of 'em shortly: Besides Musitians (Poets in the first place) and Painters: In which last mention'd art I heare you are excellent, though all this while so silent.

Dai. I boast no skill or practise Madam: but I

have drawne some pieces that have been worth my paines in my Rewards.

Str. I must commend their ingenuity for whom you tooke those paines. But (where I left) I must make use of wits, of arts, and actions.

Sw. Here in your house Madam, I would be glad to see the Actors, but I saw 'em at their own too lately: for I lost my purse there, no matter let it go. There was 15. pound in't tho!

Cit. Sprecious! How now! my Fob has been subd to day of six pieces, and a dozen shillings at least. Nothing but a bowd groat left as I hope for my Grannums blessing.

Cou. Sure you have been in some ill company.

Cit. Pox of ill company I say. My watch is gone out of my Pocket too o'th right side.

Dai. You rose o' the wrong side to day it seemes, were you in no crowd or quarrell?

Cit. I never was in any quarrell i'my life. I alwayes run from 'em.

Cou. I dare sweare thou dost.

Cit. I onely stood to day at the Coranto-shop to read the last great news; and I was hoop'd in I remember by some that seem'd to wonder as much as I.

Dai. Then certainly there was a cut-purse amongst 'em.

Cit. I'll go to honest *Moll* about it presently.

Sw. But first stay and heare my Lady tho'.

Cou. I Madam you were speaking of the use you would make of Poet, Painter, Musick, Actor and the like.

Str. True favorite for a Masque that I intend to have shortly, you shall performe the poetically part, your servant *Citwit* the Musically. And by your skill and directions the Painters office for the scenes. Dancers and speakers I have in store.

Sw.

Sw. I must be something too tho', must I not Madam?

Str. Marry and thanke you too sir.

Enter Philomel.

Now your Newes.

Phil. Sir *Andrew Mendicant* desires to see you Madam.

Str. You should have told him I would not be seene by him.

Ph. I told him you were busy. But hee sayes hee is to speake with you upon a weighty businesse from the Court.

Str. Tis the *Court-begger*. You know him favorite. Goe not away, I'll bring him in amongst you, And (as you love me) put some ridiculous projects to him. *Exit.*

Dai. What's that sir *Andrew Mendicant*? doe you know him well?

Cour. Thou askest still a question like a guilty person, with a look resembling feare upon thy face.

Dai. My countenance is too blame then; not my conscience.

Cit. I'll tell you what he is.

Sw. Still answering others questions?

Cit. He is a Knight that hanckers about the Court, ambitious to make himselfe a Lord by begging. His braine is all Projects, and his foule nothing but Court-suits. He has begun more knavish suits at Court, then ever the Kings Taylor honestly finish'd, but never thriv'd by any: so that now hee's almost fallen from a Pallace Begger to a spittle one. His businesse to my Lady now can be nothing but to borrow money to buy a paire of wheeles to set some Project a going to Court for a Monopoly.

Sw. Thou wert in halt eene now to looke after thy money ; but and thy Life lay on't thou must stay to abuse a man behinde his back, who is a noble Gentleman thou knowst, and I have heard, yet (speake in thy conscience) wouldst thou not be beaten now ?

Cou. Forbeare, they come.

Enter Strangelove, Mendicant.

Str. Sir, since it is requested by those great ones Whose power cannot command me in this case (For tis my charity and not my duty) I am content that the mad *Ferdinand* Shall sojourne in my house for his recovery.

Men. Tis thought you were the ground-work of his frensy
The Doctors therefore mov'd their honours to it
For that your frequent preface may be helpfull
Towards his care.

Str. He shall have it then
Towards the expiation of the crime
They charge me with. But in case fir *Andrew*
He should be cur'd by this meanes, I should then
Crosse you in fortune and your future hopes
Of his estate ; which you have beg'd you say
If he recover not.

Men. I must leave that to fortune Madam.

Str. Will you be pleas'd fir to take notice of
These Gentlemen my friends. They may be usefull
(*Salute.*)

For they have all projective braines I tell you.

Men. Pray of what nature are your Projects
Gentlemen ?

Cou. Sir my affection leanes much to Poetry,
especialy the *Drammatick*.

Men. Writing of strange Playes ?

Con. I am glad I speake fir, to your understand-
ing.

ing. And my project is that no Playes may be admitted to the Stage, but of their making who Professe or indeavour to live by the quality: That no Courtiers, Divines, Students at Law, Lawyers-clearks, Tradesmen or Prentises be allow'd to write 'em, nor the Works of any lay-Poet whatsoever to be receav'd to the Stage, though freely given unto the Actors, nay though any such Poet should give a summe of money with his Play, as with an Apprentice, unlesse the Author doe also become bound that it shall doe true and faithfull service for a whole Terme.

Men. Here's a trim businesse towards, and as idle as the Players going to Law with their Poets.

Con. I have another fir, to procure a Patent for my selfe to have the onely priviledge to give instructions to all the actors in the City, (especially the younger sort) the better to enable them to speake their parts emphatically and to the life.

Men. You were best take heede in time then that you well preserve your own voyce, for feare you doe a spoyle among 'em in teaching 'em to utter in unfavory tunes. Doe I come hither to be mock'd?

Sw. Will you heare mine though? I am a Countrey Gentleman, young, healthfull and lusty. I heare complaints of barrennesse in the City; and of men that cannot get their wives with child; Get me but a Patent for't I'll undertake by my selfe and deputies (provided that the woman be sound and handsome) to make them multiply, and upon reasonable conditions: we will deale with the rich for money, and the poore for charity.

Men. This is foolisher then tother. Doe you abuse me Gentlemen?

Sw. Is that a wise man's question? you cannot tell th'o.

Cit. We have our projects too Sir.

Men. I would have yours first, you seeme a civill and substantiall Gentleman.

Dai. In more private if you please Sir.

Men. I like well his reservednesse.

Dai. Sir I am a Picture-drawer Limner, or Painter (if you please) and would gladly purchase authority, by my selfe and deputies, for the painting of all the Kings, and Queenes-head signes for Taverns, Innes, Ale houses, and all Houses and Shops of Trade throughout the Kingdome upon this ground that they draw and hang up their royall Images for signes in so hideous manner that men blesse themselves to see't.

Men. I marry this hangs upon some ground. But are you an exquisite workeman in that art sir?

Dai. I am an Artift in that mistery sir, and have drawn some of his Majesties Pictures (by copy onely but) so to the life, that Gentlemen have kneel'd to 'em for suites, and knight-hoods.

Men. Indeed sir!

Dai. Yes sir, and great Lords I have pictur'd so powerfully, their own followers sodainly rushing into the room have started back, and solemnly stood bare to 'em as they hung o' the walls.

Men. Ist possible!

Dai. I drew a sterne Judge, and a civill Lawyer so to the life, that after their corps were in the Grave, a man durst not looke upon their pictures without a bribe, or double fee in's hand.

Men. I doe admire you!

Dai. I ha' drawn Ladies too, with that alluring beauty, that men have lov'd their dead pictures. for their painted lookes, more then their living persons for all their vertues.

Men. Thou boy! introth you abuse me most merrily Gentlemen.

Goe.

Str.

Str. An excellent fellow: I like him for that fancy more then all the rest.

Cit. Pray heare my project too fir?

Str. Yes good fir *Andrew*, you shall not part so abruptly.

Cit. Mine is a good common wealths businesse, against the common Plague, that raignes i' th' City of Pickpockets, and Cut-purses. I my selfe ha' bin robb'd to day, and am going to a good member that deales in private for the recoveries of such goods: One that shall undertake if you'l but get a Patent, for a Cutpurse-hall, or Office, to helpe all men to their owne againe, allowing but the Tithes of their Losses, and freeing the offending parties.

Men. Fie, fie. Here's tithing indeed.

Cit. Provided that notice be brought to the Office within foure and twenty houres after any such losse.

Men. Enough, enough.

Cit. Wee may by the same course secure the Counties too, and make the hangman hang himselfe.

Men. Let every man be wise enough to looke to his purse, and there will be no Cut-purses, nor need of your patent.

Sw. As wise a man as you may lose his purse tho', as I ha' done my selfe in a crow'd.

Men. He puts me in mind of a crowd I was in once to day of company I lik'd not — ha—. For heaven 'tis gone: And I dare not discover it for being laught at.

Cou. It seemes none of your Projects will passe with you fir *Andrew*.

Str. Come fir, they are but (as you said) merry with you.

Men. Be you merry with them good Madam, you know the ferious worke I came about. In
which

which I fodainly fhall prefume to give you a re-
vifite.

Str. Pray do fir *Andrew*, bring your Mad-man.
My garden Lodgings fhall be his bedlem. Come
gentlemen tis Dinner-time.

Cou. We are your waiters Madam. *Exeunt*
Omnes.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philomel, Mendicant, Doctor.

Ph. **T**Hefe are the Lodgings, that my Lady
For your distracted patient. (appointed
Men. Like you 'em Doctor.

Doct. Exceeding well. Excuse me Gentlewoman
That now intreat your abfence.

Ph. Willingly. I am not taken with the fight
you bring :

For I fee mad-folkes enough every day. *Exit.*

Doct. Here fet him downe. Unbind him, and
unblind him. (*Ferdinand brought in a*

Fer. Am I then taken prifoner in the North? (*chaire*
Wounded, difarm'd and bound? I fhall (*bound and*
be ranfom'd. (*hooded, &c.*

To which of your rebellioufly ufurp'd
Castles ha' you brought me? you fir *Presbiter*,
That better can *pugnare* then *orare*,
And fo abjure all duty and allegiance ---

Men. Hee takes you for a Northerne Pastor Mr.
Doctor.

Doct. No matter what, let him run out his fancy.

Fer. You were beft to ufe me well; and like a
fouldier

Order will elfe be tane (though you know none.)

Doct.

Dofl. You fhall have all beft uſage ſir.

Fer. And uſe my horſe well too, and let my horſe
and armor

Be decently preſerv'd and ſeene forth-comming
At my redemption.

Dofl. With all beſt care ſir.

Fer. For I ſhall ſoone be ſent for, or fetch'd off
With ruine of your countrey 'bout your eares.

Dofl. You ſhall have all content the countrey
yeilds ſir.

Fer. I ſhall have Oat-bread, Ale, and Bag-pipes,
ſhall I?

Dofl. If you'l be merry ſir.

Fer. Merry! why not? come let's ha' cards; and
you and I to cribbidge

For an od hundred pound, I meane not Scotch,
But ſterling Engliſh pieces, where's your money?
All gone in Ammunition, and charge Military.

Dofl. I'll finde you money enough.

Fer. O here's a third man, let's then to Gleeke.

Men. Crown Gleeke ſir, if you pleaſe.

Fer. Crown Gleeke! no more?

You ſeeme to be a thrifty Covenanter
To play but at crowne Gleeke, whole piece Gleeke
or nothing.

Men. High as you pleaſe ſir, wee'l find money
enough,

And pay us but our buyings.

Fer. Sir, you muſt bate me Aces. You will play
Tib and *Tom*.

Dofl. All i' the Cards ſir.

Fer. Away with cards. Bring dice, ſet all at
hazard,

And though I loſe all, I have yet a project
That at the end o' th' war, and the great ſitting
Shall fetch all in agen. But O my Muſe!
How dare I ſo neglect thy inſpirations?

Give

Give me Pen, Inke and Paper.

Doct. All's ready.

Fer. Now will I write, nor will I emulate
Ovids smoth vaine, or *Petraks* buskind stile.
 Nor *Laura*, nor *Corinna* did deserve
 To have their prayers written in such Verse
 As i'll bestow on her that I adore.
 Listen to me you blest Intelligences,
 And, *Phcebus*, stay thy course to heare me sing
 Her prayes, for whose love th' inamor'd Gods
 Would leave their proper seates, and in stolne
 shapes,
 Converse with mortalls, your soule-ravishing spheres
 Send forth your sweetest harmony whilst I sing ——
 But O shee is disdainfull ; and her scorne
 Hath blotted all the glory of her praise,
 Away, away with all.

Doct. Now sir, doe you observe the roote of his
 Disease ?

Men. I guesse 'at it, know you the remedy ?

Fer. Disease ! what's that ? who is diseas'd ? who
 wants a Remedy ?
 Are you sir a Phisitian ?

Men. This Gentleman is, and brings you remedy,
 be you patient.

Doct. O you will move him.

Fer. You are a brace of Quacks,
 That tie your knowledge unto dayes and houres
 Mark'd out for good or ill i' th' *Almanack*.
 Your best Receipts are candy for a cold ;
 And *Carduus Benedictus* for an ague,
 Could you give life as *Æsculapius*
 Did to unjustly slaine *Hippolitus*,
 You could prescribe no remedy for me.
 Goe study *Gallen*, and *Hippocrates*,
 And when your rare simplicities have found
 Simples to cure the Lunacy of Love,

Compose

Compose a potion, and administer't
Unto the Family at *Amsterdam*.

Doct. I'll Phisick you to morrow and allay
The heate of this strong fit, or Leach it out.

Enter sir Raphael.

Ra. I have venter'd to this house againe, assur'd
That now the humerous Lady is from home
Forgetting not her Love-trick put upon me
Which she already boasts to my disgrace
For which I may requite her Ladyship,
How dos your patient? a sleepe! That's well.

Men. No hee's but silent sir, and it is well
That he is so, so long.

Ra. The Lords in honourable regard unto
His health directed me to visite him.

Fer. Who's that?

Ra. Do you not know me sir?

Fre. You are (I tak't) the Ghost of *Dionisius*
The great tirannicall Court-schole-master.

Ra. Your Friends at Court commend them to
you Sir.

Fer. What hither, unto hell? Extend their loves
So far, to finde me out? Pray let 'em know
That here's a trobled world in want of Statesmen.
But tell the youthes and beauties there, they never
Shall finde a happier opportunity
To raise a new Plantation. They'l drive all
Before 'em here: For pride is at a stand;
Fashions are all worne out, and no invention
For new here to be found: all beauty's lost;
Nor have the greatest Ladies here the act
To make so much as their poore Chambermayds:
Let 'em come downe, as many of the Gallants
As are made weary of their Wives or Mistresses;
And, of those Wives and Mistresses, as many
As can their husbands, or their servants spare:
And what a yeare of Holy-dayes, a Jubile

Shall

Shall we have in hell then ? Ha' old Lad !

Ra. What a wilde fancie's this !

Doct. Crosse it not good fir.

Ra. Pray give mee leave to touch it though, a little.

Fer. But above all, finde out the Lady *Strangelove*

That humorous Madam, and tell her from me,
The many Lovers shee has sent before her
Into these shades (where we can find no torments
Like those that shee inflicted) have prevail'd
With the great Queene *Proserpina*, that shee
Shall be in place next to her royall person.

Ra. The Lady *Strangelove* ! you are in her house
fir,

Where doe you thinke you are ? or who you are ?
Pray call your selfe to mind fir, are not you
The noble *Cavalier* and hopefull *Courtier*
The most accomplish'd Knight fir *Ferdinando* ?

Doct. Forbeare fir, you will move him strongly
else.

Ra. I have authority for what I do fir,
Can you forget your selfe fir, or neglect
The bounteous fortunes, that the Court and King-
dome

Have in store for you, both for past Atchievements,
And for the large endowments of court-vertue
Are found still growing in you, studied and practis'd
So to the life, as if you were built up
Vertues own Mansion, on her foure firme pillars ?—

Men. I hope he cannot flatter him into's wits
When 'tis the way to foole men out of 'em.

Ra. The Wisdome, Justice, Magnanimity,
And temperance of court you are exactly
Fram'd and compos'd of, and indued with all
The excelencies that may adorne a man
By Nature, Fortune, Art and Industry !

And

And all this glorious light to be eclips'd ;
And such Divine perfections seeme to sleepe ?

Fer. Pray fir your eare.

Ra. Sir, most attentively.

Fer. What do you thinke of Salsbury steeple fir,
For a fit hunting speare t'incounter with
The whore of Babilion ? might I not firke her
thinke you ?

Men. Your Doctrine dos not edify fir *Raphael.*

Fer. Is Oratour *Demostines* growne dumbe
O'th' sodaine ? what ! no answer ? give me a Knife
He is but tongue-tied.

Ra. Guard me Divinity.

Doct. I told you what you would doe.

Men. Patience good fir.

Fer. Patience in tortures ?

Doct. Helpe here sodainly !

Enter Servants.

Fer. Do you fally forth in troupes ? Have I no
troupe ?

Give me my horse and armes, and come a hundred.

Doct. Wee'l arme and horse you, since y'are so
unruly,

Away with him into his Bed-chamber.

Fer. O doe you make me then your Knight o'
th' shire

A tun o' Wine for that. Shoulder your Knight,
advance your Knight, beare him out. (*Manent Men.*

Al. A *Ferdinand*, a *Ferdinand*, &c. (*fir Rap.*

Men. This now to me is Musick, Golden-chimes
That rings all in with an assur'd advantage,
How now Sir *Raphael* ! Frighted ?

Ra. In all my disputations all my travailes,
And all conspiracies that have bin had
Against me, never met I an incounter
By man, or spirit that I feard so much,
Yet here's another fury.

Enter

Enter Strangelove.

Str. By what oppression or tyranny (for Law
I'm sure could never do't) is my house here
Confiscated or usurp'd, and I become your slave?

Men. How Madam?

Str. Your slave, lay your commands on mee,
what drudgery doe you appoint me to?

Ra. Shee's mad too.

Men. Did not your Ladyship give way?

Str. To make my house a hell?

The noyse of Bedlem is soft musick to't.
Could your Projectorship find no house else
To make a mad man madder in but mine?
And me as mad as he too with the trouble.

Men. I was no principle in't good Madam. *Exit.*

Str. Was it your plot then sir *Philosophaster*,
That so you might under pretext of reading
Philosophy to him, to cure his madnesse
Make your adresse to me to prosecute
Your Love-suite when I thought I had answer'd you,
But if you must proceede, o'recome me if you can,
Yet let me warne you to take heede withall
You pull not a disease unto you, that may
By your ungovern'd hast post into
Your grave: for I shall prove a torment to you,
Though you'll take no denyall, take yet a warning.

Ra. I take it to forsake your house; and never
More to resort where madnesse raignes. Did I
Make love to you?

Str. Pardon mee vertuous sir, it is my love to
you that tortures mee into this wild distraction.
O sir *Raphael*.

Ra. Now vertue guide me. I will shun this place
More then I would the Spanish Inquisition.

Str. I shall in time be rid of all such Guests,
And have the liberty of mine owne house
With mine own company, and to mine own ends
Where

Where are you *Phil*? I were but dead if I had not this wench to foole withall sometimes.

Enter Phil.

Phil. Madam.

Str. I must be a little serious with you, shut the

Phi. Now am I call'd into correction, (dore
When shee is vext and wants the company
Shee likes, then come I into question,
'Tis common among Ladies with their women.

Str. Why that down looke, as if you meant to
fetch

An answer, or excuse out of your Apron-strings
Before you are charged or question'd? what new
Has past of late? (fault

Phi. Doe you read any Madam
Upon my face or lookes? I never was in love
Much with my face, nor over hated it. But if I
It had upon't, or in it, any trespassse (thought
Against your Ladyship (my heart being cleare)
These Nayles should *claw* it out. *Teare.*

Str. Nay be not passionate *Phil.* I know you
cannot

Forget the care I have had of you; nor should you
Distrust me in the promises I have made you,
Bearing your selfe according to your covenant *Phil*,
Of which one Article is to laugh with me.

Ph. Go, you are such a Lady, ha, ha, ha.

Str. Now thou comst to me wench: hadst forgot?

Phi. You said you would be serious.

Str. Dost not thou know my seriousnesse is to
laugh in private,

And that thou art bound to stir that humour in me?
There's but two things more condition'd in thy
service;

To do what I bid thee, and tell me the truth
In all things that I aske thee. (else.

Phi. I Madam, you had never known that same

Q

Str.

Str. Of the clap thou hadst i'the Countrey e're I took thee,

But hast thou faithfully kept thine own e're since?

Phi. Yes most severely Madam on your promise—

Str. Well we will have a husband then to folder up the old crack,

I have already made my choyce for you :

Your sweete-heart *Cit-wit* makes most suite to you,

And has a good Estate, and wit enough

Too for a husband, and a handsome person.

Phi. I finde no fault in all that. But he is So base a coward, that he may be soone Beaten out of his wit and money.

Str. But if he should prove valiant!

Phi. If he were valiant now I could say something, But to wait for growing to't were such a losse of time.

Str. What say to *Swayn-wit*?

Phi. Hee's the others extreme. I might feare him but never love him.

Str. What think you of my speciall favorite Mr. *Court-wit*?

Phi. As of a Courtier Madam, that has tasted So much of all waters, that when he has a fountaine Hee'l be too jealous of it. (of his owne And feard that every man will drink of's cup When perhaps none dares touch it, were I it.

Str. What say to *Dainty* then the curious Limner?

Phi. I am bound from lying. Madam hee's the man.

Str. Well i'le take thy cause in hand wench: But yet we are not merry. I am inclin'd most jovially to mirth me thinks. Pray *Jove* some good be towards. Laugh or i'le pinch you, till you doe.

Phi. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. O the picture-drawer! ha, ha, ha.

Str. I, come, the Picture drawer.

Phi.

Phi. O, I love drawing and painting, as no Lady better, who for the most part are of their occupation that professe it. And shall I tell all Madam?

Str. By all meanes *Phil.*—now shee's enter'd.

Phil. I hope I am handsome enough too. For I have heard that Limners or Picture-drawers, doe covet to have the fairest and best featur'd wives, (or if not wives, Mistresses) that they can possibly purchase, to draw naked Pictures by, as of *Diana, Venus, Andromeda, Leda*, or the like, either vertuous or lascivious; whom they make to sit or stand naked in all the severall postures, and to lie as many wayes to helpe their art in drawing, who knowes how I may set his fancy a worke? and with modesty enough. We were all naked once, and must be so againe. I could sit for the naked Shepherdesse, with one Leg over the tother Knee, picking the Thorne out of her Foote most neatly, to make the Satyre peepe under.

Str. Well thou shalt have him.

Boy. Mistris *Philomel.* *Within.*

Str. Let in the Boy. Now sir your newes?

Boy. The mad Knights Doctor Madam intreats to speake with you.

Str. Now seekes he my assistance in his cure.

Boy. And Mr. *Court-wit*, and the other Gentlemen are below.

Str. Goe you and entertaine the Gentlemen, while I consult with the Doctor, let him enter.

Enter Doctor.

Now Mr. Doctor! you come to aske my counsell I know for your impatient Patient. But let me tell you first, the most learned Authors, that I can turne over; as *Dioscorides, Avicen, Galen*, and *Hyppocrates* are much discrepant in their opinions concerning the remedies for his disease.

Doct. Madam——

Str. Therefore I trust you'll pardon my weaknesse, if my opinion jumps not altogether with your judgement.

Doc. Madam, my purpose was not——

Str. My purpose is to advise you though, that, if his Frenzie proceed from love as you conjecture, that you administer of the rootes of *Hellebore*, destill'd together with *Salt-peter*, and the flowers of blind Netles, I'll give you the proportions, and the quantity is to take.

Doc. Mistake not me good Madam——

Str. But if his Malady grow out of ambition, and his over weening hopes of greatnesse (as I conjecture) then he may take a top of Cedar, or an Oake-apple is very soveraigne with the spirit of Hempseed.

Do. Madam, I seeke no counsell in this case, my cunning is——

Str. To let me know, that that part of my house which I allow you is too little for you.

Do. Shee's surely mad.

Str. But you must claime possession of the rest, You are come to warne me out on't; are you not?

Doc. Mistake not so good Madam.

Str. Or do you call my attendance on his person, by way of a Nurse-keeper? I can do little service.

Doc. For my part Madam I am sorry we are made the trouble of your house, and rather wish me out on't then your favour. But if your Ladyship will bee pleas'd to entertaine with patience the little I have to say.

Str. Come to it quickly then.

Doc. First, let me tell you Madam, as 'tis manifest
You were the cause of his distraction,
Y'are bound in charity to yeild such meanes
(With safety of your honor and estate)
As you may render for his restoration
Which of all the earthly meanes depends on you
If

If I know any thing in my profession.

Str. Come to the point, you'd have me visit him.

Doc. True Madam : for a sight of you, shall more
Allure his reason to him, then all medicine
Can be prescrib'd.

Str. By your favour sir, you say
Saving my honor and estate I am bound,
But may I with the safety of my Life,
And limbes, and a whole skin dare venture.

Doc. My life o' that.

Str. You might more safely lay
Lives of a hundred Patients.

Doc. Now hee's calme,
Now shall he see you, but at most secure
And modest distance.

Str. Come for once i'lle trust you. *Exit.*

Enter Swayn-wit, and Cit-wit.

Sw. Come out into the Garden here ; and let
them talke within, I say he shall talke with her ;
and his belly full, and doe with her too, her belly
full, for all thou : an honest discreet Gentleman,
and thou a coward and a cockscombe. Besides he
has an art and quality to live upon, and maintaine
her Lady-like, when all thy money may be gone.
And yet thou prat'st o' thy two thousand pound at
use, when thou and thy money too are but an asse
and's load tho'.

Cit. Well, you may speake your pleasure. This
is no cause to fight for.

Sw. I'lle make thee fight, or promise to fight with
me, or somebody else before we part, or cut thee
into pieces.

Enter Court-wit.

Cou. But tell me seriously dost thou love my
Ladies woman so well as to marry her, and suffer
the Picture-drawer now to court her privately, and
perhaps to draw and carry her from thee ?

Cit. Why he here will have it fo you see, and pull'd mee out.

Sw. It is to doe a cure upon thee, coward.

Cit. Coward! pish! a common Name to men in buffe and feather. I scorne to answer to't.

Sw. Why dost thou weare a Sword? only to hurt mens feet that kick thee?

Cou. Nay you are too severe.

Sw. Pray hold your peace. I'll jowle your heads together, and so beat ton with tother else. Why dost thou were a Sword I say?

Cit. To fight when I see cause.

Cou. Now he fayer something, yet, and may be curable.

Sw. What is a cause to fight for?

Cit. I am not to tell you that sir. It must be found out and given me before I ought to take notice.

Cou. You may safely say for Religion, King or Countrey.

Sw. Darst thou fight for Religion? say.

Cit. Who that has any Religion will fight I say?

Sw. I say thou hast none. Speake, hast thou any?

Cit. Truly, in this wavering world I know not how to answer.

Sw. La you. Hee'l say he has no King neither, rather then fight.

Cou. Why if he will not fight for him he is no Subject, and no Subject no King.

Cit. I thanke you sir, I would ha' said so.

Sw. O thou wouldst make a speciall Souldier now!

Cit. Well sir, all are not choyce doggs that run, some are taken in to make up the cry.

Sw. And for thy Countrey, I dare sweare thou wouldst rather run it then fight for't.

Cit. Run my Countrey I cannot, for I was borne i'the City. I am no clown to run my Countrey.

Sw.

Sw. Darst thou tell me of clowns thou cockney chicken-hearted whelp thou?

Cit. Forbeare good sir, there are countrey Gentlemen as well as clownes, and for the rank I honour you.

Sw. Sirrah you lie, strike me for that now; or I will beat thee abhominably.

Cou. Up to him man: wilt thou suffer all?

Cit. I would—but——

Sw. You lie I say againe.

Cit. I thinke I doe, I thinke I doe, and why should I maintaine an evill cause?

Sw. The wench thou lov'st and doatest on is a whore.

Cit. Sir, if she be 'tis not my fault, nor hers: somebody else made her so then I warrant you. But should another man tell me so!

Sw. What then?

Cit. I would say as much to him as to you Nor indeed is any mans report of that a sufficient cause to provoke mee unlesse shee her selfe confess'd it, and then it were no cause at all.

Sw. Here's a true City wit now.

Cit. I should have wit sir, and am accounted a wit within the walls; I am sure my Father was Master of his company, and of the wifest company

Cou. What company's that? (too i'the city.

Cit. The Salters sir. For *sal sapit omnia* you know.

Sw. Your Father was a cuckold tho', and you the Son of a whore.

Cou. Fight now or you'l die infamous, was your Mother a whore?

Sw. Deny't and darst, say, was she not?

Cit. Comparatively shee might be in respect of some holy woman, the Lady *Ramsay*, Mistris *Katherine Stubbs* and such, ha, ha. Is that a cause?

Cou. What ! not to say your Mother was a whore ?

Cit. He may say his pleasure. It hurts her not : shee is dead and gone. Besides, at the best shee was but a woman, and at the worst shee might have her frailties like other women. And is that a cause for mee to fight for the dead, when wee are forbidden to pray for'em ?

Cou. But were your Mother living now, what would you say or doe ?

Cit. Why, I would civilly ask her if she were a whore ? If she confesse'd it, then he were in the right, and I ought not to fight against him : for my cause were naught. If she deny'd it, then he were in an error, and his cause were naught, and I would not fight, 'twere better he should live to repent his error.

Sw. Nay, now if I do not kill thee let me be hang'd for idlenesse. *Draw.*

Cit. Hold I am unprepar'd.

Sw. I care not——unlesse thou sweare presently, and without all equivocation upon this sword——

Cit. Scabberd and all I pray sir, The cover of the book is allowd in courts to sweare upon.

Sw. Well sir, now you shall sweare to challenge the next that wrongs you. *Sheathes it.*

Cit. Yes, if the wrong give me sufficient cause.

Cou. Cause agen ! suppose that fellow within should take your wench from you ? which very likely he has done already : for I left 'em close on a couch together Kissing and——

Cit. Gi' me the booke, i'le have her from him, or him from her if he be without her belly, or Kill him if he be within her.

Sw. Tis well a cause may be found at last tho'.

Cou. I like a man, whom neither Lie, Kick, Battoune, scandall, Friends, or Parents, the wrongs of Countrey, King or Religion can move, that will yet.

yet, fight for his wench. Thou wilt be one of the stiff blades o' the time I see.

Sw. A wench is a moving cause: *Unseen*

Str. Helpe, helpe, here helpe——ha—— *Above.*

Sw. Why dost not draw and run in upon 'em?

Cit. After you I will sir.

Sw. A pox upon thee art thou down agen?

Cit. No sir, I am drawn you see.

Str. Help, help, a rape, a rape, murder, help!

Sw. Cou. Tis time to fly then. *(Draw all)*

Enter Dainty (his sword drawne) and Philomel.

Cit. I come my *Philomel.*

Cou. What's the matter *Phil*?

Dai. What cry was that?

Sw. Was it not you that caus'd it sir?

Phi. Was it not here?

Cit. Was it not you that cry'd?

Str. Is there helpe, helpe, helpe? *Above.*

Phi. O tis my Lady in the Madmans chamber.
Is her mirth come to this?

Sw. Where, which way?

Phi. Here, here the dore's made fast. *(Exe. omnes)*

Sw. I'll breake it open. *(Pret. Cit. his sword. (drawn.)*

Doc. Help here, help the Lady; help the Lady.
(Doctor looks out above.)

Cit. We are a comming, you shall have help enough

I warrant, what's the matter? you shall not lack for helpe—— (Flourish his sword.)

Fer. Away *Medusa.* Hence, thou hast transformd me. Stone, stone, I am all stone. Bring mortar and make a bul-wark of me. *Above unseen*

Cit. O that's the Mad-man! How madly he talkes!

Fer. Hold me not down.

Cit.

Cit. Stones to make a bul-warke quoth a ! If he had but to make a brace of Demy-culvering bullets, they were thumpers I thinke.

Fer. Hold me not down, but reare me up, and make me my own statue.

*Enter Strangelove, Swain-wit, Court-wit,
Dainty, Phil.*

Str. Was ever such a practice ?

Cou. A meere accident of madnesse.

Str. I say it was a practise in the Doctor.

Dai. Yet he calld out for help.

Str. You had broke up the dore first. That was but to colour his trechery.

Sw. A new way, and a very learned one I promise you ; to cure madnesse with a plaister of warme Lady-gutts.

Cit. He would ha'had a mad bout with my Lady it seemes. He would ha' vented his madnes into her. And she could ha' drawn better then the Leaches.

Cou. If you believe this Madam, tho' sir *Ferdinand* be by his madnesse excusable in the attempt, you ought to be reveng'd upon the Doctor.

Sw. Let's cut him into pieces Madam.

Str. I'll think upon some way to make him a dreadfull example to all the *Pandarean* Doctors i'the Towne. Come in Gentlemen, and helpe mee with your advices.

Cit. You shall want no advise Madam. No strength, Let's goe sir. *(He snatcheth Phil. from Dainty, who took her by the arm.)*

Ph. What mean you Mr. *Cit-wit* ?

Cit. I have sworne. Therefore I say no more, but I have sworne.

Exeunt Omnes.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Gabriel.

Fre. **T**Hou art so honest, that I am ashamed
The vice of Anger blinded so my Reason,
As not to see through thy transparent breast
A true and noble heart : such as becomes
A Kinsman and a friend to her I love ;
I can see now, and read thy integrity,
And, by the light of that th'inhumane false-hood
Of that Court-monster, that compacted piece
Of Rapine, pride and Lust.

Gab. Yet this is he
That did aspire to be a glorious Courtier.
Fre. Courtier ? A meere vain glorious imposture ;
Pretending favour, having nothing lesse.
Witnesse his want of Merit. Merit only
It is that smoothes the brow of Majesty,
And takes the comfort of those precious beauties
Which shine from grace Divine : and hee's a
Traytor

(No way to stand a courtier) that to feed
His Lusts, and Riots, works out of his Subjects
The meanes, by forging grants of the Kings favour.

Gab. What my master has suffer'd by his forgeries
I know to be the Shipwrack even of all
Except his Daughter, and what his aime at her
Was I thinke appeares to you ; And what she might
Have suffer'd by't we both may guesse : onely we
hope

Her vertue would have bin a guard to her beauty.

Fre. Tis plaine he never lov'd her vertuously
That

That is fallen mad for another.

Gab. That madnesse is his fate ; which renders him into my masters hands to restore all agen. I, note the Justice of it.

Fre. But as his fortune by the others ruine Shall be advanc'd, I shall be more rejected.

Gab. That foule mistrust much misbecomes a Love

Rejected fir ? by whom ? *Chariffa's* constant to you,
And time will cleare his frownes : and put you on
Now, the same confidence you had before ;
His wanting fortune rais'd a storme against you,
Your noble friend Sir *Raphael* has already
By learned reasons and court-oratory
Prevayl'd for you to visit her : and now
Y'are come within the verge o'th'house, do you
shrinke ?

See, a good *Omen*, they issue forth to meet you.

Enter Mendicant, fir Raphael, Chariffa.

Men. I'll heare no more on't fir, and am much
forry

That so much Lip-labour is spent already
Upon so vaine a Subject.

Give me leave then

To wonder at your light inconstancy,
Your want of resolution : yea of judgement.

Gab. He is flown off agen.

Ra. Did you not give me leave to send for him ;
Who, now is come to tender his affection
Unto your Daughter ?

Men. Did not you first promise *(Ferd. Char.*
To give assurance of fit jointure for her, *(and Gab.*
Proportionable to her dowry, which *(aside*
You now are started from ?

Ra. I understood not
Nor can yet understand more of her dowry
Then a thousand pound which her Unkle left her,
And

And answerably to that I will make good her
jointure.

Men. O you are short fir,
I meane to make her worth ten thousand more
Out of my estate in the mad *Fedinand*.
Another ten thousand to redeeme my Land,
Ten thousand more i'le keep in bank for purchase.

Ra. A judgement's fallen upon him : Hee's mad
too ;
Struck lunatique with his o'er-weening hopes
Sprung from the others misery.

Men. And so fir, as you came you may depart :
For 'lesse you bring a thousand pound *per annum*
T'affure upon her, shee's no wife for you.

Fre. O fir, you had better left me in that peace
I lately slept in, without any hope
Of seeing her againe, then by your summons
To startle me back from a quiet death
To Kill me thus with Tantalizing tortures.

Men. Thank then your learned friend, who fail'd
me in
His undertaking for you, and for her
If walls and locks can hold her, shee no more
Shall tantalize you.

Ra. Wherein have I fail'd fir ?

Men. Sir, in assuring jointure to her Dowry.

Ra. Sir to no possible dowry you can give her,
But you propound the estate you have i' th' Moon ;
When shall you take possession, thinke you, of your
Lordship of Lunacy in the *Cynthian* Orbe ?

Men. I shall climbe thither fir without the helpe
Of your Heaven-scaling ladder of Philosophy.

Ra. Nay then fir heare me.

Men. What in private fir ?

Fre. Remember, sweet, your vow.

Cha. Most constantly. And let me conjure you
by this. *Kisse.*

Fre

Fre. And this——

Cha. That you forget not yours.

Gab. Quick, quick! i'le stand before you.

Cha. And time at length will point us out a
After a short long-seeming separation (meanes
To meet and reunite our vowes and faiths
With greater strength and fervour.

Men. Ha! i'le part you,
Was it for that you whisper'd politick sir?
And couldst thou stand their screene? thou trea-
cherous varlet out of my dores.

Gab. For what offence?

Men. Darst thou expostulate?
Thou death deserving Villaine. *Hurts him.*
And Hufwife get you in: you may depart sirs
Has your love blinded you? i'le lead you then.

Ra. Madnesse at heighth.

Men. Will you along!

Cha. O sir you are unkinde,
Love then a wilfull father is lesse blind. *Exit.*

Ra. Friend, has he hurt thee?

Gab. I am sure I bleed for't.

Ra. Why how now *Frederick*? despaire not man.
He has vex'd me; and out of my vexation
Shall spring thy comfort. I will labour for thee,
I'le study nothing more then to beguile
This watchfull fury; this *Hisperian* Dragon.
Say to thy selfe and boldly shее's thine owne,
And for thy meanes (*Bastia*) let me alone.

Fre. You are my noble Patron.

Gab. Turn'd away:

As I was his servingman, I am rewarded;
Tis common with us creatures to serv'd so:
But, as I am no more his servant, I
Am free to vindicate my selfe out of
The wrong done to my blood (which is the same
With his,) by him rejected and despis'd.

Enter

Enter Cit-wit.

Cit. Sir *Andrew Mendicant* at home?

Gab. Not to be spoken with at this time sir.

Cit. Pray let him know that the Lady *Strangelove* Requires him sodainly to remove his Madman Out of her house; or shee must take a course Much to his disadvantage.

Gab. In good time sir.

Cit. This is a furly fellow, and tho' I have sworn The humor of fighting is scarce warme in me yet, And she advises him to find a better Doctor for him, For this has taken a wrong course.

Gab. Say you so sir?

Cit. I'll tell you as a secret. The Physitian thought to have cur'd his patient, (who has bin a notable Gamester at *In* and *In*) between my Ladies legs. If I and two or three more (but chiefly my selfe indeed) had not rescued her, the Doctor had held the Lady-cow to the Mad-bull.

Gab. May I believe this?

Cit. He thinks I lie now. And should he gi' me the lie, the vertue of my Oath were questionable.

Gab. Is this upon your knowledge sir?

Cit. True upon my life. So farewell honest friend.

Exit.

Gab. This may prove sport and businesse too.

Ra. We will do something sodainly.

Gab. What if you take me into that something too?

I guesse it is some stratagem to beguile The cautious father of his injur'd daughter.

Ra. This fellow will betray us.

Fre. I will venter

All that I have, my fortune in *Chariffa* On his fidelity, sir his thoughts are mine.

Ra. *Cupid* and *Mercury* favour our designe.

Ex. Om.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter Court-wit, and Doctor.

Cou. **Y**Our judgement (by your favour) Mr. Doctor
Much faild you in that case.

Doc. Your reason yet may plead
Mine innocence, that drew her but to visit him.

Cou. But that drew on his fury; and though reason
May argue much for you, shee can heare none,
Nor any understand: The swift affrightment
Upon her strength of passion, struck so deepe
A sense into her, that it has depriv'd her
Of all her proper senses. She is even mad sir.

Doc. Not past my cure: and by a present meanes
Pray, win her hither to see a madder object
Then is her selfe, and see how that will worke.

Cou. I'll gladly ad my paines unto your skill.

Exit.

Doc. Come forth into the aire. Conduct him gently.

Enter Frederick with the servants.

Fre. Into the aire! Set me upon Mount *Lathmos*,
Where I may see, and contemplate the beauty
Of my ador'd *Diana*; or carry me
Up to *Hymettus* top, *Cytheron*, *Othris* or *Pindus*
Where shee affects to walke and take the ayre;
Or tarry, stay, perhaps shee hunts to day
I' th' woods of *Merathon*, or *Erymanthus*.

Doc. That's a long journey sir.

Fre. Y'are a long bearded foole.

Doc. I thought I had been a Phisitian. But sir
You shall not need t'expose your selfe to travell,
Your Goddesse will descend into this Garden,
Passe but time here a while and shee'l come to you.

Fre. We will have joviall pastime. Shall we run
At base, or leape-frog, or dance naked
To entertaine her, or what do you thinke
Of downe-right drinke and singing?

Doc.

Doc. That's best of all.

Fer. Let s have a mad catch then.

Enter Court-Swaine. Strangelove.

Cou. Here Madam may you see the Madmans Revels.

Sw. And after that the Doctors Tragicomedy.

Fer. Are not your wind pipes tun'd yet? Sing
A Catch.

So now a Dance, I am all ayre——Ahaigh——
Ahaigh

I thanke thee *Mercury* that hast lent thy wings
Unto my feete. Play me my Countrey Dance,
Stand all you by. These Lasses and these Swaines
Are for my Company.

He Dances a conceited Countrey Dance, first
doing his honours, then as leading forth his Lasse.
He danceth both man and womans actions, as if
the Dance consisted of two or three couples, at last
as offering to Kisse his Lasse, hee fancies that they
are all vanish'd, and espies *Strangelove*.

How now! all vanish'd, ha!
It is no mervaile that the lesser lights
Become obscur'd when *Cynthia* appears,
Let me with Adoration fall before
Thy Deity great Goddesse.

Str. Keepe him from me.

Sw. You must approach no nearer sir. The
Is not so confident in her Divinity (Goddesse
As to trust you in reach of her.

Cou. Keepe back sir.

Fer. What *Hydras*, *Gorgons*, and *Chymaras* are
you;

Centaures and *Harpies* that dare interpose
Between my hopes, and my felicity!

Cou. Doctor, away with him.

Doc. Carry him to his Chamber,
And hold him down. His raging fit is on him.

R

Fer.

Fer. Was Night made to surprife men at Noon-day?

Or fhall the charmes of *Heccate* take force
To dimne *Appollo's* brightneffe? So't muft be,
When Gods themfelves give way to Deftine.

Exiunt with Ferd.

Sw. They are enough to hold, and binde him too.

Swa. pulls back the Doctor.

Come you afore the Lady.

Doct. What's her pleafure?

Sw. Tis to do Juftice upon thee O Doctor.
Stirre or cry out, or give the leaft refiftance,
And I will cut thy head off before judgement.

Doct. What outrage doe you intend?

Cou. Outrage! Can you thinke of an outrage
above the horror you offered to this Lady. To
violate her chaftity? her honor?

Doct. You cannot fay fo.

Sw. Tis faid, and you are guilty. Proceed to
judgement Madam.

Str. I firft would heare your cenfures.

Enter Cit-wit.

Cit. And mine among the reft good Madam. I
have taken care that a new Doctor fhall be brought.
Therefore in the firft place my cenfure is, that this
be prefently hang'd out o' the way.

Cou. That's too high ftaind. What thinke you
Madam, if to rectify his judgement, wee pick'd all
the errours of his braine; Firft, opening the *Peri-*
cranion, then take out the *cerebrum*; wafh it in
Albo vino, till it be throughly clens'd; and then——

Sw. Pox o' your *Albo vino*, and his *cerebrum*
taking out, that were a way to kill him. Wee muft
not be guilty of the death of a Dogleach, but have
him purg'd a fafer way.

Str. How? Proceed.

Sw. We will fill his belly full of Whey, or Butter-
milke,

milke, put him naked into a Hogs-head, then put into the same an hundred broken Urinalls, then close up the Vessell and roll your Garden with it.

Doct. I trust they cannot meane any such mischief.

Str. Hearke yee Gentlemen. Do you heare? (*A*

Cit. Yes Madam, tis a Sowgelder. (*Gueldershorne.*

Str. Fetch in that Minister of Justice.

Cit. Who Madam? the Sowgelder?

Sw. Wee'l make a Doctor guelder of him tho', and my Lady be so minded.

Cit. That will be sport indeed. *Exit.*

Cou. But will you see the execution Madam?

Str. Why not as well as other women have Seene the dissections of Anotamies, And executed men rip'd up and quarter'd? This spectacle will be comicall to those.

Doct. They dare not doe the thing they would have me feare.

Sw. Now Doctor you look heavily methinks, You shall be lighter by two stone presently.

Doct. You will not murder me?

Sw. Stirre not; nor make least noyse As you hope ever to be heard agen.

Doct. I would I could pray now to any purpose.

Enter Cit-wit, Guelder.

Cit. I have brought him. The rarest fellow Madam,

And doe you thanke your fortune in him Doctor, For he can sing a charme (he sayes) shall make You feele no paine in your libbing or after it: No Tooth-drawer, or Corne-cutter did ever worke With so little feeling to a Patient.

Str. Sing then, he shall not suffer without a Song.

Song.

Sw. What must he be stript now; or will letting down his breeches be enough?

Doct. You dare not use this violence upon me
More rude then rage of Prentices.

Cit. Doctor it is decreed.

Doct. You cannot answer it.

Cou. Better by Law then you can the intent
Of rape upon the Lady. (*Guelder whets his*

Doct. That was not to have beene my act, (*knife*
nor was it done. (*and all in preparation,*

Sw. When this is done wee'l talke w'ye, (*Linnen,*
come lay him crosse this table. Hold each (*Basen,*
of you a Leg of him, and hold you your peace (&c.
Dodipoll. And for his armes let me alone, do you
work Guelder.

Doct. Hold, I have a secret to deliver to my Lady.

Sw. You shall be deliver'd of your secrets presently.

Doct. If I tell her not that shall give her pardon
Then let me suffer. Heare me sweet Madam.

Str. Forbeare him, let him down.

Sw. Sweet sayst? Thou art not i'le be sworne.

Str. Well sir your weighty secret now to save
your trifles.

Doc. In private I beseech you Madam : for I
dare but whisper't.

Str. You shall allow me so much warinesse as to
have one at least to be my Guard, and witnesse.

Doc. This Gentleman then Madam.

Cit. We are shut out of councill.

Sw. No matter. I list not be no nearer him :
no more would my cozen had he my nose. But
where's Mr. *Dainty* and your finicall Mistris *Phil*
all this while tho'?

Cit. No matter, but I ha' sworn you know.
Therefore I say no more, but I have sworn.

Cou. What a strange tale is this ! I can't believe
it.

Str. I doe, and did before suspect it : and fram'd
this

this counterfet plot upon you, Doctor, to worke out the discovery : would I ha' feene you guelt dee think ? That would have renderd mee more brutish then the women Barbers. Looke fir this is no Guelder, but one of my house Musick. (Goe, your part is done — *Exit.* And for th' affright you gave me, Doctor, I am even w'ye.

Sw. The Devill fright him next for a spurning, skitterbrooke. 'Twere good you would call to burne some perfumes Madam.

Str. But for the secret you have told me i'll keepe it secret yet, I will keepe you so too ; and from your Patient. *Enter Boy.*

There's a new Doctor come already, Madam to the madman.

Str. From fir *Andrew Mendicant* ?

Boy. His servant brought him.

Doc. I pray what Doctor is it ?

Str. Ingage your selfe with no desire to know, But, for the good you finde, fit thanks to owe ; So come with me, and come you Gentlemen.

Ex. Omnes.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Enter Frederick in a Doctors habit, Gabriel with two swords under his cloake, Ferdinand upon a Bed bound, and held down by servants.

Fer. **H**Eape yet more Mountaines, Mountaines upon Mountaines, *Pindus* on *Offa*, *Atlas* on *Olympus*, I'll carry that which carries Heaven, do you But lay't upon me !

Fre. Forbeare you'll stifle him,
Take off the needleffe weight of your rude bodies ;
R 3 Unbind

Unbind him and stand off, to give him ayre.

Ser. Sir though you are a Phisitian, I am no foole. Take heede what you doe. Hee's more then fix of us hold when his hot fit's upon him. He would now teare you to pieces should you let him loose.

Fer. The danger then be mine. Let him sit up. Is not he civill now?

Ser. I, for how long? do you note that *Hercules* eye there?

Fre. I charge you quit the roome.

Ser. Tis but to come agen when we are call'd.

Fre. Be not within the hearing of a call, Or if you chance to heare me, though I cry Murder, I charge you come not at me.

Ser. Tis but a Doctor out o' the way; and that's no losse while there are so many, the best cannot live by the worst.

Fre. Keep the doore fast. You are much mist abroad sir, And chiefly by the Ladies, who now want The Court-ships, Banquets, and the costly presents In which you wanted to abound to 'em.

Ferd. Ha ——

Fre. Nay, nay, sit still sir. They say y'are mad; Mad with conceit of being a favorite Before your time, that is, before you had merit More then a tumour of vaine-glory in you, And in especiall care for your recovery I am sent to administer unto you: but first To let you blood. *Dagger.*

Ferd. Ho! Murder, Murder, Murder.

Fre. Are you so sensible already? do not stirre Nor cry too loud. Dos the meere apprehension Of blood-letting affright your madneisse? Then Reason may come agen.

Ferd. The Battaile of *Musleborough* Field was a

Fre. O do you fly out agen? (brave one.

Ferd.

Ferd. Sings part of the old Song, and acts it madly.

Fre. This is pretty : but back from the purpose.

He sings agen.

Fre. Will you come to the point fir ?

Ferdinand sings agen.

Fre. We but lose time in this fir : Though it be good testimony of your memory in an old Song. But do you know me ?

Ferd. Not know my Sovereigne Lord ? Curs'd be those Knees, and hearts that fall not prostrate at his Feete.

Fre. This wild submission no way mitigates My wrongs, or alters resolution in me To Cure or Kill you quickly. Do you know me now fir ?

Or have you known *Chariffa* ? do you start fir ? (*Off*
There's signe of reason in you then : But (*his beard*
bee't (& gown.

By reason or by chance, that you awake
Out of your frantick slumber, to perceive me,
My cause and my Revenge is still the same,
Which I will prosecute according to
My certaine wrong, and not your doubtfull reason,
Sincé reasonlesse you layd those wrongs upon me
When you were counted wise, great, valiant, and
what not

That cries a Courtier up, and gives him power
To trample on his betters.

Ferd. Who talkes this mortall to ? I am a spirit.

Fre. Sure I shall finde you flesh, and penetrable.

Ferd. I would but live to subdue the *Pisidians*,
And so to bring the *Lydians* under tribute —

Fre. You would but live t'abuse more credulous
fathers

With courtly promises, and golden hopes
For your own lustfull ends upon their Daughters.
Thinke (if you can thinke now) upon *Chariffa*.

Chariffa who was mine, in faith and honour
Till you ignobly (which is damnably)
By a false promise with intent to whore her
Diverted her weake Father from the Match
To my eternall losse. Now whether you
Have wit or no wit to deny't, or stand to't,
Or whether you have one, or ten mens strength,
Or all, or none at all i'll fight or Kill you
Yet like a Gentleman, i'll call upon you (*Throw*
Give me the Swords. They are of equall *(away*
length *(his dags.*
Take you free choyce.

Ferd. Pish.

Run back.

Fre. I cast that to you then. Hand it, or die a Madman.

Ferd. O, ho, ho, ho.—

Gab. All this fir to a Madman.

Fre. I have a cause to be more mad then he,
And in that cause i'll fight.

Gab. He knowes not what you tell him.

Fre. I tell't the Devill in him then to divulge it
When I have disposses't him. I have further
Reason to kill him yet, to crosse your Master,
Who has beg'd his Estate. Now fight or die a
Madman.

Ferd. Hold *Frederick* hold. Thou haft indeed
awak'd
Me to fee thee and my felfe.

Gab. Hee's not so mad to fight yet I fee that.

Fre. I'm glad you are your selfe fir, I shall fight
Now upon honorable tearmes, and could
Suppose before your madnesse counterfeit.

Ferd. Yet hold. Has *Mendicant* beg'd me?

Fre. During your madneſſe. What ſhould hinder him?

Ferd. Put up thy Sword.

Fre. Upon no tearmes, and you alive.

Ferd.

Ferd. Not to obtaine *Chariffa* ?

Fre. As your Gueſt fir.

Ferd. It ſhall be by meanes if gold can win
Her Fathers grant.

Fre. That's moſt unquestionable.

Ferd. Not that I dare not fight, doe I urge this,
But that the other is your fafer way.

Fre. Your gold's too light. I will accept of
nothing

From you while you dare tell me you dare fight,
Perhaps you doubt of ods, goe forth. Nay I
Will lock him out.

Gab. You may : For I dare truſt you while I go
call the Lady. *Exit.*

Fre. Now are you pleas'd, or dare you now to
fight fir ?

Ferd. I neither will nor dare fight in this cauſe.

Fre. This is a daring Courtier !
How durſt you wind your ſelfe in ſo much danger ?
And why take madneſſe in you, to be bound,
And grapled with ſo rudely ?

Ferd. Keepe my counsell,
And take *Chariffa*.

Fre. Tis a faire condition.

Ferd. Firſt, for the wrong I did thee, noble youth
In my deſigne againſt *Chariffa's* honour,
It is confefs'd, repented ; and her ſelfe
For ſatisfaction to be given to thee,
I'll fall upon thy Sword elſe, or be poſted,
And Ballated with all diſgrace.

Fre. Well yet.

Ferd. And for my ſhew of madneſſe ; 'twas put
on
For my revenge on this impetuous Lady
To coole theſe flames (as much of anger as
Deſire) with her diſdaine, and tempting malice
Had rais'd within mee.

Fre.

Fre. You would have ravish'd her.

Ferd. I rather thought, she like a cunning Lady
Would have consented to a Madman, who
She might presume could not impeach her honor
By least detection. Monkeyes, Fooles, and Madmen,
That cannot blab, or must not be believ'd
Receave strange favours.

Fre. And on that presumption
You fain'd your madnesse.

Ferd. True.

Fre. But rather then to faile, (her :
With your bawd Doctors helpe you would ha' forc'd
And that's the councill you would have me keep
On your assurance of *Chariffa* to me :
That your proceeding in your madnesse here,
May yet finde meanes and opportunity
To exercise your violence.

Ferd. Suppose so.

Fre. Thou art not worth my Killing now.
Justice will marke thee for the Hangmans Office :
Nor, were *Chariffa* in thy gift, were shee,
In that, worth mine or any good acceptance,
And for your councill, had within there Madam.

Ferd. Frederick —

Fre. The Lady of the house ! where are you ?
Will you be pleas'd to heare a secret Madam ?
Strangely discover'd ?

Enter Strangelove, Gabriel, Doctor.

Str. I doe not slight your act in the discovery,
But your imposture sir, and beastly practise
Was before whisper'd to me by your Doctor
To save his *Epididamies*.

Doct. O your pardon.

Ferd. I am disgrac'd, undone.

Str. Tis in my power
To make you the perpetuall shame of Court ;
And will assuredly doe't, if you comply not

With

With me to make this injur'd Gentlemans fortune
In his belov'd *Chariffa*.

Ferd. Madam most readily, I have offer'd it.

Sw. I have forecast the way and meanes already :
Which we must prosecute with art and speed.
Good ends oft times doe bad intents succcede.

Ferd. I'll be directed by you.

Fre. Noblest Lady.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Swayn-wit, Court-wit, Cit-wit.

Sw. C Ome Sir, must I take you in hand agen ?

Cit. My Lady will convey her Madman
to fir *Andrew Mendicants* it seemes.

Sw. Tell me that I know not ; and answer my
questions.

Cit. Shee and the Doctor, and the tother Doctor's
gone with him too.

Sw. Leave you by flim flams, and speake to the
purpose.

Cit. You know I ha' sworne. Doe you not know
I ha' sworne ?

Sw. To live and die a beaten Affe ; a coward
hast thou not ?

Con. Prethee forbear him : Hee's not worth thy
anger.

Sw. Anger ! Is every Schoole-master angry that
gives
Discipline with correction ?

Cit. Would he were at *Pensans* agen.

Sw. Didst not thou tell my Lady that I was a
coward in my own Countrey, and Kick'd out of
Cornewall ?

Cit.

Cit. Comparatively I thinke I did in respect of *Corineus*, that wraffled and threw *Giant* after *Giant* over the cliffs into the Sea.

Sw. Pox o' your comparative lies ; And didst not thou say that he here was pepper'd so full o' the whatsha callums, that his spittle would poyson a Dog or a Rat ?

Cit. That was comparatively too in respect of a pure Virgin ; a chrisome child or so.

Cou. He never shall move me, I forgive him.

Cit. Meerly comparatively I speake it.

Sw. Forgi' mee for swearing i'll make thee speake positively, or beat thee superlatively before I ha' done with thee.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Gentlemen, my Lady ——

Sw. Hold a little. Didst thou not say this child here was a Pickpocket ? and that he pickt thine of thy money, and thy watch, when he was singing betweene thy Leggs to day ?

Boy. Who I a Pick-pocket ? *Flies at him.*

Cit. Forbeare good Lady it was comparatively.

Boy. A pick-pocket ?

Cou. Forbeare and hear him *Hercules.*

Boy. Lend me a sword i'll kill him, and heare him afterwards.

Cou. Nay I must hold you then. How was hee comparatively your Pick-pocket ?

Cit. That is as much as any man I know ; That is I accuse nobody ; that is all are as innocent as the child, and hee as the innocent unborne. And let that satisfy you.

Boy. Live. I am satisfied. Now Gentlemen my Lady prayes you to follow her to sir *Andrew Mendicants.*

Cou. I know the businesse, 'Tis about our Revells.

Sw.

Sw. Suffer a child to beat thee !

Cou. His cause was bad you know.

Sw. Incorrigible coward ! Say now ; art not thou thy selfe a pick-pocket, and a cut-purse ? say.

Cit. Comparatively it may be said, I am to a Churchwarden, a Collector for the poore or such.

Sw. The conclusion is, that if ever I heare thou mentionst my name agen in any sense whatsoever, i'll beat thee out of reason.

Cit. In my good wishes, and prayers I may : Heaven forbid else.

Sw. Not in your prayers sir, shall you mention me, you were better never pray.

Cit. Heaven forbid I should then !

Sw. And make thine Oath good on that flie fellow that has taine away thy wench, or ——

Cit. He has not tane her yet.

Cou. You ha' not seene her or him these two houres ; has not my Lady call'd too, and shee not to be found ?

Cit. True, true : and if I be not reveng'd.

Sw. Do't then now, while thou art hot. Shee comes, here take, and keepe her while thou art hot and hast her.

Enter Philomel and Dainty.

Phi. Is she at your dispose sir ? *(Court takes*

Cit. Your Lady gave you me. *(aside with*

Phi. Or am in her gift ? *(Dainty.*

Cit. You are in my possession, nor shall *Lucifer* dispossesse me of her.

Phi. So valiant on a fodaine !

Cit. Have I not cause ?

Phi. You'll have me with all faults ?

Cit. Yes, and a match forever. *Kisse.*

Sw. How meanes shee by all faults ?

Cit. A word shee alwayes uses in waggery. ★
Cou.

Cou. By all meanes take her from him. What ! affraid of a coward ?

Sw. You must do't or take the share, hee should ha' had a down-right beating. Forgi' me for swearing, hee's a verier coward then tother.

Cou. Hee will serve the betrer to flesh him. And do but note his tiranicall rage that is the vanquisher.

Sw. You will on.

Dai. Sir shee is mine by promise.

Cit. Shee's mine by act and deed fir according to the flesh, let her deny't and she can.

Dai. That shall be try'd by Law.

Cit. By Law of armes and hands it shall, take that, and let her goe.

Dai. Beare witnesse Gentlemen he struck me.

Phi. O pittifull Picture-drawer !

Cit. Will you not draw ? I will then. *Draw.*

Dai. What would you have fir ? If shee be yours take her.

Cit. That's not enough, I will make thee fight, what blindnesse have I liv'd in ! I would not but be valiant to be *Cæsar*.

Cou. O brave *Cit*, O brave *Cit*.

Sw. Why dost not draw thou fellow thou ?

Dai. Shee's his he sayes ; and she denies it not, shall I fight against him for his own.

Cit. I'll make thee fight, or cut thee into pieces.

Cou. He turnes your words over to him.

Cit. Why dost thou weare a sword ? onely to hurt mens feet that Kick thee ? *Kick.*

Cou. Doe you observe ? Nay thou art too severe.

Cit. Pray hold your peace, i'll jowle your heads together and so beat ton with tother else.

Sw. Forgi' me for swearing. Hee'l beat's all anon.

Cit. Why dost thou weare a Sword I say ?

Dai. Some other time fir, and in fitter place.

Cit.

Cit. Sirrah you lie, strike me for that, or I will beat thee abominably.

Dai. You see this Gentlemen.

Phi. And I see't too, was ever poor wench so couzend in a man ?

Cit. The wench thou lov'ft and doat'ft on is a whore.

Phi. How's that ?

Cit. No, no, That was not right, your father was a cuckold tho', and you the sonne of a whore.

Sw. Good, I shall love this fellow.

Dai. I can take all this upon account.

Cit. You count all this is true then. Incorrigible coward ! what was the last vile name you call'd mee Mr. *Swain-wit* ? O I remember, sirrah thou art a Pick-pocket and a Cut-purse ; And gi' me my money agen, and him his or I will cut thy throat.

Dai. I am discover'd. (upon't ?

Cit. Doe you answer nothing, doe you demurre

Dai. Hold fir I pray ; Gentlemen so you will grant me pardon, and forbear the Law i'll answer you.

Cou. Sw. Agreed, agreed.

Dai. It is confes'd ; I am a Cut-purse.

Cit. Comparatively or positively doe you speake ? Speake positively, or I will beat thee superlatively.

Sw. Forgi' me for swearing a brave Boy.

Dai. Here is your Watch, and Money ; And here is yours. Now as you are Gentlemen use no extremity.

Cou. Beyond all expectation !

Sw. All thought.

Cit. Miraculous ! O the effects of valour !

Phi. Was ever woman so mistaken o' both sides ?

Sw. But dost thou thinke thou art valiant for all this tho' ?

(c)

Cit.

Cit. You were best try ; or you, or both, or come all three.

Sw. I sweare thou shalt have it to keepe up while thou art up.

Cit. Is this your picture-drawing ? are you the Kings Picture-drawer ? A neat denomination for a Cut-purse, that drawes the Kings Pictures out of mens Pockets.

Cou. Come fir, come in with us.

Dai. Pray use me Kindly Gentlemen.

Cit. Yes, wee will use you in your kind fir.

Takes Phil. by the hand. Exeunt Omnes.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter Mendicant, a Letter in his hand.

Men. **T**HIS is the day of my felicity,
And is the same with that the Poet Sings
Is better then an Age. Come forth *Chariffa*.

Enter Chariffa.

Now you appeare my comfort ; and I can
No lesse then thanke thy sweet obedience
That hast comply'd with my directions,
Bride-like and glorious to meet a fortune,
So great as shall beget the present envy
Of all the Virgin Ladies of the Court,
And a posterity, that through all ages,
Shall praise and magnify thy act.

Cha. Your acceptation of my duty fir
Is all that I can glory in.

Men. How are we bound unto this noble Lady
That sent us our instructions.

Cha. Sure I am. If this be a true Coppy.

Men.

Men. Let *Musick* in her soft but sweetest notes
 Usher their welcome, whilst unto my thoughts
 The lowdest harmony resounds my triumph. *Musick.*
Enter Doctor, and Fred. in Doctors habit, Strange.
Priest, Ferd. in the chair as before borne by servants,
Fab. as one of the servants.

Madam most welcome.

Str. In fewest and the softest words sir *Andrew.*
 (He sleeps) and let him gently be convey'd
 Onely with those about him to his Chamber.

Men. Charissa, go : be you his conduct, softly,
 softly,

I see y've brought a Priest Madam. *Ext.Om.Pret.*

Str. By all best reason, *Mend. & Strang.*
 For when we found he us'd *Charissa's* Name,
 When he was calme and gentle, calling still
Charissa! where's *Charissa?* a good space
 Before he slept, and being then demanded
 What would he with *Charissa?* He most readily
 Reply'd, Fetch me *Charissa* and a Priest.
 The Doctors in their judgements (unto which
 My full opinion assented) might
 Foresee, that in removing him, where she
 Might be his immediat object, when he wakes,
 That fresher flames to instant marriage
 Would then arise.

Men. Incomparably judicious Madam.

Str. Yet not without your leave would I attempt
 it ;
 Without your leave, knowing your watchfull care
 Over your Daughter.

Men. And that care of mine
 Was (Madam) by your favour
 Principall motive to this great effect.

Str. Take all unto your selfe, I am content.

Men. I'd faine steale in and watch th' event of
 things.

S

Str.

Str. But have you heard fir *Andrew* the mischance

Of the unfortunate Lover, distracted *Frederick*?

Men. How! what of him?

Str. H'has made himselfe away.

Men. Ist possible?

Str. (Hee has by this time, or the Priest is tongue-ty'd.)

Men. He has left no estate worth begging, that's the worst of't. (see.

My joyes come flowing on me ——yet I would

Str. And heare me good Sir *Andrew*, for the Love I bring to ad unto your joyes: for I

Foreseeing the event of this nights happineffe

Have warn'd some friends to follow me with Revells

To celebrate the Marriage of your fortunes.

See they are come. Pray entertaine 'em fir.

Enter Court. Swayn. Cit-wit, Dainty, Phil. Boy.

Men. The Gallants that were to day so merry with mee.

Str. The same: but very harmlesse.

Cit. All but one fir. Did you not lose your purse to-day?

Str. What's the meaning?

Cou. Sw. Wee'l tell you Madam.

Men. My purse? (I mist it at my Lady *Strange-loves*.)

Cit. This Picture-drawer drew it, and has drawne more of the Kings-pictures then all the Limners in the Towne. Restore it firrah.

Men. I will not take it, 'twas my neglect that lost it, not he that stole it. This is my day of fortune; it comes home to me; more then I dare receive. O my joyes, let me be able to containe you.

Cit. Ha' you another purse to lose?

Men. I have a purse; which if I lose, i'll blame my selfe, none else.

Cit.

Cit. Let him but come so neare you as to aske forgiveness for the last, and if he doe not take the next, though it be six fadome deepe i' your pocket i'll hang for him when his time comes.

Men. I'll watch his fingers for that. *Sit.*

Cou. Observe good Madam.

Dai. Sir at your feet I beg your pardon

Men. It needs not, prithee rise.

Dai. Never, till you pronounce that happy word I pardon thee : or let me have some token Of sweet assurance that I am forgiven Which I beseech you — I beseech you grant.

Men. In sooth thou hast it. Heaven pardon thee as I doe.

Dai. I have it sir indeed, and as your gift i'll keepe it, promising before all these witnesses, i'll never venter for another.

Men. Fore me an expert fellow ; Pitty he should be hang'd before we have more of his breed.

Cit. Did not I tell you sir ? And these are but his short armes ; i'll undertake, when he makes a long arme, he shall take a purse twelve skore off.

Men. I doe not like Thieves handsell though, This may presage some greater losse at hand.

Sw. Now Gentlemen you know your taske, be expeditious in't.

Cou. I have cast the designe for't already Madam. My inventions are all flame and spirit. But you can expect no great matter to be done *extempore* or in six minutes.

Sw. What matter ist so wee skip up and downe ? our friend *Jack Dainty* here, Mr Cut-purse dances daintily tho'.

Str. And Mr. *Cit-wit*, you have worthily wonne my woman sir.

Cit. I have her Madam, she is mine.

Str. I'll make her worth a thousand pound to you, besides all she has of her own. (that.

Cit. Her faults and all Madam, we are agreed o'

Phi. Suppose this Boy be mine.

Cit. I would he were else, that I might have him under lawfull correction, and the cause o' my side : for he beat me not long since.

Boy. And you be my father, and do not make much of me and give me fine things, i'll beat you agen so I will ; and my mother shall helpe me.

Cit. Agree'd *Billy*, agreed *Philly*. Never was man so fodainly, so rich ; Nay never looke Gentlemen, thee is mine, and hee's mine own, I am sure I ha' got him now ; And all faults are salvd.

Sw. Her word in waggersy is made good in earnest now tho'.

Str. To your busines Gentlemen ; if you (*They* have a short speech or two, the boy's a pretty (*con-* Actor ; and his mother can play her part ; (*sult.* women-Actors now grow in request. Sir *Andrew* ! melancholly ?

Men. I was thinking on the omen of my (*Court* purse. (*draws his*

Str. Fear no further mishap sir ; tis (*Tables and* ominous to feare. (*retires to Phil.*

Men. Pray let's go in and see how (*writes & some-* things proceed. (*times shewes her.*

Str. Pray give mee leave to make the first discovery ;

Walke downe into the Garden, i'll come to you ; And here are some would speak with you. (*Ex. se-*

Enter two Projectors. (*verally.*

1. Into the Garden, good, let's follow him.

2: Tis not the repulse he gave us in the morning shall quit him of us.

1. No now his superintendent's turn'd away, wee'l once more fill his head with millions. *Exit.*

Dai.

Dai. I'll make the Dance, and give you (*Practise*
all the footing. (*footing.*

Sw. Stand further off o' my Pocket tho'.

Cit. No matter if we lose any thing, and he
within ten miles of us i'll make him answer't.

Dai. I want a fift man, I would have an od.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. The Marriage is perform'd. The Priest has
done his office —

Sw. Doctor can you dance ?

Doc. And sing too, I ha' forgot much else.

Phi. I'll speak the Speech : Ha' not I forgot my
Actors tone tro ? I shal remember't, I could have
acted 'em all ore. (call you Mother now ?

Boy. I can speak a Speech too Mother, must I

Phi. I my Boy, now I dare vouch thee.

Doc. What think you of this tune sir for your
dance ? Tay dec, dee, &c.

Dai. I'll borrow a Violl and take it of you in-
stantly. *Ex.*

Enter sir Raphael.

Pray sir, is sir *Andrew Mendicant* i'the house.

(*To Court-w.*

Cou. Umh—— { *He writes in his tables, sometimes*
scratching his head, as pumping
his Muse. (*seemes.*

Is he within sir, can you tell ? He's too busie it

Can you tell me sir I pray, (*To Cit-wit as he mov'd*
if sir *Andrew* be within ? *toward him, Cit-wit*

Very strange ! among what (*Dances looking on his*
Nation am I arriv'd ? *Feete, &c.*

Here's one in civill habit sure will answer me,

Sir may I be inform'd by you ? saw you sir *Andrew* ?

Ra. Te precor domine

Doctor.

They are no Christians
sure.

{ *He sings on.* (*The Doctor*
stretches his
Throat in the
Tune.

Sir may I be inform'd by you ? *(To Swayn. He*
 Blesses me ; the people are bewitch'd. *(whistles &*
Dances Sellingers round, or the like.
Enter Dainty.

Do you belong to the house sir ? *(To Dainty, he fids to him*
 I hope for curtesie here. *& the 4 Dancing & sing-*
 Lady will you be pleas'd. — *ing practise about him.*
To Phil. she speaks in
a vile tone like a Player. *(faire,*

Phi. O by no meanes, we must speake *Charon*
 Or hee'l not waft us o're the *Stigian* Floud,
 Then must we have a sop for *Cerberus*
 To stop his yawning Chaps ; Let me alone
 To be your Convoy to *Elizium.*

Ra. This is most heathenish of all. *(Dainty plays*

Phi. I'll pass that snarling triple-headed *(softly*
Cur *(& Doctor with him aside.*

Which keeps the pallace-gate of *Pluto's* Court,
 And guide you safe through pitchy *Acheron.*

Ra. What Woman Monster's this ? Sweete young
 Gentleman, let me aske you a question.

Boy. Grim death, why rather didst thou not
 approach

My younger dayes ; before I knew thy feares ?
 Thy paines are multiplied by our yeares.

Ra. All Lunatick ? or Gentlemen, do you want
 Or civility to answer me ? *(leasure*

Cit. Ha' you done the speeches Mr. *Court-wit* ?

Cou. I have already from the forked top
 Of high *Parnassus* fetcht 'em.

Cit. And shall my wife and *Billi* boy speake 'em ?

Cou. As i'll instruct you.

Cit. You write admirably I confesse ; But you
 have an ill tone to instruct in ; I'll read to 'em my
 selfe, you give your words no grace.

Doc. You have the tune right, will you instruct
 the Musick men ?

Dai.

Dai. And you all in the Dance imediately.

Sw. But shall we have no silken things, no whim
whams

To Dance in tho'.

Cit. Perhaps the Bride can furnish us.

Sw. With some of her old Petticotes, can
she?

Phi. No, no, my Lady has tane care for all.

Dai. Come, come away to praetise, and be
ready. *Exe. Om.*

Ra. Never was I in such a Wildernesse. (*Fidling,*
But my revenge upon Sir *Mendicant* (*Footing,*
Shall answer all my patience, in the Jeere (*Singing,*
I meane to put upon him. (*Acting, &c.*

I will possesse him with a braine-trick, now,
A meere invention of mine own (wherein
Heaven pardon me for lying) shall so nettle him.

Enter Mendicant, and Projecters.

Men. Goe back and be not seene till I come to
you. *Ex. Pro.*

Ra. Hee's come. Ha' you heard the newes, fir
Andrew?

Men. What fir *Raphael?*

Ra. That *Ferdinana's* restor'd to's wits.

Men. I am glad on't.

Ra. Do you take the losse of his estate so mildly
Which might ha' bin your own?

Men. I hope you think mee a Christian, fir, but
how should he arrive at such a sodaine knowledge
of it, if it be so? I will pretend tis true, yes fir,
he is in's wits.

Ra. I thought I had ly'd when I did prophesie :
But fir my Nephew *Fredrick*——

Men. Has made himselfe away, I heard o' that
too.

Ra. (I hope not so) yet there's another accident

¹⁸ VOL. I. (c) S 4 Of

Of which you have not heard, may touch you
nearer,

And that indeed's my business, you sir, furiously
Wounded your Man to day.

Men. Not dangerously I hope.

Ra. Flatter not so your selfe ; Hee's on the point
of dying.

Men. How !

Ra. Nor be too much dejected,
His life you may get off for (as 'twas done
In heat of blood) marry sir your estate
(You'l pardon me) is beg'd ; my selfe has don't,
And therein, beg'd the Begger.

Men. Ha !

Ra. Take not too deepe a sence of it: For if you'l
yeild
That *Frederick* yet shall have it with your Daughter,
I will remit the Estate.

Men. O is it so ?

Do you move this for a dead man ?

Ra. No, he lives.

Men. Do you practise on me ? Madam where
are you ?

*Enter Strange. Ferd. Fred. Chariffa. Gabriel
behind.*

Str. Here sir, and am become your Usher to
such guests
As you must bid most welcome. (*Mend.*

Ra. She here ! i'm then agen confounded. (*stands*

Str. Nay sir *Raphael*, I protest we will be (*amaz'd*
friends notwithstanding I have outstript you in your
plot of matching your Nephew *Frederick*, here to
his love *Chariffa*.

Ra. But is it so ?——

Fred. It is, in which I hope sir you are not
offended,
Who gave me leave by any opportunity

To

To take her, I broke no locks nor walls for her.

Cha. I beg your pardon, and your blessing sir.

Ra. And is it so with you sir *Ferdinand*?

Ferd. It is, and sir in testimony of my recovery, I make demand of my estate : of which you thought your selfe possesse.

Men. What hopes am I fallen from ? and what misery fallen into ; when the little I have is beg'd for Manflaughter !

Gab. I quit you of that sir.

Men. How couldst thou deale so with me ?

Gab. To shew my gratitude.

You overpaid me for all my former services,
For which I justly thought I ought you this.

Ferd. Nor thinke your Daughter undervalued sir,
Three thousand pound I give him to augment
Her fortune in him.

Men. Dreames, dreames, All these are waking
Dreames.

Ferd. All reall truth sir, whither flie you from us ?

Men. Am I of all defeated ; and by all
Abus'd and mock'd ? More roome there : let-mee
goe.

Ferd. You mistake strangely. *Florish.*

Str. Harke ! the Revellers.

Fer. That come to celebrate your joyes, which
wilfully

You will not apprehend.

Men. Tis all but shew, Let go, and I will do
Something shall ad to your delight imediatly. *Exit.*

Str. Let him goe and weare out his fit by him-
selfe. *Florish.*

Enter Boy, and Philomel, as Cupid and Venus.

Boy. *Venus* and *Cupid*, my Mother and I——

Helpe me. —— I have it now.

Venus and *Cupid* ; my Mother and I

Helpe me agen ; Noe, no, no.

Venus

Venus and *Cupid* ; my Mother and I,
Let me alone.

Venus and *Cupid* my Mother and I.

Ferd. There's an Actor now!

Fre. How doubtfull of himselfe; and yet how perfect he was!

Ra. A selfe mistrust is a fure step to Knowledge.

Str. Sententious fir *Raphel.*

Ra. Quarrells are ended Madam.

Ferd. Come hither *Cupid*.

Phi. From my *Italian* Mount I did espy
(For what is hidden from a Deity?)

How faintly *Hymen* did his Office here

Joyning two Lovers with the hand of feare;

Putting his Torch out for obscurity ;

And made the Chamber (which belongs to me)

His Temple. But from hence let feare remove.

See here, the Champions for the Queen of Love.

1. *Courage*, sent from *Mars*; *The Muses* kill.
1 *Swain*. 2 *Court*.

From wife *Apollo*. And the God, which still
Inspires with subtilty, fly *Mercury*

Sends this his ³*Agent*. Here's ⁴*Activity* ³*Dainty*.
⁴*Cit-wit*.

From *Jupiter* himselfe; And from her store 5 *Doctor*.
Of Spies, the Moon sends *This* to keepe the dore.

With Art of Aétion, now, make good the place,
In right of Love to give the Nuptialls Grace.

*After they have Danc'd a while, Enter Projectors,
breakes 'em off.*

Pro. Lay by your Jolity, forbear your Sport,
And heare a story shall inforce your pittie.

Fer. What black Tragedian's this?

Ra. Some *Nuntius* sent from Hell.

Ga. One of my Masters *Minions*, a *Projector*.
Pro

Pro. You had a Master : But to all I speake.
Your practises have sunk him from the Comforts
Of all his hopes in fortune, to the Gulfe
Of deepe despaire ; from whence he rose inflam'd
With wild distraction and phantastick fury.

Fer. Hee's mad ; is he ?

Pro. Mad, and has hang'd himselfe——

Cha. Alas my Father.

La. How ! hang'd himselfe ?

Pro. All over sir, with draughts of Projects, Suits,
Petitions, Grants, and Pattents, such as were
The Studies and the Labours of his Life,
And so attir'd he thinks himselfe well arm'd
T'incounter all your scornes.

*Enter Mendicant attir'd all in Patents ; A Wind-
mill on his head, and the other Projector.*

Men. Roome here : a Hall for a Monopolist,
You, Common-wealths informers lead me on.
Bring me before the great Assembly. See,
Fathers Conscript, I present all I have
For you to cancell.

Sw. Here's a brave shew, and out-shines our
devise.

Men. This is a Patent for the taking of poor
John and Barrell-cod alive, and so to preserve 'em
in salt-water for the benefit of the Fishmongers.

Cou. There's salt in this.

Sw. I this has some favour in't.

Men. This is a fresh one sir, For the catching,
preservation, and transportation of Butter-flies :
whereby they may become a native commodity.

Cou. That's a subtle one.

Men. This is for profits out of all the Common-
Cryes i' th' City, As of——Oysters——Codlings——
wood to cleave, Kitching-stuffe, and the 'thousand
more, even to the Matches for your Tinder-box,
and all Forrainers to pay double ; And a Fee out of
the

the Link-boyes profits. But no cries to escape.
Tis for a peace.

Dai. What if some should cry Murder, murder?

Cit. Or Theeves, theeves?

Cou. Or Fire, fire?

Sw. Or women cry out five Loves a penny?

Men. All all should pay. But I submit
My selfe to your most honorable censure.

Cit. What dos he take us for?

Sw. Powers, Powers; A lower house at least.

Men. And all my patents to be conceal'd.

Sw. Our Projects would not take with you, wee'll
take yours tho'.

Dai. He shall dance out of 'em: Musick! Play
out our Dance, we will disrobe you presently.

Cit. Yes, and dismantle his Projectors too.

*They all Dance. In the Dance they pull off his
Patents; And the Projectors Clokes, who
appeare all ragged. At the end of the
Dance the Projectors thrust forth..*

Fer. An excellent Morrall! The Projects are all
cancel'd, and the Projectors turnd out o' dores.

Men. True Gallants, and now I am my selfe
agen,

I saw th'event of all with good esteeme.

And would as well as you a Madman seeme,

And now my blessings on your Son and Daughter.

Sw. This Bride, Dame *Venus* here, cooles all
this while tho'.

Dai. By Mr. Bride-groomes leave, i'll stirre her
blood a little for the good meaning shee had towards
me.

Cit. You may doe so. He dare's not pick her
pocket, And for her Maidenhead I dare trust him
tho' he should Dance quite out of sight with her.

Dance. While they Dance

Ra. 'Tis well: And all are friends. *the rest confer.*
Fir.

Fer. You have my potestation : and in that,
Madam, my faith before these noble friends.

Str. Upon those honourable tearmes fir *Ferdinando* I will be yours.

Cit. Sheel' have him, it seemes at last.

Sw. Shee's a wife widdow by't : for sure enough,
she saw something in his mad naked fit, when hee
put her to't, to choose a husband by, wo' not out of
her thought yet.

What is there more to say now Madam ?

Str. You question well.

Sw. But to Supper and to bed ?

Str. You consider well.

Sw. We have had other pastime enough.

Str. You reason well, Would all were pleas'd as
well

T' absolve that doubt, to those we must appeale.



FINIS.





EPILOGUE.

Strang. **L** Adyes, your suffrages I chiefly crave
For th'humble Poet. Tis in you to save
Him, from the rigorous censure of the rest,
May you give grace as y'are with Beauty blest.
True : Hee's no dandling on a Courtly lap,
Yet may obtaine a smile, if not a clap.

Ferd. *I'm at the Cavaliers. Heroick spirits,
That know both to reward, and atchieve merits,
Do, like the Sun-beames, vertuously dispense
Upon the lowest growths their influence,
As well as on the lofty : our Poet so
By your Phebean favours hopes to grow.*

Cit-w. *And now you generous spirits of the City
That are no lesse in money then braine wity,
My selfe, my Bride, and pretty Bride-boy too,
Our Poet for a Boun preferres to you.*

Phil. *And though you tast of no such Bride-ale Cup,
He hopes y' allow the Match to be clapt up.*

Boy. *And, if this Play be naught (yes so he said)
That I should gi' yee my Mother for a Mayd.*

Sw. And why you now ? or you ? or you ? I'll
speak enough for you all, you now would tell the
Audients they should not feare to throng hither the
next day : for you wil secure their Purfes cut-free,
and their pockts pick-free. Tis much for you to
do

EPILOGUE.

do tho'. And you would say that all your projects are put down, and you'll take up no new but what shall be (spectators) to please you. And you : Poetick part induces you, t'appologize now for the Poet too, as they ha' done already, you to the Ladies, you to the Cavaliers and Gentry ; you to the City friends, and all for the Poet, Poet, Poet, when alls but begging tho'. I'll speak to 'em all, and to my Countrey folkes too if here be any o'em : and yet not beg for the Poet tho', why should we ? has not he money for his doings ? and the best price too ? because we would ha' the best : And if it be not, why so ? The Poet has shewd his wit and we our manners. But to stand beg, beg for reputation for one that has no countenance to carry it, and must ha' money is such a Pastime !—If it were for one of the great and curious Poets that give these Playes as the Prologue said, and money too, to have 'em acted ; For them, indeed, we are bound to ply for an applause. Because they look for nothing else, and scorn to beg for themselves. But then you'll say those Playes are not given to you ; you pay as much for your seats at them as at these, though you sit nere the merrier, nor rise the wiser, they are so above common understanding ; and tho' you see for your love you will judge for your money, why so for that too, you may. But take heed you displease not the Ladies tho' who are their partiall judges, being brib'd by flattering verses to commend their Playes ; for whose faire cause, and by their powerfull voyces to be cry'd up wits o' Court, the right worshipfull Poets boast to have made those enterludes, when for ought you know they bought 'em of Univerſitie Scholars tho', and onely shew their own wits in owning other mens ; and that but as they are like neither. As thus, do you like that Song ? yes. I made it. Is
that

EPILOGUE.

that Scene or that Jest good? Yes, Twas mine; and then if all be good 'twas all mine. There's wit in that now. But this small Poet vents none but his own, and his by whose care and directions this Stage is govern'd, who has for many yeares both in his fathers dayes, and since directed Poets to write and Players to speak till he traind up these youths here to what they are now. I some of 'em from before they were able to say a grace of two lines long to have more parts in their pates then would fill so many Dryfats. And to be ferious with you, if after all this, by the venemous practife of some, who study nothing more then his destruction, he should faile us, both Poets and Players would be at losse in Reputation. But this is from our Poet agen, who tels you plainly all the helps he has or desires; And let me tell you he has made prety merry Jigges that ha' pleas'd a many. As (le'me see) th' *Antipodes*, and (oh I shall never forget) *Tom Hoyden o' Tanton Deane*. Hee'l bring him hither very shortly in a new Motion, and in a new paire o' flosps and new nether stocks as briske as a Body-lowse in a new Pasture.

*Meane while, if you like this, or not, why so?
You may be pleas' to clap at parting tho'.*

F I N I S.

THE
CITY WIT,
OR,
The Woman wears the
BREECHES.

A
COMEDY.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *T. R.* for *Richard Marriot*, and
Thomas Dring, and are to be sold at their
Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.



The Prologue.

Quotquotadestis, salvete, falvetote.

Gentlemen,

You see I come unarm'd among you, fine
Virga aut Ferula, without Rod or Fe-
ricular, which are the Pedants weapons. Id est,
that is to say, I come not hither to be an In-
structor to any of you, that were Aquilam
volare docere, aut Delphinum natere, to teach
the Ape, well learned as my selfe. Nor came
I to instruct the Comedians. That were for
me to be Asinus inter simias, the fool o'the
Company: I dare not undertake them. I am
no Pædagogus nor Hypodidascalus here. I
approach not hither ad erudiendum, nec ad
Corrigendum. Nay I have given my Schollars
leave to play, to get a Vacuum for my selfe to
day, to Act a partick here in a Play; an Actor
being wanting that could beare it with port
and state enough. A Pedant is not easily imi-
tated. Therefore in person, I for your delight
have left my Schoole to tread the Stage. Pray
Jove the terror of my brow spoile not your
(c) A 2 mirth

The Prologue.

mirth, for you cannot forget the fury of a Tutor, when you have layne under the blazing Comet of his wrath, with quæso Præceptor te precor da ——— &c. But, let feare passe, nothing but mirth's intended.

But I had forgot my selfe, A Prologue should be in Rhyme, &c. therefore I will begin agen.

Kind Gentlemen, and men of gentle kinde,
There is in that a figure, as you'll finde,
Because weel take your eares as'twere in Ropes,
Ile nothing speak but figures, frayns & tropes.

Quot quot adestis Salvete falvetote.
*The Schoolemaster that never yet befought yee,
Is now become a suitor, that you'll sit,
And exercise your Judgement with your wit,
On this our Comedy, which in bold Phrase,
The Author sayes has past with good applause
In former times. For it was written, when
It bore just Judgement, and the seal of Ben.
Some in this round may have both seen't, and
heard,
Ere I, that beare its title, wore a Beard.
My fute is therefore that you will not looke,
To find more in the Title then the Booke.
My part the Pedant, though it seem a Columnne*

The Prologue.

*Is but a Page, compar'd to the whole volume.
What bulk have I to bear a Scene to passe,
But by your favours multiplying Glasse.
In nova fert Animus, then Ile do my best
To gaine your Plaudite among the rest.
So with the salutation I first brought yee,
Quot quot adestis, falvete falvetote.*



Dramatis Personæ.

C *Rasy*, a young Citizen, falling into decay.
Jeremy, his Apprentice.

Sarpego, a Pedant.

Sneakup, *Crasyes* Father in Law.

Pyannet, *Sneakup's* Wife.

Ticket } two Courtiers.
Rufflit }

Lady *Ticket*.

Jofina, *Crasyes* Wife.

Linsy-Wolfey, a thrifty Citizen.

Toby, sonne to *Sneakup*.

Bridget, *Iofina's* Maid.

Crack, a Boy that sings.

Isabell } two keeping Women.
Jone }

The



The City Wit.

O R,

The woman wears the Breeches.

ACT. I. Scene I.

A Dinner carried over the Stage in covered Dishes. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Crazy, Jeremy.*



*S*et forth that Table *Fer.* *A Table*
Fer. Will you not go in *set forth*
and dine, Sir? *withem-*
Cra. No : I am of other *pty Mo-*
dyet to day. *ny-bags,*
Fer. The whole company expects you. *Bills,*
Cra. May they sit merry with their cheer, *Bonds,&*
while I feed on this hard meat. And wait *Bookes of*
you within : I shall not change a trencher. *accounpts,*
Ier. Alas my good Master. *Exit. &c.*
Cra.

Cra. Here are the nests, but all the Birds are flown. *He takes up the bags.*
 How easie a thing it is to be undone,
 When credulous Man will trust his 'state to others !
 Am I drawn dry ? Not so much as the Lees left ?
 Nothing but empty Cask ? have I no refuge
 To fly to now ? Yes, here, about a groats worth *He takes up the bills & papers.*
 Of paper it was once. Would I had now *Greens* groatsf-worth of wit for it. But 'twill serve
 To light tobacco-pipes. Here (let me see)
 Here is three hundred pound, two hundred here,
 And here one hundred, and two hundred here.
 Fifty ; fifty ; fifty ; and one hundred here,
 And here one hundred and fifty. Besides
 A many parcells of small debts, which make
 Two hundred more. I shall not live to tell it,
 But put it up, and take it by the weight. *He puts the Bills & Bonds into a Bag.*
 O me ! how heavy 'tis ! And, doubtless,
 so 'twould be
 At some mans heart. It troubles me a little.

Enter Jeremy.

Now what newes ? *He takes up*

Fer. My mistriss, and your Mother Sir, *a scroll.*
 Intreats you to come to dinner.

Cra. These they are ; My debts,
 That strike me through. This bag will never pay
 Any of these.

Fer. Sir, shall I say you'l come ?

Cra. How well it were, if any of my Creditors
 Could once but dream that this were current
 mony !

Fer. What shall I say ?

Cra. Even what thou wilt, good *Jeremy.*

Fer

Fer. Alas you know, this dinner was appointed
A friendly meeting for most of your Creditors,
And many of your Debtors.

Cra. But I hope
Few of the last appeare.

Fer. None but some priviledg'd Courtiers, that
dare

Put in at all mens Tables. They're all set,
Your Creditors on one side, and your Debtors
On t'other ; and do only stay for you.

Cra. To feed on ; do they ? Goe. I will not come.

Fer. I feare, Sir, you will overthrow the good
That was intended you. You know this meeting
Was for the Creditors to give longer day,
As they should find your Debtors to acknowledg
The summes they owe you. Sir I should be sorry
To see you sinck, or forc'd to hide your head,
That look'd as high, as any in the City.

Cra. Prithee go in. And if they seem to stay,
Pray 'em fall too ; tell 'em I take this time
Only to order my Accompts, and that as soon
As they are full, and fit to talk, I'll come :
Good *Jeremie* goe.

Fer. Introth I pity him — *Exit* weeping.

Cra. A right good Boy thou art. I think on thee :
What must I do now ? All I have is lost,
And what I have not, sought to be forc'd from me,
I must take nimble hold upon Occasion,
Or lie for ever in the Bankrupt ditch,
Where no man lends a hand to draw one out.
I will leape over it, or fall bravely in't,
Scorning the Bridge of Bafenefs, Composition,
Which doth infect a City like the Plague,
And teach men Knavery, that were never born
to't :

Whereby the Rope-deserving Rascall gains
Purple and Furrs, Trappings and golden Chaines.

Bafe

Base Composition, baser far then Want,
 Then Beggery, Imprisonment, Slavery :
 I scorn thee, though thou lov'st a Trades-man dearly
 And mak'st a Chandler Lord of thousands yearly.
 I will have other ayd. How now ! Again ?

Enter *Jeremy*.

Fer. O, Sir, you are undone.

Cra. Hast thou no newes, *Jeremie* ?

Fer. Alas your Mother Sir ——

Cra. Why what of her ?

Is there a Plate lost, or a 'Postle-spoon
 A China Dish broke, or an ancient Glafs,
 And stain'd with Wine her Damasque table-cloath ?
 Or is the Salt faln towards her ? What's the matter ?

Fer. Her mischievous tongue has over-thrown
 the good

Was meant to you.

Cra. What Good, good *Jeremie* ?

Fer. Your Creditors were on a resolution
 To do you good, and madly she oppos'd it,
 And with a vehement voyce proclaims you a
 Beggar ;

Says, you have undone her Daughter ; that no good
 Is fit to be done for you : And such a storm
 Of wicked breath ——

Cra. She's drunk ; Is she not, *Jeremie* ?

Fer. No Sir, 'tis nothing but her old disease,
 The Tongue-ague, whose fit is now got up
 To such a height, the Devil cannot lay it.
 The learned School-master, Mr. *Sarpego*
 Has conjur'd it by all his parts of speech,
 His Tropes and Figures ; and cannot be heard
 I'th furious Tempest. All your Creditors
 Are gone in Rage ; will take their course, they say.
 Some of your Debtors stay, I think, to laugh at
 her.

Enter

Enter *Sarpego*.

Sar. Now deafeness feize me. I disclaime my hearing. I defie my audituall part. I renounce mine ears. Mistris *Pyannet*, a desperate Palsey is on thy lips, and an everlasting Feaver on thy Tongue?

Cra. *What raging Rout hath rent thy rest ;
What Scold hath scutch'd thy skonce :*

Sar. *I'le breath it to thy bolder breast,
That askst me for the nonce.*

You understand or know, that here hath been a Feast made, to take up a ponderous difference between Master *Sneakup*, your Father in Law, and your selfe Mr. *Craspy* ; and between most of your Creditors and Debtors. Food hath been eaten ; Wine drunck ; Talke past ; Breath spent ; Labour lost : For why ? Mistris *Pyannet* your Mother in Law, Mr. *Sneakups* Wife (though shee will be call'd by none but her owne name) that woman of an eternall Tongue ; that Creature of an everlasting noyse ; whose perpetuall talke is able to deafen a Miller ; whose discourse is more tedious then a Justices Charge ; Shee, that will out-scold ten carted Bawds, even when she is sober ; and out-chat fifteen Midwives, though fourteen of them be halfe drunk : this Shee-thing hath burst all. *Demosthenes* himselfe would give her over. Therefore hopeles *Sarpego* is silent.

Enter *Pyannet*, *Sneakup*, Sir *Andrew Ticket*, *Rufflit*,
La. Ticket, *Jofina*, *Linsy-Wolfsy*.

Py. O, are you here Sir ! You have spun a fair
thred.

thred. Here's much ado, and little help. We can make bolt nor shaft, find neither head nor foot in your businefs. My daughter and I may both curse the time, that ever we saw the eyes of thee.

Cra. Sir, you have the civill vertue of Patience in you. Dear Sir hear me.

Py. He sayes he heares thee, and is asham'd to see thee. Haft not undone our Daughter? spent her Portion; deceiv'd our hopes; waisted thy fortunes; undone thy credite; prov'd Bankrupt?

Cra. All was but my kind heart in trusting, in trusting, Father.

Pi. Kind heart! What should Citizens do with kind hearts; or trusting in any thing but God, and ready money?

Cra. What would you, dear Father, that I should do now?

Py. Marry depart in peace Sir. Vanish in silence Sir. I'll take my Daughter home Sir. She shall not beg with you Sir. No marry shalt thou not; no, 'deed Duck shalt thou not.

Cra. Be yet but pleased to answer me, good Sir. May not an honest man —

Py. Honest man! Who the Devill wish'd thee to be an honest man? Here's my worshipfull Husband, Mr. *Sneakup*, that from a Grasier is come to be a Justice of Peace: And, what, as an honest man? Hee grew to be able to give nine hundred pound with my daughter; and, what, by honestie? Mr. *Sneakup* and I are come up to live i'th City, and here we have lyen these three years; and what? for honestie? Honestie! What should the City do with honestie; when 'tis enough to undoe a whole Corporation? Why are your Wares gumm'd; your Shops dark; your Prizes writ in strange Characters? what, for honestie? Honestie? why is hard waxe call'd Merchants waxe; and is said seldome or
never

never to be rip'd off, but it plucks the skin of a Lordship with it? what! for honesty? Now (mortified my Concupiscence!) Dost thou think, that our Neighbour, Master *Linsy-Wolfie* here, from the sonne of a Tripe-wife, and a Rope-maker, could aspire to be an Aldermans Deputy; to be Worshipfull Mr. *Linsie-Wolfie*; Venerable Mr. *Linsie-wolfie*; to weare Sattin sleeves, and whip Beggars? And, what? By honesty? Have we bought an Office, here, for our towardly and gracious son and heire here, young Mr. *Sneakup* —

Tob. Yes forsooth Mother.

Py. And made him a Courtier, in hope of his honesty? Nay, (once for all) Did we marry our Daughter, here, to thee; rack'd our Purfes to pay Portion; left Country house-keeping to save charges, in hope either of thine, or her honesty? No, we look'd, that thy Ware-house should have eaten up Castles, and that for thy narrow Walke in a Jewellers shop, a whole Countrey should not have suffic'd thee.

Cra. If my uncunning Disposition be my only vice, then Father —

Py. Nay, and thou hast been married three years to my Daughter, and hast not got her with Child yet! How do'st answer that? For a woman to be married to a fruitfull Fool, there is some bearing with him yet. (I know it by my self) but a dry barren Fool! How dost thou satisfie that?

Cra. It may be defect in your Daughter, as probable as in me.

Py. O impudent varlet! Defect in my Daughter? O horrible indignity! Defect in my Daughter? Nay, 'tis well known, before ever thou sawest her, there was no defect in my Daughter.

Cra. Well: If to be honest, be to be a fool, my utmost Ambition is a Coxcomb. Sir, I crave your farewell.

Py.

Py. Marry Sir, and have it with all his heart. My Husband is a man of few words, and hath committed his tongue to me: And I hope I shall use it to his Worship. Fare you well Sir.

Tic. Thanks for your cheer and full bounty of Entertainment, good Mr. *Sneakup*.

Py. He rather thanks you for your patience, and kind visitation, good Sir *Andrew Ticket*. Yes indeed forfooth does he.

La. Tic. I take my leave Sir, too.

Sneak. Good Madame—

Py. Uds so! ther's a trick! you must talk, must you? And your Wife in presence, must you? As if I could not have said, good Madame. Good Madame! Do you see how it becomes you?

La. Tic. Good Mistris *Sneakup*.

Py. Good Madame, I beseech your Ladiship to excuse our deficiency of Entertainment. Though our power be not to our wish, yet we wish that our Power were to your Worth, which merriits better service—

La. Tic. Pardon me.

Py. Then our rudeness—

La. Tic. You wrong your selfe.

Py. Can tender, or possibly expresse by—

La. Tic. I beseech you forfooth—

Py. Our best labour, or utmost devoire. Yes I protest sweet Madame. I beseech you, as you passe by in Coach sometimes, vouchsafe to see me; and, if I come to Court, I will presume to visite your Ladiship, and your worthy Knight, Good Sir *Andrew*! And I pray you Madame, how does your Monckey, your Parrot, and Parraquitoes? I pray commend me to 'em, and to all your little ones. Fare you well, sweet Creature. *Exit.*

Ruff. Wee'll leave you to take private farewell of your Wife, Mr. *Crasie*.

Tob.

Tob. Wee'l meet you at your House, brother.
Exeunt omnes, præter Crasy, Jofina.

Jof. Lov'd, my deare heart, my sweetest, my very being, will you needs take your journey? I shall fall before your return into a Consumption. If you did but conceive what your departure will bring upon me, I know (my sweet) nay I do know — but goe your ways; strike my finger into mine eye: 'Tis not the first true teare a married woman has shed.

Cra. Why you heare the noyse of that woman of Sound, your Mother. I must travell down, or not keep up. Yet—

Jof. Nay, goe I beseech you; you shall never say, I undid you. Goe I pray: But never look to see me my owne woman again. How long will you stay forth?

Cra. A fortnight at the least; and a moneth at the most.

Jof. Well, a fortnight at the least. Never woman took a more heavy departure. Kisse me. Farewel. Kisse me againe. I pray does your Horse amble, or trot? Do not ride post as you come home, I pray. Kisse me once more. Farewell. *Exit Cra.*

Hay hoe! How I do gape.

Enter Bridget, Jeremy.

Jof. What's a clock *Bridget.*

Bri. Past three forsooth.

Jof. Tis past sleeping time then, *Bridget.* (means.

Bri. Nothing is past to those, that have a mind and

Jof. That's true and tryed. Go lay my Pillow

Bridget. *Exit Brid.*

Lord, what a thing a woman is in her Husbands absence!

Waft

Wast thou ever in love, *Jeremy*?

Fer. Who I forsooth? No forsooth.

Jos. I forsooth, and no forsooth? then I perceive you are forsooth. But I advise you to take heed, how you levell your Affection towards me: I am your Mistris; And I hope you never heard of any Apprentice was so bold with his Mistris.

Fer. No indeed forsooth. I should be sorry there should be any such.

Jos. Nay, be not sorry neither *Jeremy*. Is thy Master gone? Look. A pretty youth, this same *Jeremy*! And is come of a good Race. I have heard my Mother say his Father was a Ferretter —

Enter Jeremy.

Fer. He is gone forsooth.

Jos. Come hither *Jeremy*. Dost thou see this Handkerchief?

Fer. Yes forsooth.

Jos. I vow'd this Handkerchief should never touch anybodies face, but such a one, as I would intreat to lie with me.

Fer. Indeed forsooth!

Jos. Come hither *Jeremy*. There's a spot o'thy Cheek, let me wipe it off.

Fer. O Lord forsooth. I'll go wash it. *Exit Fer.*

Jos. Heaven made this Boy of a very honest Appetite, sober Ignorance, and modest Understanding. My old Grandmothers Latine is verified upon him; *Ars non habet Inimicum præter Ignorantem*. Ignorance is womans greatest Enemy. Who's within? *Bridget*.

Enter Bridget.

Bri. Here forsooth.

Jos. Go your wayes to Mistresse *Parmisan*, the Cheesmongers Wife in old Fishstreet, and commend me

me to her ; and intreat her to pray Mistresse *Colli-floore* the Hearb-woman in the Old Change, that she will desire Mistris *Piccadell* in Bow-lane, in any hand to beseech the good old dry Nurse mother, *et cetera*, shee knowes where, to provide me an honest, handsome, secret young man ; that can write, and read written hand. Take your errand with you, that can write and read written hand.

Bri. I warrant you forfooth.

Exit.

Jos. So, now will I meditate, take a nap, and dreame out a few fancies.

ACT I. Scene II.

Enter *Craspy*, booted. *Ticket*, *Rufflit*, *Tobias Sarpego*, *Linsy woolfsy*.

Tic. **W**EE take our leaves Mr. *Craspy*, and wish good Journey to you.

Ruff. Farewell good Mr. *Craspy*.

Tob. Adieu Brother.

Sar. *Iterum iterumque vale.*

Lin. Heartily Godbuy, good Mr. *Craspy*.

Cra. Nay but Gentlemen : A little of your patience, you all know your own Debts, and my almost impudent necessities, satisfie me, that I may discharge others. Will you suffer me to sink under my Freenes ? shall my goodnesse, and ready Pietie

B

undoe

undoe me? Sir *Andrew Ticket*, you are a Profest Courtier, and should have a tender sence of honor. This is your day of payment for two hundred pound.

Tic. Blood of *Bacchus*, tis true, tis my day, what then? Dost take me for a Cittizen, that thou thinkest I'll keep my day? No, thou'lt find that I am a Courtier, let my day keep me and 'twill. But dost heare? Come to the Court. I will not say what I will do for thee. But come to the Court. I owe thee two hundred pounds: I'll not deny't, if thou ask seven years hence for't, farewell. I say no more, but come to the Court, and see if I will know thee.

Cra. O, Sir, now you are in favour, you will know no body.

Tic. True: tis just. Why should we, when we are in favour know any body; when, if we be in disgrace, no body will know us? Farewell honest Tradesman.

Exit.

Sar. That is *Synonima* for a fool. An ironically Epithite, upon my *Facunditie*.

Cra. O Master *Sarpego*! I know you will satisfie your own driblet of ten pound, I lent you out of my Purse.

Sar. *Diogenes Laertius* on a certaine time, demanding of *Cornelius Tacitus* an Areopagit of *Syracusa*; what was the most Commodious and expediteft method to kill the Itch, answered——

Cra. Answer me my moneys I beseech you.

Sar. Peremptorily, *Careo Supinis*; I want money. I confesse, some driblets are in the Debet. But, me thinks, that you being a Man of Wit, Braine, Fore-cast and Forehead, should not be so easie, (I will not say foolish, for that were a figure) as to lend a Philosopher money, that cries, when he is naked,
Omnia

Omnia mea mecum porto. Well Sir, I shall ever live to wish, that your owne Lanthorne may be your direction ; and that, where ever you travell, the *Cornu copia* of Abundance may accompany you. Yes sure shall I. *Vive valeque.*

Exit.

Tob. Why look you Brother, It was thought, that I had a tender Pericranion ; or, in direct Phrase, that I was an unthrifty fool. Signior no : you shall now find, that I cannot only keep mine own, but other mens. It is rightly said, He that is poor in Appetite, may quickly be rich in Purse. Desire little ; covet little ; no not your own : And you shall have enough.

Cra. Enough ?

Tob. Yes Brother, little enough. I confesse I am your Debtor for the loane of some hundred Marks. Now you have need : who has not ? you have need to have it. I have need to pay it. Here's need of all hands. But Brother, you shall be no looser by me. Purchase Wit ; Get wit (look you) wit. And Brother, if you come to the Court, now my Mother and my Father have bought me an Office there, so you will bring my Sister with you, I will make the best shew of you that I can. It may chance to set you up againe, Brother ; tis many an honest mans fortune, to rise by a good Wife. Farewell sweet Brother. Prithee grow rich againe ; and weare good Cloaths, that that we may keep our Acquaintance still. Farewell, deare Brother. *Exit.*

Cra. Mr. Rufflit —

Ruff. What, does thy fist gape for mony from me ?

Cra. I hope it is not the fashion, for a Gallant of fashion, to break for so small a Portion as the summe of an hundred Angells.

Ruff. For a Gallant of fashion to break, for a

Gallant of fashion? Dost thou know what a Gallant of fashion is? I'll tell thee. It is a thing that but once in three Moneths has money in his Purse; A creature made up of Promise and Protestation: A thing that foules other mens Napkins: towseth other Mens Sheets, flatters all he feares, contemns all he needs not, sterves all that serve him, and undoes all that trust him. Dost ask me mony, as I am a Gallant of fashion, I do thee Curtesie, I beat thee not.

Cra. I lent it you on your single word.

Ruff. Tis pittie but thou shouldest loose thy Freedom for it: you Tradesmen have a good Order in your Citty, Not to lend a Gentleman money without a Cittizen bound with him: But you forsooth scorne Orders! By this light, tis pittie thou loofest not thy Freedom for it. Well, when I am flush, thou shalt feel from mee, Farewell. Prithee learne to have some witt. A handsome streight young fellow, grown into a pretty Bear, with a proper bodyed Woman to his Wife, and cannot beare a Braine! Farewell. Dost heare? Be rul'd by me, Get money, do, Get money and keep it; wouldst thrive? Be rather a knave then a Fool. How much dost say I ow thee?

Cra. Fifty pound.

Ruff. Thou art in my Debt. I have given thee Counsell worth threescore, Dog-cheap, well I'll rent the odde mony. *Exit.*

Lin. Strange mad fellows these same, Mr. *Crasie*, me thinks to deale withall.

Cra. You are right Mr. *Linsie wolfie*? I would my Genius had directed me, to deale alwayes with such honest neighbourly men as your selfe. I hope you will not deny me a Curtesie.

Lins. Not I, I protest, what is it?

Cra. You took once a Jewell of me, which you fold

fold for thirty pound, for which I have your Bond for sixty, at your day of mariage. If you will now, because I want present money, give me but twenty pound, I'll acquit you.

Lin. My good friend Mr. *Crasie*, I have no tricks and Jerks to come over you as the witty Gentleman had ere while : But I know a plaine bargaine is a plaine bargaine : and wit is never good till it be bought. If twentie pound will pleasure you, upon good security I will procure it you. A hundred if you please, do you mark Mr. *Crasie*? On good security. Otherwise you must pardon me, Mr. *Crasie*. I am a poore Tradesman Mr. *Crasie*, keep both a Linnen and a Wollen Drapers shop, Mr. *Crasie*, according to my name, Mr. *Crasie*, and would be loth to lend my money, Mr. *Crasie*, to be laught at among my Neighbours, Mr. *Crasie*, as you are Mr. *Crasie*. And so fare you wel, Mr. *Crasie*. *Exit.*

Cra. Is this the end of unsuspicious Freenesse?
Are open hands of Chearfull Pietie,
A helpfull bounty, and most easie Goodnesse,
Rewarded thus?
Is, to be honest, term'd to be a fool?
Respect it Heaven. Beare up still merry heart.
Droop not : But scorne the worlds unjust despising.
Who through Goodnesse sinks, his fall's his Rising.

Enter Jeremy.

O Master, Master, upon my knowledge, my Mistres is forced since your departure to be

Cra. What *Jeremy*?

Ier. Honest Sir. Get up your Debts as fast as you can abroad : For on my understanding (which great *Iove* knowes is but little) shee will take up more then your due at home easily.

Cra. Boy. Didst never observe at the Court gate,
B 3 that

that the Lord was no sooner off from his Horfe-back but the Lackey got up into the Saddle and rode home.

Fer. Yes Sir, tis common.

Cra. I sorne not my Betters Fortune. And what is not my sinne, shall never be my shame.

Fer. Introth I was faine to make my felfe an Affe, or else I had been tempted to have been a knave.

Cra. Boy, thou art now my Prentice. From hence be free. Poverty shall serve it felfe. Yet do one thing for me.

Fer. If it be in the power of my poore Sconce.

Car. If ever it be in thy possible ability, wrong all Men, use thy wit, to abuse all things, that have but sence of wrong. For without mercie, all men have injur'd thy mistrustles Master, Milk'd my thoughts from my heart, and money from my Purse, and, last, laught at my Credulity. Cheat, chosen, live by thy Wits: Tis most manly, therefore most noble. Horses get their living by their Backs, Oxen by their necks, Swine and Women by their Flesh. Only man by his Braine. In brieft be a knave and prosper: For honesty has beggerd me.

Ier. Farewell Master. And if I put tricks upon some of them, let the end of the Comedie demonstrate.

Exit.

Cra. I am resolv'd I will revenge. I never provok'd my braine yet. But now if I clap not fire in the tayles of some of these Samsons Foxes — seems my defect of Fortune want of wit? Noe. The sence of our slight sports confess'd shall have, That any may be rich, will be a knave.

A C T

A C T. II. Scene I.

*Sarpego, Tobias.**A Purse*

Sar. **E**Gregious and most great of Expectation,
my right dignified and truly *Ciceronian*
Pupill, now that I have brought you into the
Amœne fields with my ready thankfullnesse for
the loane of this ten pound, I commit you to the
grace of Court.

Tob. I shall expect that money shortly. Care to
send it; For I purchas'd my place at a rack'd re-
compence.

Sar. Your *Sarpego* is no slipperie Companion.
You know I am to marry, and this money shall
provide me Complements.

Sis bonus o fœlixque tuis. I pede fausto.

*Exit Tob.**Enter Crasy like a lame Souldier.*

Cra. Belov'd of *Phæbus*, Minion of the Muses,
deare Water Bayley of *Helicon*, let it not be dis-
tastfull to thy Divine eares, to receive the humble
Petition of a poore Creature, made miserable by
the policie of Providence. That thy rare and
absolute Munificence might supply what fortune
had left defective: I kisse thy learned toes.

Sar. I tell thee, by the Axiomes of the Peri-
pateticall *Aristotle*, thou art a Monster. My reward
shall be therefore like thy selfe, monstrously lame.
This is a figure in Eloquution call'd *Apoxegetis*.

Cra. I am not fed with Figures Sir.

Sar. You are an idle vagabond, and lye in wait for the blood of the learned. Labour, and live.

Cra. Right eloquent and well-phrased Sir, my education has been liberall. I sometimes fed my flock on horned Parnassus: But my wants forc'd me to my Sword. *He shews his blade halfe way.*

Sar. You did peradventure sip on the top of Science, *Primoribus labijs*, or so, but did not convert it in *Succum & sanguinem*.

Cra. That I may ever remaine a true man.—
Extend. *He drawes.*

The Sun, Moon and the seven Planets are my invoked witnesse, I should be grieved, that necessity should make me grow violent on so adored, adorned Grammaticall Disciplinary——Be gracious in Contribution——Sir——

Sar. I will give thee an infinite treasure. *Sis integer vitæ, scelerisque purus. Vale* poore Rogue.

Cra. Sir, this Sword can bite——But, I know you had rather give it freely out of your own Proclivitie.

Sar. Yes I protest, as I am Erudite. Here dreadfull *Mavortian*, the poor price of a Dinner.

Car. If I might in modesty importune the poore price of a Supper too.

Sar. I do speak it in the Optative Mood, I do wish it lay in the modell of my Fortune to give harbour to your shaken state, yet receive this with appeased clutch.

Cra. If I might not seem audacious even to impudence, I poore Freshman in Literature, would implore of your well-salted, & best season'd vertue, some larger allowance to supply my defects of Rayment, Books, and other necessaries: which magnificence shall ever intitle you, my most bounteous *Mecænas*. Be induc'd to it Sir. *Flourish*
Sword over him.

Sar.

Sar. Yes, yes, yes, that you may know how deare you are to me; Know this is more then usuall largeffe — for *non omnibus dormio* — There's a Figure too.

Cra. O yes Sir, I understand this Figure too very well. Now deare *Mecenas*, let me implore a Purse to inclose these Monyes in——Nay if you impart not with a chearfull forehead, Sir *Sword*
again.

Sar. *Væ misero mihi!* sweet Purse adieu. *Iterum iterumque vale.*

Cra. May you be importun'd to do it, Sir. *Sword.*

Sar. You shall have it instantly. I will only deprome, or take out a little stuffing first.

Cra. Tis no matter. As it is, As it is, good Sir, as it is. Ile accept it as it is. Most fragrant-phrased Master, suffer thy selfe to be intreated. Doe——*Sword.*

Sar. You have most powerfully perswaded: Take it.

Cra. Most exorbitantly bounteous *Mecenas*, you have given me all this, have you not?

Sar. Yes, yes, and you have taken all that, have you not?

Cra. Yes, yes, but as your gift. *Iove* bleffe thy browes, and make cleer thy Phisnomy. *Vale.* Your learned Worship stincks.

Sar. Now Barbarisme, Incongruity, *Crasie* falls and false Orthography shame thee; *back.*

The curse of *Priscian* take thee. All the parts of speech desie thee. All the Interjections of sorrow, as *Heu hei*, of Shunning, as *Apoge*; of Disdaining, as *Hem vah*; of Scorning, as *Hui*; of Exclaiming, as *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem* take thee. My deare Pupils lendings hast thou lewdly lick'd away: And sorrowfull *Sarpego* is lick'd dry. There's a figure left yet! But ô thou Castalian Traytor,
Pick-

Pick-purse of *Parnassus*, and Hang-man of *Heli-con*: *Dives* thirst in thy Throat; *Ixions* wheel on thy back; *Tantalus* hunger in thy guts; and *Sisyphus* stone in thy Bladder. *Exit.*

Cra. O fearfull curse! Well; I have given my first pinch, and a little scratch'd my Goat-bearded Grammarian, that Broke jests on my uncunning easiness. But he with the rest shall feelee, that modest Simplicity is not alwayes a defect of wit, but will. What my willing honesty hath seem'd to loofe, my affected deceits shall recover. I'll rid 'em one after another, like Guts, till they shall stink worfe then Jewes.

And they shall find with most ashamed eyes,
The honest Breast lives only rich and wise.

Exit.

A C T.

A C T. II. Scene 2.

Jofina, Bridget.

J *Of. Bridget.*

Bri. Here forfooth.

Jof. Bridget, I fay.

Bri. Here, Lady.

Jof. That's comfortably fpoken ! Nay blufh not : We women can never have too much given us. And Madame *Jofina* would found well.

Bri. Yes indeed, Madame *Jofina Crasie*.

Jof. No ; not *Crasie* ; hang *Crasie* : *Crasie* is my Husbands name. I wonder why Women muft be called by their Husbands names, I.

Bri. O, they muft forfooth.

Iof. And why-not men by their Wives ?

Bri. Marrie forfooth, becaufe that Men, when they marry, become but halfe men : And the other half goes to their Wives. And therefore ſhe is called Woman ; where before ſhe was call'd but Mayd.

Iof. Is a married Man but halfe a Man ? what is his other halfe then ?

Bri. Truly, oftentimes, Beaf. Which part the wife gives to boot, in exchange of her name.

One knocks.

Iof. Heark, ſome body knocks ; goe ſee. What ſhould any body knock at my Garden door for ? I doe not uſe to be viſited in my Garden.

Bri. Yonders a Gentleman craves admittance to converſe with you.

Iof. I'll converſe with no Gentleman. What have I to do with Gentlemen ?

Bri.

Bri. A fair-spoken, comely, modest Gentleman he is.

Iof. Is he so? I'll speak with no modest Gentleman: You were best be his Bawd. But are you sure he is a true Gentleman? does he weare clean Linnen, and lack Money?

Bri. Here he comes forfooth.

Enter Crasy, like a Physitian.

Iof. He is very confident, and forward, me thinks.

Cra. Exquisite; very Elixir of Beauty, vouchsafe to receive the tender of my Faith to you; which I protest is zealously devoted to your particular service.

Iof. You may speak lowder Sir: for I assure you, my Mayd is very thick of hearing, and exceeding weake sighted.

Cra. Then, Lady, let it be spoken in bold phraze, I love you.

Iof. I thank you Sir. How should I stile you, pray?

Cra. My name is *Pulse-feel*: A poor Doctor of Physick, that weares three-pile velvet in his Cap; has paid a quarters rent of his house afore-hand; and as meanly as he stands here, was made Doctor beyond the Seas. I vow (as I am right Worshipfull) the taking of my Degree cost me twelve French crowns, and five and thirty pound of salt Butter in upper *Germany*. I can make your beauty, and preserve it; Rectifie your Body, and maintain it; perfume your skin; tinct your haire; enliven your Eye; Heighten your Appetite. As for Gellies, Dentifrices, Diets, Minerall Fucusses, Pomatums, Fumes, Italian Masks to sleep in, either to moysten, or dry the Superficies of your face;

face ; paugh, *Gallen* was a Goose, and *Paracelsus* a Patch to Doctor *Pulse-feel*. Make me then happy, deare sweeting, in your private favours : The which I vow with as much secrecie, constancie and Resolution, to preserve, as you, with Bounty, sweetnesse and Freenes shall impart.

Ios. I protest you speak very farre within me ; I respect you most affectionatly.

Cra. Then Ile attend you at your Chamber : where the best pleasure, youth, *Cupid* can minister shall entertaine you.

Ios. Entertain me with pleasure ? what pleasure I pray you ?

Cra. Nothing but kisse you Lady, and so forth.

Ios. Well, for kissing and so forth, I care not ; But look for no dishonesty at my hands, I charge you.

Cra. I will be provident.

Ios. And honest, I beseech you : And secret, and resolute, I advise you.

Cra. Good.

Ios. And very chaste I command you. But a kisse, and so forth.

Cra. I understand you. This be my pledg of faith.

Kisse.

Ios. And this of mine. — The thought of me rest with you. And heare you Doctor ; I prithee procure me some young Fellow, that can write : For I am so troubled with Letters, that I neither read nor answer —

Cra. Rely upon me. I can fit you rarely. I know a well qualified fellow, that danceth rarely, playes on divers Instruments, and withall is close.

Ios.

Iof. I marry, Close! Pray let me have him.
Kisse and adiew. *Exit.*

Cra. I will maintain it. He only, that knows it, permits, and procures it, is truly a Cuckold. Some fellow would be divorc'd now. *Crasie*, speak; wilt'be divorc'd? why, what and I were? why then thou art an Ass, *Crasie*. Why Sir? why Sir! why prithee tell me, what would thy Divorce hurt her? It would but give her more liberty. Shee should have bounteous Customers; Gallants, that would hoist her tires, bestow deep on her. And she should be paid for't. You speak somewhat to the matter Sir. Nay *Crasie*, believe it, though she be not a very modest woman for a Wife, thou mayst force her to be a reasonable private wench for a Whore. Say you so? Birlady, and I'll take your Counsell. 'Tis a pretty Drabb. I know not where to compasse such another? troth Sir, I'll follow your advice.

And, if my hopes prove not extreemly ill,
I'll keep her flesh chaft, though against her will.

Enter Crack singing.

Crac. *He tooke her by the middle so small
And laid her on the Plain:
And when he had his will on her,
He took her up againe.*

And what was she then the worfe for wearing?
Can you tell Mr. Doctor?

Craf. What art thou?

Crac. One Sir (I dare tell you in private) that can conduct you to a more lovely Creature, then her you last courted.

Craf. A young Pimpe, a very sucking-pig Pimpe!
What

What an Age is this, when children play at such great game! So young, so forward!

Crac. Sings.

*The young and the old mun too't, mun too't,
The young and the old mun to it;
The young ones will learn to do't, to do't,
And the Old forget not to do it.*

Craf. This Infant piece of Impudence amazes me. Prithee what art thou? or whom dost thou serve, or broke for.

Crac. As delicate a piece of Woman-flesh as ever Mortall laid lip to. O she is all *Venus*! And, to come close to you, shee wants a Physician. You are one I take it: I am a foole else.

Cras. I am catch'd? This habite will betray me. What is shee, I say.

Crac. Sings.

*O she is, she is a matchlesse piece,
Though all the world may wooe her;
Nor golden showre, nor golden fleece,
Is price enough to do her.*

Cras. For what wants she a Physitian?

Crac. For what you please, when you come to her. Sir, upon my life, shee's free from any Disease, but the Counterfeits. Will you know all Sir? she wants a wise mans counsell to assist her in getting a Husband. I take hold of you for that wise man, shee relies upon my Election. Will you go Sir? Tis in an exceeding civill house; a precise one, indeed. Know you not Mr. *Linsley Woolsey*?

Craf.

Craf. Not at his house ?

Crac. Pardon me Sir. At his very house. All the wise wenches i'the Town will thwack to such Sanctuaries, when the times are troublesome, and Troopers trace the streets in terror.

Craf. Prithee, what call'st thy Mistres ?

Crac. There she lies Sir, by the name of Mistresse *Tryman* ; a rich young Cornish Widdow ; though she was borne in *Clearken-well* ; and was never halfe a dayes Journey from *Bride well* in her life. Her Father was a Pinn-maker——Sings.

*Along along, where the Gallants throng
By twenties, away the Widow to carry :
But let them tarry : For shee will carry
Twenty, before that one she will Marry.*

Will you along Sir ?

Craf. Tis but a weak ingagement : yet Ile goe ;
Needlesse are feares, where Fortunes are so low.

Exeunt.

ACT II. Scene III.

Enter Ticket and Rufflit.

Tic. A Widdow ? what is shee ? or of whence ?

Ruff. A lustie young wench, they say :
A Cornish Girle ; able to wastle downe
stronger Chines then any of ours.

Tic. But how is she purf'd *Jack* ? Is she strong
that way ?

Ruff.

Ruff. Prettie well for a younger Brother ; worth 7 or 8 thousand pound.

Tic. How man !

Ruff. You are a married man, and cannot Rivall me ; I would not else be so open to you.

Tic. I sweare Ile help thee all I can. How didst find her out ?

Ruff. I have intelligence, that never failes me ; shee came to town neither but very lately ; and lodg'd at Mr. *Wolseys*.

Tic. Who, *Linsy wolfsie*, the Hermaphroditicall Draper ! That's a precious Nott-headed Rascall. Hee'll goe neare to ayme at her himselfe.

Ruff. Like enough. He may ayme at her : But shee will be hit by none but a Gentleman, that I heare too. Oh shee has a fierce Ambition to a Ladyship, though her late Husband was a tanner.

Tic. A Tanner, well *Jack*, take heed how thou ventur'st on her to make her a Gentlewoman : She will kill thee at her Husbands occupation before thou wilt be able to make her Hide gentle. Thou wilt find a tough peece of Curriers work on her. Look who here is.

Enter Toby, and Linsy-wolfsie.

Lin. Truly Mr. *Toby Sneakup*, me thinks I find an alteration in my selfe already.

Tob. Nay, I told you ; would you but give your Mind to it, you would be a Gentleman quickly.

Tic. How's this ? let's stand aside a little.

Ruff. Sure, hee's about to turne himselfe into a Gentleman to winne to the Widdow !

Tic. And what a Tutor he has pickt out to instruct him !

Lin. Me thinks I love the name of a Gentleman a great deale better then I did.

C

Tob.

Tob. But could you find in your heart to lend a Gentleman a score of Angells, Mr. *Wolsey*, on his word?

Lin. Uhm — It is not gone so farre upon me yet.

Tob. Oh, but it must though, I know it. A Cittizen can never be a Gentleman, till he has lent all, or almost all his money to Gentlemen. What a while it was ere the rich Joyners son was a Gentleman? when I my selfe was a Gentleman first, my mony did so burne in my Pockets, that it cost me all that ever I had, or could borrow, or steal from my Mother.

Lin. But Mr. *Toby*, a man may be a Countrey Gentleman, and keep his money, may he not?

Tob. You see Sir, This Widdow is remov'd from the Countrey into the City, to avoyd the multiplicity of Country Gentlemen that were here suitors. Nay you must be a Citty Gallant; or a Courtier.

Lin. I see no Courtiers, but are more apt to borrow, then to lend.

Tob. I, those that were born, or bred Courtiers I grant you, But to come to't at your yeares —

Lin. I can the sooner learne. Your Courtier Sir, I pray.

Tob. Ile tell you in a briefe character was taught me. Speake nothing that you mean, performe nothing that you promise, pay nothing that you owe, flatter all above you, scorne all beneath you, deprave all in private, praise all in publike; keepe no truth in your mouth, no faith in your heart; no health in your bones, no friendship in your mind, no modesty in your eyes, no Religion in your conscience; but especially no Money in your Purse.

Lin. O that Article spoyles all.

Tob.

Tob. If you do, take heed of spending it on any thing but Panders, Puncks, and Fidlers; for that were most unfashionable.

Lin. I thank you Sir, for your Courtly and Gentlemanlike instructions, and wish you grace to follow them: I have seen too fearfull an example lately in my neighbour *Crazy*, whose steps I list not trace; nor lend my Money to be laught at among my Neighbours. Fare you well Sir. —

Tob. Ha ha ha.

Ruff. Mr. *Wolfe*! Well met. How does your faire Guest at home, Mrs. *Fryman*? *Ticket talks*

Lin. How should he come to *afide with*
the knowledge of her? Some of *Toby.*
these Gallants will snatch her up, if I prevent not speedily.

Ruff. Why speak you not Mr. *Wolfe*? How does the Widow?

Lin. Truly not well Sir. Whether it be wearinesse of her journey, change of ayre, or dyet, or what I know not; something has distemperd her.

Ruff. Or Love, perhaps of you Mr. *Wolfe*.

Lin. Me? Alasse, I look like no such Gentleman.

Ruff. You may in a short time. *They two*
Harke hither Mr. *Wolfe.* *go afide.*

Tic. We overheard you man: And I gueſt as much before.

Tob. Tis very true Sir, ſhee is worth nine thouſand pound: But marry ſhe will not but a Gentleman: And I think I have beat him off o'th condition, I have put him off o' that ſcent for ever, with a falſe character, Heaven and the Court forgive me.

Tic. Thou haſt introth Boy: And on purpoſe to have her thy ſelfe, I perceive it.

Tob. He does not, He's an Aſſe.

Tic. Well, if I were a Batchelor, I should envy thy wit, and thy fortune. Is she very handsome?

Tob. So so : You shall see wee'll make a shift with her.

Ruff. Mr. *Wolfe*, I would you had her with all my heart ; you shall not want my good word and best wishes.

Lin. Do you speak this in earnest Sir, or as you are a Courtier.

Ruff. In earnest I, and as I am a Gentleman.

Lin. Then in earnest and as I am an honest man, I do not believe you. Mr. *Toby Snecup* has told me what Gentlemen and Courtiers are, too lately.

Ruff. Mr. *Snecup* well met.

Tob. Good Mr. *Rufflit*.

Enter Crack singing.

*Now faire Mayds lay downe my Bed,
And draw the Curtaines round :
Tell the World that I am dead,
And who hath given the wound,
Ah me poor Soul !
Alack for love I dye,
Then to the Sexton hie,
And cause the Bell to towle.*

Crac. O here he is ! Mr. *Wolfe*, indeed my Master *Wolfe*, if ever you will see my Mistress your Sweetheart alive, you must goe home presently.

Lin. My Sweetheart !

Crac. I thinke shee is ; and that in death she will be so. I speak by what she sayes, and others think.

Tob. Tis the Widows Boy.

Lin. Is she sicker then she was.

Crac. O shee is even speechlesse, and calls for
you

you exceedingly. I fetcht a Doctor to her, and he can do her no good. Master *Sarpego* has made her Will and all.

Lin. Has shee given me anything?

Crac. Quickly goe and see Sir, you will come too late else, I am going to get the Bell to towle for her.

Lin. Fare ye well Gentlemen.

Tob. Tic. Ruff. Nay, wee'll along with you.

Crac. Sing. *Exeunt*

*Did never truer heart
Out of the world depart,
Or cause the Bel to towle. Exit.*

ACT. III. Scene I.

Enter in the Tryman, attended by Isabell, Jone, Crafy, with an Urinall.

Isa. **L**ook up Mistres.

Jo. Take a good heart, the worst is past, feare not.

Try. Ah, ah, ah.

Isa. Reach the Bottle againe of Doctor *Stephens* water.

Cra. No no, apply more warme cloaths to her stomack, there the matter lyes which sends this distemperature into her braine. Be of good cheer Gentlewoman.

Try. Is Mr. *Wolfe* there?

Isa. Nothing but Mr. *Wolfe* ever in her mouth.

Jo. Pray Sir, how do you like her? I am much affraid of her.

Craf. Let me see, to night it will be full Moon. And she scape the turning of the next Tyde, I will give her a gentle Vomit in the morning, that shall ease her stomack of this conflux of venomous humours, and make her able to sit a hunting Nag within this fennight.

Jo. A rare man sure. And, I warrant, well seen in a Woman.

Try. Uh, uh, uh, uh. *Cough and spit.*

Craf. Well sayd, spit out gently, straine not yourfelfe too hard.

Try. Agh ——fagh.

Craf. Tis very well done. La' you. Her colour begins to come. Ile lay all my skill to a messe of *Tewksbury* Mustard, shee sneezes thrice within these three houres ——

Enter Linsy-wolfie.

Lin. Good Sir want nothing, that your skill shall approve necessary in this time of need. Good Wives and kinde Neighbours, I thanke you for your cares.

Try. Is Mr. *Wolfie* there?

Isa. She does nothing but call for you Sir, pray speak to her.

Try. Where's Mr. *Wolfie*.

Lin. Here Lady. How do you?

Try. Then I am even well me thinks—agh—agh—

Lin. Shee's very farr gone I feare, how do you find her difease Sir?

Craf. Dangerous enough Sir. For shee is sicker in minde then in body. For I finde most plainly the effects of a deep melancholly, false through her distemperature of passion upon her Liver; much disordering, and withall wasting the vitals, leaving scarce matter for Physick to worke on. So that

that her minde receiving the first hurt, must receive the first cure.

Try. Agh agh ah ——— pagh fagh ——— *Cough up
in a Bafon*

Craf. So fo: Straine not your selfe too hard.
No hurt; so fo.

Here's melancholly and choller both in plenty.

Jo. He speaks with great reason, me thinks, and to the purpose, I would I understood him.

Craf. Do you not know, Sir, any that has offended her by open injury, or unkindnesse?

Lin. Alas Sir, no such thing could happen since her coming hither.

Craf. Then, on my life, tis Love that afflicts her.

Try. Oh oh uh oh ———

Craf. I have toucht her to the quick. I have found her disease, and that you may prove the abler Doctor in this extremity.

Lin. Who I? Alas I beleieve no such matter.

Try. Mr. *Wolsie*, Mr. *Wolsie*.

Craf. Here he is Lady. Pray speak your minde to him. Must I pull you to her? Here he is. What do you say to him? Pray speak.

Try. Oh no, no no no ———

Craf. She hath something troubles her that concerns onely you. Pray take her by the hand, do as I intreat you. Lady we will go, and leave you in private awhile, if you please.

Try. Pray do. O but do not, pray do not.

Craf. Do you perceive nothing in this passion of hers?

How does she feel your hand?

Lin. O, she does so quiddle it, shake it, and gripe it!

Craf. You are then the man Sir, the happy man. Fox she shall recover suddenly.

Lin. Who I? Alack a day.

Try. What will you have me dye intestate. Is not my Will made, as I directed ?

Io. Where are you *Mr. Sarpego*, with the Will.

Enter Sarpego, Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.

Sar. Ad manum. Sweet Buds of Generosity, forbear : you may *Admirare*, at the abundance here specified : But not find a Legacie bequeath'd among you. *A Will.*

Tic. We expect nothing.

Ruff. I only wish your health, Lady ; and that it may, or might have been my happiness to sue to you for Love ; as I do now to the highest power for Life.

Tob. Would I were married to her, as shee is ; and twere but for an hower, I car'd not. Had my mother been but acquainted with her, before shee fell sick, here had been a match !

Sar. O Dij immortales ! A rich Widdow shall have Suiters on her Death-bed.

Try. Good Sir, It is too late to speak *To* of these things. I only crave and wish *Ruff.* your prayers in your absence : This place can yield no pleasure to you I know. *Mr. Wolfey*, pray your hand againe : I could be even content to live me thinks, if I had but such a man as you to my Huh, uh, uh, uh.— *Shee Coughes.*

Craf. By your leave. Pray by your leave. Help Women. Beare up her Body a little. Bow it forwards. So, speak to her, Sir. Good Lady drink of this Cordyal. *Shee drinckes.*

Lin. How do you now forfooth ?

Craf. What now shee is drinking —— Now speake Sir, you or no man must do her good.

Lin. How do you forfooth ?

Craf. Well said Sir, speak chearfully to her.

Lin.

Lin. How dee doe? how dee doe, Mistris *Tryman*? How ist now, ha?

Tic. Very comfortably spoken!

Ruff. I, was it not?

Lin. Alas shee cannot speak. I'll call my Neighbour Mistris *Sneakup*. If any body can make her speak, 'tis shee.

Tob. I'll call my Mother for you. Shee will make her speak, if shee have but a word left in her belly — Masse here shee comes.

Enter Pyannet and Iosina.

Py. How comes it Mr. *Wolfey*, that you have a Gentlewoman sick in your house, and not send for me? Let me feel her hand. Alasse she is shrewdly distemper'd. When had shee a stoole Sir, Prithee Daughter step home to my Clofet, and bring the Viall of — my owne Water, which stands next to my blew Velvet Cabinet.

Ios. That's my Doctor was with me to day

Exit.

Py. Shee's a young Gentlewoman; may have many Children yet, let me note her eyes: I finde nothing there. When did you see her water Mr. Doctor?

Craf. What Devill sent this fury among us?

Py. In troth I beshrew you, Mr. *Wolfey*, you sent not for me, but I hope I come not too late. Pluck up a Womans heart, you shall find a good Neighbour of me.

Try. I will thank you in my Will. I shall not live to thank you otherwise.

Py. Alas talk not of your will. You shall have time enough to think of that many yeares hence.

Craf. I tell her so, Lady, yet shee calls for it still.

Try.

Try. Pray let me see it, that I may signe it. *Uh Uh* —

Py. Lord how my Daughter stayes. Good Sir *Andrew Ticket!* worthy Mr. *Rufflit!* My Sonne *Tobias* is highly honor'd in your noble Acquaintance and Courtly conversation.

Tic. We rather hold our selves dignified, in being his indear'd Companions.

Tob. I assure you Mother, we are the three of the Court.

Py. I most intirely thank you for him. And I do beseech you make your selves no strangers to my poor house. Wee are alone; can give but light entertainment, my Daughter and I; since my Sonne *Crafies* misfortune drave him from us —

Enter Iofina with a Viall.

O welcome Daughter — — I beseech you noble Sirs estrange not your selves to us, your Servants.

Cra. Pox o'your Complement.

Py. Give me the Viall Daughter. Take up the Lady. Taft of this. It is a Composition of mine owne distilling. *Try. drinks.*

Try. Uh, uh, uh, umh —

Py. Well done. Nay it will make you break wind, I tell you.

Ticket and Rufflit Court Iofina.

Tic. By the service I owe you sweet Miftres, tis unfained. My Wife desires to see you.

Ruff. As I can best witnesse; And feares you enjoy not the libertie of a Woman, since your Husbands departure. Your Brother having promis'd too to conduct you to Court.

To. It is confest, and I will do it.

Tic.

Tic. Where the best entertainment a poore Ladyes chamber can afford, shall expect you.

Iof. I shall embrace it.

Craf. Sfoot, tis time to part you——Mistres, I beseech your help, joyn'd with your vertuous Mothers.

He pulls her aside.

Iof. You forget the young man, that can Dance Write, and keep Counsell.

Craf. I forget you not Lady. But I wish you to beware of these Courtiers, till I tell you what they are.

Ruff. I'll be hang'd if this Doctor be not of her smock Counsell.

Py. How is it now, good heart?

Try. Much enlightned, I thank Heaven and you. Now, pray, read Sir my Will.

Sar. *In Dei nomine. Amen.*

Tic. O let us heare the Will.

Sar. I *Iane Tryman* of Knockers hole, in the County of *Cornwall*, Widdow, Sick in Body, but whole in Mind, and of perfect memory, do make my last Will and Testament, in Manner and Forme following.

Craf. As for the Manner and Forme tis no matter. To the Legacies, briefly.

Sar. Hum hum. *Imprimis*, A Dole of Bread to be given to the Poore of this Parish——five pound.

Try. Stay. This I intreat of you *Mr. Wolfey*, that whether I live or dye, this Dole may be given to morrow. It was the Charge of my Mother to see it done; Saying, it was better to take the Prayers of the Poore with me, then leave them to be sent after.

Lin. It shall be done: and you, I hope, shall see it.

Sar. To *Mr. Sarpego*, the Writer hereof, A Mourning

Mourning Gown, and forty pound, to Preach at the Funerall.

Lin. How! forty pound?

Sar. *Di boni!* No. Tis forty shillings. *Item* to my Nephew, Sir *Marmaduke Trevaughan* of St. *Minever*, one thousand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Nephew Mr. *Francis Trepton*, one thousand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Kinsman, Sir *Stephen Leggleden*, I do forgive two thousand pound, for which his Lands are Mortgaged to me. *Item* to his Daughter, my God-daughter *Iane Leggleden*, five hundred pound in money; my best Bason and Ewer; two silver Flaggon Pots, and three silver and gilt standing Cups. *Item* to the poore of the Parish of *Knockers-hole*, ten pound, and forty pound towards the reparation of their Church. *Item* to Mr. *Linsley wolsey* the Ring, which was my Wedding Ring, and fifty other Rings, with severall stones in my Trunck, in his house, valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. *Item* to all his servants, and to the Women that attended me in my sicknesse, five pound a piece.

Jone. Now the Lord receive her to his mercy.

Isa. My Legacy will save her life; for never any body dyed yet, that bequeathed me any thing.

Sar. *Item*, to my Page *Jefferly Crack* forty pound. And all my other Servants ten pound a peice. *Item* to my Neece *Barbara Tredrite* five hundred pound; my second Bason and Ewer, a dozen of silver Dishes, and four dozen of silver Spooones. Lastly, all the rest of my Lands, Jewels, Plate, Money, Debts, Moveables and Unmoveables, to my dear and loving Brother, Sir *Gregory Flamsted*, whom I make my full Executor. *In cujus rei testimonium, &c.* This is the brieft of it.

Try. Tis well. Onely add to it—*Uh*—A Gold Chaîne also in my Trunk to this vertuous Gentlewoman

woman. And another Chaîne, that is there of Pearle, to her Daughter. To this learned Doctor twenty pound. And to the Gentlemen which have visited me, for them and their freinds an hundred pound to be spent in a Banckquet.

Sar. Hoc nihil refert. I must write all over againe then.

Try. Do so then. And make your forty shillings five pound.

Sar. Gratias velingentes ago. It shall be done—

Exit.

Try. Now Mr. *Wolsie*, and your vertuous Neighbour here, I intreat, that when I have signed this Will, that you keep it til my Brother comes to Town. This Doctor shall direct you in all. And that he may be the better able so to do, I desire you all that I may a while be private with him.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

*Exeunt omnes
præter Craspy,
Tryman.*

Try. Are they all gone?

Now Mr. Doctor, what think you of the sick Widow? Has she done her part hitherto?

Craspy. Beyond my expectation! Better then I for a Doctor.

Try. You are right. And I am even the same for a Widow as you for a Doctor. Do not I know you? Yes good Mr. *Craspy*. I dare trust you, because you must trust me. Therefore know, that I the rich Widow am no better, then a Lady that must live by what I beare about me. The vulgar translation you know, but let them speak their pleasure, I have no Lands, and since I am borne, must be kept, I may make the best of my owne, and if one member maintaine the whole body, what's that to any one?

Craspy. I collected as much by your young Whiskin that brought me hither.

Try.

Try. It was by my direction that he did so. And, by my Instructions, he has had an Eye upon you in all your disguises ever since your pretended Journey out of Towne. Nay startle not, nor muse at my acquaintance with you. I have had you in my Purlews, before you were a Freeman: And will hereafter give you certaine tokens of it. In the mean time, if you comply with me, you can be no loofer by it. I am grown weary of my old course; and would faine, by wiser, do my selfe good, before Age or Diseases make it too late.

Cra. I will work close and friendly with thee. Therefore say, this rich Cockscombe is thine owne. O here comes your Pigg-wiggen.

Try. He is of Counsell, and one of us. He is indeed my Brother, and has been one of the true blew Boyes of the Hospitall; one of the sweet fingers to the City Funeralls with a two penny loafer under his arme.

Crac. Well: He never sung to the wheele in Saint Brides Nunnery yonder.

Try. Nay *Jeff*, be not angry; thou hast sung to the Organs I know, till fearing their downfall, thou betookst thy selfe into my more certaine service. All freinds, good *Jeff*.

Craf. Yes, yes, we must all agree, and be linckt in Covenant together.

Crac. By Indenture Tripartite, and't please you, like *Subtle*, *Doll*, and *Face*.

Craf. Witty *Jeff*. I cannot see which can be spar'd from the rest, least the whole trade break.

Crack sings.

Then let us be freinds, and most freindly agree.

*The Pimp and the Punck and the Doctlor are three,
That cannot but thrive, when united they be.*

*The Pimp brings in custome, the Punck shee gets
treasure,*

Of

*Of which the Physitian is sure of his measure,
For work that she makes him in sale of her pleasure.
For which, when she failes by diseases or paine,
The Doct̃or new Vamps and upsets her againe.*

Craf. Thou art a brave Lad, and in the high way of preferment.

Crac. Not the high *Holborne* way I hope Sir.

Craf. And for you Damsell, as I sayd before, say to your selfe, the Match is yours.

Try. I mean to say, and know it shortly. Some three dayes hence all may be compleated. Now draw the Curtaines ; and follow your affaires, while I put on my sick Face againe. *Uh, uh, uh.*

They put in the Bed, and withdraw all.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. Scene II.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. **N**OW could I Accost that Catlinarian Traytor, that defeated me of my ten pound, I have a precogitated Oration should make him suspend himselfe. But *Abiit, evasit, erupit.* Or if the rich Widow would have dyed, there had been a supply. But she is nearer a Nuptiall, then a Funerall : And hopelesse *Sarpego*, that should wed, has not to furnish him to his intent, *Væ mihi misero nec Aurum, nec Argent—tum !* Here comes my Beatitude.

Enter

Enter Bridget.

Bri. O, are you here Sir? I was to seek you. My old Mistresse would speak with you instantly.

Sar. My Legitimate Spouse, when is our day of conjunction?

Bri. Our day of conjunction? Mary saugh Goodman Fiste. Our day of conjunction?

Sar. Did you not once vow you did love me?

Bri. Did not you once swear you had money?

Sar. *Hic jacet*, I am now but a dead man.

Enter Pyannet, Sneakup, Crafie—*like a Court-Messenger.*

Py. O where's Mr. *Sarpego*? Fortunate Mr. *Sarpego*? Venerable Mr. *Sarpego*? O Sir, you are made. Never thinke under right worshipfull. Imagine nothing beneath Damasque Gownes, Velvet Jackets, Satten Sleeves, Silk Nightcaps, two Pages and a Footcloth.

Sar. The Son of *Phæbus* rectifie your Brainpan.

Sne. Indeed, and't shall please your Worship, it is —

Py. It is! What is it? You will be speaking, will you? And your Wife in presence, will you? you shew your bringing up. Master *Sarpego*, blesse the time that ever you knew the Progeny of the *Sneakups*: my worshipfull Son and Heire apparent hath preferred you to be the young Prince his Tutor. Here's *Mr. Holywater*, a Gentleman; of place, a Courtier; of Office, is sent for you.

Craf. Right fortunately-learned Sir. So passionately doth his Grace approve the Language, Literature, and Haviour of your sometimes Pupill, *Master Tobias Sneakup*.

Sar. Umh.

Craf. That I was, with all expedition, commanded to intreat your instant Attendance.

Sar.

Sar. Umh Umh —

Craf. 'Tis even so Sir ; You are like to possess a Princes eare ; you may be in place, where you may scorn your foes ; countenance your friends ; cherish vertue, controule vice, and despise fortune : Yes sure shall you Sir. And (which I had almost forgot) your old Pupill intreats you to send him by me the ten pound he lent you : An od ten pound, that he may be furnish'd with the more seemly Complements to conduct you to his Grace.

Sar. *Quid nunc ?*

Py. Whist Mr. *Sarpego*. Let not your poverty be read in your face. Here's ten pieces. Bear it as your own payment : You talk of ten pound for my Son, Sir.

Sar. O, an od driblet. Here, Friend, I use not to carry Silver : Convey it in Gold.

Bri. I hope, dear Love, you will not forget your affection to me now.

Sar. Poor Maid, I will prefer thee to scratch my head ; make my Bed ; wash my Shirt, pick my toes, and evacuate my Chamberpot. I will instantly procure mee attire, fitting my fortune, and attend the Grace of Court — *Exit.*

Bri. Now am I but a dead woman.

Craf. I am much griev'd for't. It was your sonnes much labouring, that Mr. *Crafie* was sent for, to sell his Grace some Jewells : But since his fortunes are so sunk that he hides his head, I can but lament his losse.

Py. Shall I tell you Sir, (pray you husband stand aside ;) My Son-in-Law *Crafie* is not now worth—his very wife. We hop'd he would have prov'd a crafty Merchant, and he prov'd an honest man, a Begger (if I chance to speak above your capacity, I pray tell me of it) And as I said, when I perceiv'd he began to melt, and that every
D stranger

stranger abused him ; I, having some wit, fell too, and most cozen'd him my self. I look'd for my daughters good : And so betwixt us, found the trick to get, or steale from him two Jewells of good deep value, being indeed the main of his rest of Fortune. Now Sir, I come to you.

Craf. I, now you come to the point.

Py. Right Sir : For there is no woman, though she use never so many by-words, but yet in the end she will come to the point. Now Sir, I having these Jewells, will send them by my husband. A poor easie weak man, as you see ; but very obedient in truth —

Craf. By your husband.

Py. Yes, do you mark ? By my husband. But now note my wit : His Grace knows not *Crafie* : My husband, habited like a Citizen, shall take the name of *Crafie* upon him ; offer his Jewells to the Prince ; you shall present them ; praise them and raise them : His Graces payes ; my husband returns ; and we will share. Do you approve ?

Craf. Nay admire.

Py. Away then. No Complement among *Exit.* good wits ; but away. Come your ways *Craf.* hither, good man ; Put off your hat ; Make a leg ; Look simply. Why so ! Pish, ne're tell me : He will make a rare Citizen. I have Jewells for you to carry to the Prince.

Sneak. Yes forsooth, I'll carry them.

Py. La ! you are so quick ! I have charg'd you not to shoot your bolt, before you understand your mark. And you shall carry them like a Citizen ; call your self *Crafie* ; sell them at my price ; and now cast no further. You see the limits of your understanding. Now Sir, how will you bear your self to his Grace ? How behave your selfe at Court ?

Sneak. I hope I am not too wise to learne.

Py.

Py. Why, that was well spoken. Modest mistrust is the first step to knowledge. Remember that sentence. Now mark. I will instruct you : When you come at the Court gate, you may neither knock nor pisse. Do you mark ? You go through the Hall cover'd ; through the great Chamber cover'd ; through the Presence bare ; through the Lobby cover'd ; through the Privy Chamber bare ; through the Privy Lobby cover'd ; to the Prince bare.

Sneak. I'll doe't I warrant you. Let me see. At the Court gate neither knock nor make water. May not a man break wind ?

Py. Umh, yes : but (like the Exchequer payment) somewhat abated.

Sneak. Through the great Chamber bare.

Py. Cover'd.

Sneak. Cover'd ? Well : Through the Presence cover'd.

Py. Bare.

Sneak. Bare ? I will put all downe in my Table-book, and con it by the way.

Py. Well thought on. Something he has in him like my husband ! But now you come before the brow of Royalty. Now for your carriage there Sir : Suppose me the Prince. Come in, and present. Here fits the Prince. There enters the Jeweller. Make your honors. Let me see you do it hand-somly.

Sneak. Yes, now I come in ; make my three legs—And then—

Py. Kneele.

Sneak. Yes ; and say—

Py. What ?

Sneak. Nay, that I know not.

Py. An't please your Grace, I have certain Jewells to present to your liking.

Sneak. An't please your Grace, I have certain Jewels to present to your liking.

Py. Is this *Crasie*, that had wont to serve me with Jewells? It is that honest man, so please your Highnesse. That's for M. *Holywater*, the by-flatterer to speak. You are a Cuckoldly Knave, Sirrah, and have often abused me with false and deceitfull stones.

Sneak. My stones are right, so please your Excellence.

Py. Why that was well, Very well. I perceive there is a certain infection taken with lying with a woman that hath a good wit. I finde it by my husband. Come, I'll disguise you, and away to Court instantly.

Sneak. Truly wife, I fear I shall be discover'd among the Gallants presently.

Py. No, no, A fool is never discover'd among madmen. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. Scene III.

Enter *Tryman*, *Crasie*.

Crasie in his Court habit.

Crasie. **W**ELL *Dol*, (that thou saist is thy name) though I had forgotten thee, I protest. About *London-wall* was it (saist thou?) Well, I cannot but highly commend thy wisdom in this, that so well hast mended thy election; from being a fountain of aches, bald brows, and broad plaisters, thus to remember thy Creation.

Try. I did consider, and I thinke rightly, what
I

I was ; and that men that lov'd my use, lov'd it but to loath me : Therefore I chang'd my self into this shape of a demure, innocent Countrey Widdow, that had scarce beauty enough to be tempted, but not wit enough to be naught ; and quite forlook the path I trod in, and betook me to this private course of cozenage.

Craf. But all my wonder is at the means, how thou gott'ft into this house and reputation. And to be held a woman of such an estate.

Try. That shall bee made plaine to you hereafter.

Enter Crack.

Now Brother *Geffrey*, where left you *M. Wolfe* ?

Crack. Among the Mercers, so troubled, as if all the Sattin in *Cheapside* were not enough to make you a wedding Gowne. He is over-joy'd that his happy day is at hand ; and I over-heard him invite one speciall friend to his Nuptialls. He cannot contain himself. On a sudden he fell a singing, *O shee's a dainty Widdow*. O are you come Sir, in your new shape ? Dos not that beard fit you handfomly ? Thank my acquaintance with the Players.

Craf. I thinke thou art acquainted any way, to set out knavery.

Crac. If you can perform your part as well, 'tis well. Heark, I hear him coming.

Enter Linsie Woolfie.

Lin. Where are you sweet Widdow ? Look you, Look you : How do you like these patterns ?

Try. Sir, here's a Gentleman has a Letter to you : He tells me it imports the making, or the undoing of his dearest friend.

Lin. From whom I pray you? *Lin.*

Cra. Yourfometimesneighbor Sir, M. *Crafsy*. *reads.*

Try. It fhall take effect, doubt not.

Cra. He scratches his head, though.

Try. He had as lief part with his blood as his money.

Lin. M. *Crafsy* writes to me for thirty pound ; the value of a Ring I had of him. I grant I am to pay threescore at my day of Marriage. But we are all mortall. And who knowes whether I fhall live till to morrow.

Craf. If not, Sir, your Bond is due to night : For it is equally payable at your hour of death.

Lin. O, but fuch payments never trouble a man. What the eye fees not ——

Try. Are you in Bonds, M. *Woolffe*, for your day of Marriage ?

Lin. Only for this fixty pound. 'Tis for that Ring you weare, and I gave you upon our Contract. 'Tis worth thirty pound ready mony.

Try. Then when you are married, you may fay you paid the reft for your wife. Pray Sir make even fuch reckonings before you wed. It will fhew nobly in you towards your poor Creditor, and be a fpeciall argument of your love to me, your wife. Pray difcharge it, I fhall not think you love me elfe.

Lin. Heark you Sir, if you will take thirty pound in full payment, and give me in my Bond, here is your mony. 'Tis your beft courfe. Alas, I am an unlikely fellow for wedlock. What woman, thinke you, would beftow her felf upon me, a ftale Batchellor, unhandfome and poor—not worth above fix or feven thoufand pound? Do ; take thirty pound. *afide.*

Craf. If you please to befriend Mr. *Crafsy* but with thirty pound, Ile fet it receiv'd upon the Bond.
Here

Here it is. And he shall demand no more till it be due.

Try. Pray Sir pay it all, and take in your Bond. You shall be married within these two dayes; to morrow, if you please: What use will your money yeeld you for a night? Pray pay it. In truth I'll pay it else. 'Tis but threescore pound.

Lin. Saist thou so, Sweetheart. Come Sir. Come in and tell your money ——

Exit.

Craf. And thank you too, good M. *Linſie Wolfe*, that knew so well, a bargaine was a bargaine, and would not part with your money to be laugh'd at among your neighbours. I would heartily now, if I could intend it. But I must purse your money, and then about my Court affairs. This wench I am infinitely beholden to. She remembers some old curtesie that I have forgotten. Perhaps I piddled with her when I was Prentice.

Exit.

A C T. III. Scene IV.

Enter Sarpego, in gorgeous Apparell.

Sar. **T**His is the Prefence. I am much amaz'd, or stupified; that Mr. *Tobias Sneakup*, my quondam Pupill, attends not my Conduct! Ha! So instant was his Grace, his importunity to enjoy me, that although I purchas'd the loan of Cloaths, yet I had not vacation, nor indeed variety to shift my shirt. And now I come to Court, I feel certain little Cattell of infamous generation about me, that do most inseparably haunt me. Now if (when the Prince surveyes me) any of them being strangers here, should peep to behold strange sights, and his Grace perceive them, what should I answer?—

Crafie at the hangings.

Craf. O, my glorified *Pedant* in his most naturall strut!

Sar. I will say it was by influence of the heavens; or, to appear the more perfect Courtier at the first dash, I will say, that though my outside were glorious, yet of purpose I left my inside lowlie.

Enter Sneakup like a Citizen.

Sed, O Dii! Quem video? nonne Mr. Sneakup?

Cra. See my worshipfull Father-in-Law! Now the Woodcocks shoot into the glade.

Sneak.

Sneak. Pray ye peace, you must not know me.

Sar. *O monstrum horrendum!* May not you and I know one another?

Sneak. Pray go home, and ask my wife.

Enter Crafy in haste.

Craf. Mr. *Crafie*. Is not one Mr. *Crafie* here?

Sneak. Yes Sir. Here is Mr. *Crafie* for a need Sir.

Craf. Well done: Be bold Sir. Let not your dissimulation be read in your eyes. You know me; give me the Jewells.

Sneak. Yes Sir.

Craf. Let me alone to present them to his Grace, and praise them, before you are call'd.

Sneak. Will you do so Sir?

Craf. Yes; For you know I must not seem to indeare them before your face: For that would smell rank of correspondency.

Sneak. You say right Sir.

Craf. But betwixt us both wee'll make a shift to cheat him. Stay you here. I will returne instantly. O Mr. *Sarpego*! Your Pupill will come and conduct you presently.

Thus sometimes, by deceit, deceit is known.

'Tis honest craft, by wit to get ones own.—Exit.

Enter Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.

To. My *Quondam Pedagogue*!

Sar. My *Nuper Alumnus*! Come, present me to the Grace of Greatness. I am ready; behold I am approach'd according to thy intreats, to approve thy praise, and mine own perfection. Set on: His Grace shall see that we can speake true Latin, and construe *Ludovicus vives*: Go, set on.

Tob. I

Tob. I cry you mercy Sir. Upon my troth, I tooke you for Mr. *Sarpego*, my learned Tutor. He is very like him ; Is he not Gentlemen ? But now I come to my felfe againe, I remember this was never his walke, nor these his cloaths.

Sar. Sent you not a Nuntius, or a Messenger for me, intimating, that it was his Grace his instant desire, to entertain me as his Instructor ?

Tic. Alas, he has over-studied himself ! You were best let blood in time Sir.

Sar. Sent I not you, by the same messenger, your ten pound ?

Tob. My ten pound ? Ha, ha ha : I would laugh ifaith, if you could bob me off with such payment.

Ruff. Sure Sir, you use some Dormitories. Best flave your head, and 'noint it with Oyl of Roses.

Tob. Father ! Father !

Sneak. Pray peace son. The plot will be discover'd else.

Tob. The plot ? what plot ?

Sneak. The Jewells are sent in. What, I am Mr. *Crasie* now, you know. I shall be sent for in to his Grace instantly.

Tob. Midsummer Moon ! Midsummer Moon !

Sneak. In very truth son, hit as 'twill, I say we are beholding to Mr. *Holywater*.

Tob. Heaven not bleffe me, if I understand not the Baboons mumpings better then your speech. You are more dark then *Delphos*. What *Holywater* ?

Sneak. Why the Gentleman, you know, you sent to bring M. *Crasie* to serve his Grace with Jewells.

Tob. Father, Heaven pardon me : For sure I have a great desire to call you Cockscorn. I sent no man ; nor is there any so stiled as *Holywater* about the Court.

Tic. Do you not want sleep sir ?

Ruff.

Ruff. Or have you not seen a spirit sir?

Tic. Or have you not over-mus'd, or over-thought your selfe, as wee doubt Mr. *Sarpego*, here, has done?

Tob. Or has not my mother over-beaten you, father? You may tell me.

Sneak. Son, I am not so very a foole, but I perceive I am made a stark Ass. Oh sonne, thy father is cozen'd; and thy mother will beat me indeed, unlesse your charity conceal me in the Court here, till her fury be over.

Ticket. Hee shall stay at my Wives Chamber.

Rufflit. And there instruct us in the passages of this cozenage.

Tob. Do not weep father. My Lady *Ticket* will appease all.

Ruff. Adieu Mr. *Sarpego*. Lure your braines backe againe.

Exeunt.

Sar. *Sic transit gloria Mundi.* The learned is Cony-caught; and the lover of *Helicon* is laugh'd at. The last six-pence of my fortune is spent; and I will go cry in private.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT. IIII. Scene I.

Enter Crasy like a Dancer.

Cras. **N**OW, whilst my politike Mother-in-Law is in expectation of her great adventure, and my worshipfull Father-in-Law stinks at Court for feare of her ; I in this last disguise will pursue my new affairs. Me-thinks these Jewells smile on me now more chearfully then when they were mine owne before. First to my honest Punk.

Crack meets Crasie at the doore.

Crac. Who would you speak with Sir ?

Cras. With thy sister. Dost thou not know mee *Jeffrey*. Where is she ? Look better on me.

Crac. O, is it you Sir ? Hang me if I knew you in this habit ; though I was set here on purpose to watch for you.

Cras. What's the matter *Jeffrey* ?

Crac. Sir she is fallen into a new fit of Melancholy. Some new project she has in her noddle. But she desires you to worke upon this, [*he gives him a paper.*] I dare not be seen to talk with any body. ———

Exit.

Cras. What new device is this ? [*he reads.*] Since I last saw you, your Mother-in-Law, Mrs. *Sneakup*, has earnestly dealt with me to make me a Bride for her sonne *Tobias*. If there may be any thing wrought out of it to benefit you, I will suddenly take occasion to break with the Foole *Wolfie* ; of whom

whom I am heartily weary ; and after, be wholly disposed by you. Sure this wench studies nothing but my profit. Well : I have thought already to make the best of her. Now to my new Mistressse. This is the house, and here's her maid.

Enter Bridget.

Bri. Would you speak with any here Sir ?

Craf. With your Mistressse, (I take it) Mistressse *Crafie.*

Bri. May not I deliver your mind unto her Sir ?

Craf. My business is of weight and secrecie : yet you may tell her, here is the Gentleman that her Doctor sent her.

Bri. O she expects him most impatiently—Pray enter Sir. She's ready for you, there before you Sir——

Exit Crafie.

A businessse of mine owne makes me wait here.
I think I saw my learned Love make this way.
But he (alas) though small in fleshly growth,
By reason of his high preferment is
Now growne too great for me.

Enter Sarpego musing.

'Tis hee ; I know his stature,
Though not his cloaths, the Ensigns of his greatness,
In which how big he seems, though but a sprawler !
So cloaths can make men greater, but not taller.
Hee's deep in study ; I dare not interrupt him.

Sar. I have adventur'd, though with trembling feet,
Unto this Mansion, to exonerate,
At least extenuate my suspirations

For

For my dear los. The Lady of this place,
Who had an equall venture, and hath suffer'd
In the same Fate with me, may ease my sorrow.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

I of my wrongs, and she of hers shall clamor.

But *ecce noster ubi esset Amor.*

Bri. Most worshipfull Sir, welcome from Court,
If your poor Handmaid may presume to say so.

Sar. Where is your Mistresse? I mean your
grand Matrona, Mrs. *Sneakup.*

Bri. In the first place let me beseech you Sir,
Vouchsafe your answer to a longing Maid,
That can be comforted in nothing more,
Then the good newes of your prosperity ;
Of which I hope a part at least to be,
Preferr'd by your late promise to your service.

Sar. I will now breath a most strong and Poeticall
execration

Against the Universe. [*Bri.*] Sir I beseech you—

Sar. From henceforth *Erit Fluvius Deucalionis*
The world shall flow with dunces ; *Regnabitque,*
and it shall raine

Dogmata Polla Sophon, Dogs and Polecats, and so
forth.

Bri. His Court advancement makes him mad, I
fear.

Sar. From hence let learning be abomination
'Mong the Plebeians, till their ignorance
Shall lead them blinde into the Lake of *Lethe.*

Bri. What pity 'tis that honour and high places
Should make men lose their wits, sometimes their
heads !

Sar. May Peasantry and Idiotism trample
Upon the heads of Art and Knowledge, till
The world be shuffled in th' pristine *Chaos.*

Bri. Dear Sir, though you are highly dignified,
Forget not the preferment, that you promis'd me,
To

To scratch your head ; to make your bed ; to wash
Your shirt ; to pick your toes, and to evacuate
Your Chamberpot.

Sar. Elephantem ex Musca facit. She takes me
for a Mountaine, that am but a Mole-hill.
But when she reads my poverty agen,
And that these Garments must return to th'
Gambrels,
Her scorn will be impetuous.

Enter Josina, Craffie.

Jo. Go finde another room maid for your talk,
Mr. *Sarpego*, my mother calls for you.

Sar. Has she receiv'd *Aliquid novi*, newes from
Court ?

Jo. She has now receiv'd a Letter. Pray be gone,
I have more serious business of mine own. *Ex. Sar.*
You are the Creature then that my deare *Brid.*
Doctor has sent me, that can dance, read, write,
and be secret. I shall use you all in all. And I
prithee how fares my Physitian ?

Cra. I can confirm that he is yours protestedly.
And to morrow night—

Jo. Peace: Here comes my mother.

Enter Pyannet reading a Letter.

I can my Cinquepace friend. But I prithee teach
me some tricks. Who would care for a female, that
moves after the plain pace? No: Give me the
woman of tricks. Teach me some tricks I prethee.

Cra. Ha! Tricks of twenty: Your traverses,
Slidings, Falling back, Jumps, Closings, Openings,
Shorts, Turns, Pacings, Gracings—As for—Coran-
toes, Levoltoes, Jigs, Measures, Pavins, Brawls,
Galliards, or Canaries. I speak it not swellingly,
but I subscribe to no man.

Jos.

Jof. Tis a rare fellow !

Py. Am I then cheated ? my wit begins to be out of countenance. O the Plague that hangs over her head that has a foole to her husband, as thou and I have daughter.

Jfo. How now sweet mother ? What ill newes changeth your face thus ?

Py. O deare daughter, my Lady *Ticket* writes here, that the fool, thy father, is cheated of two rich Jewells, that thou and I stole from the Ideot thy husband *Crafie*.

Cra. O that *Crafy* was ever a filly fellow.

Py. A very Citizen, a very Citizen. How should I call you Sir ?

Jfo. One Mr. *Footwell*, Mother ; who teacheth Gentlewomen to doe all things Courtly, to dance Courtly, to love their husbands Courtly ——

Cra. Your name is Mrs. *Pyannet*, I take it.

Py. *Pyannet Sneakup*, Sir.

Cra. Your husband is cozen'd at Court, I take it.

Py. So my Lady *Ticket* writes, Sir.

Cra. That Lady *Ticket* is a cunning creature. I have been inward with her ; And such are my private Intelligences, that if equall curtesie might recompence, I could unshale a plot is upon you.

Py. Recompence ? Sir command me, command my daughter, my maid, my house, onely tell it I beseech you.

Jfo. I pray see wherein we may be gratefull. I pray speak.

Cra. So it is, I am a decayed Gentleman, quite out of repaire ; fallen for want of means to the use of my feet : Nor have I hope to see better light, but onely that Love and Fortune have put upon me a right wealthy widdow. She lyes at a near neighbours house here ; and here I hover about her : but for want of some good friends countenance,

countenance, some meanes for cloaths and fit housing, she holds off from consummating our Marriage. Now Lady——

Py. I apprehend you Sir. Bring her to me ; lodge her with me ; Ile call you Cousen *I.* Is she very rich ? At a neer neighbours, said you,—Not she at Mr. *Wolfies*, is it ?

Cra. The very same.

Py. (By'r Lady a match for my Esquir'd son and heire. Beare a braine dancer, or I may chance to shew you a crosse caper.) Sir, bring your Widdow. Sweare to your selfe my house is yours. Now the plot, or I burst.

Cra. Why then will I disclose who cozen'd you ; by what meanes you are injur'd, and how you may be reveng'd, onely you shal vow to conceale the secret-revealer, else you lose the benefit of further Intelligence.

Py. Stand off daughter : I will not trust mine own flesh with a secret ; for in truth I have found it fraile. Now speak, I beseech you.

Cra. Sure, precious Mistresse, very absolute creatures have had Cockscombs to their husbands.

Py. Nay that's indubitable, I know it by my self.

Cra. Marry to bee made Cuckqueane by such a Cockscombe, to have her Jewells prig'd away, to bestow on a Court Mistresse ; to have a trick put upon her, as you have, 'twould move (I must confesse) a woman that were not part a Philosopher, and had a strong wit as you have. Why did you not feele the deceit ? your husbands unworthineffe, having no meanes to enjoy this Court-Lady but by gifts ; and having no course for gifts, but from you, procures some Pander to performe a fain'd message. Your hope of game puts the weighty trust upon the counterfeited fool your husband ; his simplicity seems cozen'd, whilst this Lady excuses

all, and keeps all : So that your own Jewells purchase your owne horns ; nay, and you were not withall laught at for your purchase, 'twere scarce enough to run mad for.

Py. 'Tis most plaine : I will have such a revenge, as never woman had.

Enter Ticket.

Tic. Good Mrs. *Pyannet*, bear't as well as you may : Your losse is heavy, yet under the strength of your constant wisdom — Ifaith my wife was so carefull lest you should take too deep sence of it, that she importun'd my own presence to comfort you : For sure I know —

Py. You are a Wittally Cuckold I know. I commend thy wives modesty yet : She will not doe it afore thy face, but will send thee out of an errand yet.

Tic. What mean you ? you amaze me.

Py. Nay, I look you should seem ignorant : What, to take sence or notice of your horne, as long as it winds you into profit, were most uncourtly. Well, you heare not me rage nor rave : marry I will slit the Drabs nose, crop off her eares, scratch out her eyes——

Tic. Bleffe us !

Py. Teare off her haire, plucke out her throat, that's all. Come along Sir.

Io. Now they are gone, I prethee *Exit. Py.*
M. Footwell stay a little, I will fetch *Tic.*
 thee some Letters to read for me, which I have not open'd yet, because I durst trust no body.——

Exit.

Craf. These Letters must necessarily come from my Brace of Courtiers, Sir *Ticket*, and Monsieur *Rufflit*, which I will read cleane contrary, as if they slighted

flighted her, and answer them acrosse from her meaning, as if she flighted them: And so letting my selfe downe into their inwards on both sides, what they can get, or what my wife has, will I pump into mine owne purse.

Enter Josina with two Letters.

Jos. Now deare M. *Footwell*, as ever you pitied the case of a poor Gentlewoman, that would faine use her beauty, whilst there is some pleasure in it, read and answer these Letters with commanding eloquence; force them to affect me.

Cra. Ha, ha, ha: Will you not be offended, if I read them truly?

Jos. No: I prethee what is't?

Cra. Stay, it seems you have written to them.

Jos. Yes: but I cannot read the answer. Prethee what ist?

Cra. Faith youle be angry.

Jos. Nay, and you love me, what ist?

Cra. Sir *Andrew* here, he sayes, tis not your broad brim'd hat, your tiffeny dresse, Spanish ruffe, and silver bodkin can make him disloyall to his wives bed. *Ruffit* here, he writes that you have a grosse body, a dull eye, a lowe forehead, a black tooth, a fat hand, and a most lean purse. I there's it: And you could but give, and you had but to send ——

Jos. A lean purse!

Cra. I, the lean purse. There's the Devill: Were you as bald as Time, as stiffly wrinkled as frozen plow'd Lands, more dry then a Fever, more leane then death; had you ingross'd deformity, yet if you had but to give ——

Jos. Why *Footwell*, though my husband be but a Bankrupt Knave ——

Cra. Nay faith, rather a fool, Mistresse.

Jo. Well, fool let him be then ; yet I have a Mother will not see me want for necessary ends : And I hope I had the wit to cozen my husband of somewhat against a rainy day. Look you Sir, I kept these for a friend in a corner.

Cra. Nay, but I would not wish you to send them now : What, relieve the base wants of prating Skipjacks to pay for your damnation ?

Jo. Nay thats sure, I will not give them.

Cra. And yet, ifaith, what can a Gentlewoman give too much for her pleasure ? Can there be a more heavy disgrace blowne abroad upon any Lady, then that she has not at the least two servants, since many Lovers are the onely noble approvment of beauty ?

Jo. Ile send them both, thats sure.

Cra. But both of them to Mr. *Rufflit* : Oh, hee's an absolute spirit ! He has an English face, a French tongue, a Spanish heart, an Irish hand, a Welch Leg, a Scotch beard, and a Dutch buttock.

Jo. O I : I am wholly his, I will send all to him.

Cra. O but Sir *Andrew*, he is a Courtly Lover : He can kisse you courtly, handle you Courtly, lye with you Courtly.

Jo. O yes : he shall have one. I prethee praise me to them both, and commend to each of them one of these Jewells, not that I doe so much care for the use of them, yet because I would not be wonder'd at like an Owle among my neighbors, for living honest in my husbands absence. I prethee work effectually for mee, sweet M. *Footwell*. *Exit.*

Enter Rufflit, spying her going out.

Ruf. Mr. *Crasie* : Hift Mrs. *Crasie*.

Cra. Peace Sir, forbear : As you would hope,
doe

doe not purfue a woman when ſhe is out of the humor. O, untimely importunity is moſt diſtaſtfull. There are certain ſeaſons to take the coldeſt Appetite, when ſhe is pinning a Ruffe, playing with a Monkey, hearing a wanton Song, or half drunk.

Ruf. What are you Sir?

Cra. A private Meſſenger to you Sir, from the Gentlewoman you purfue. This is your hand, is it not?

Ruf. Yes:

Cra. You may keep your Letter.

Ruf. But what ſayes my utmoſt hope, the end of my ambition?

Cra. Only that you are poor, a Gallant of a very wanting fortune.

Ruf. The more honor for her to redeem me.

Cra. Alas, I think her means are but weak, her husbands ſinking hath brought her low.

Ruf. Her husband! Alas poor fly; onely made to be fuck'd and forfaken. His wife has the life-blood of her fortunes in her, and I'll be her cupping-glaſſe.

Cra. I wonder his wife could nourish ſo unbelieving a conſcience!

Ruf. Conſcience! All things rob one another: Churches poule the People, Princes pill the Church; Minions draw from Princes, Miſtreſſes fuck Minions, and the Pox undoes Miſtreſſes; Phyſitians plague their Patients; Orators their Clients; Courtiers their Suitors, and the Devill all. The water robs the earth, earth choakes the water: fire burns ayre, ayre ſtill conſumes the fire.

Since Elements themſelves do rob each other,
And *Phœbe* for her light doth rob her Brother,
What iſt in man, one man to rob another?

Cra. You have ſpoken moſt edifyingly ſir, but

for you, of whom I understand *Craffy* merits the best Offices ; for you to corrupt his Wife, and with a covetous sinning expect use for the loan of your Loines !

Ruff. Death man, they are my Exchequer, my Rent : Why I have no possession but my Estate taile. And as for *Craffy*, he has no wit ; he was created a foole, to have Knaves work upon him : a fellow made to have some pity, and all wrong ; he had ever an open Purse, and now an empty. He made it a common hole, every Gallant had his fingers in it. Every man lov'd his Fortune, squeez'd it, and when it was unjuic'd, farewell kind heart. I confes I owe him a good turn : Ile pay't his Wife. He kept her alwaies exquisitely neat ; temptingly gallant, and as a protested Cuckold should do, about his degree and means sumptuously proud. Her Eye artificially spirited, her Cheek surphuled, her Teeth blanch'd, her Lip painted, her Neck carkanetted, and her Brest bar'd almost to her Belly. And shall a peece, thus put out to sale, stand unattempted, as not worth the purchase.

Cra. Yes Sir, if you could compasse her ; as sure she may be corrupted : for she is very covetous.

Ruff. If I could but make shew of a Gift, or present one ——

Cra. Only not to appeare of so needy a Fortune — Why if you chance to possess her.

Ruff. Pish, tweare all mine again, and all that she had besides. And troth, I think she is wealthy.

Cra. Wealthy ! look you Sir, Here are two of her Jewels, I fetcht from an Ant of hers, where they lay hid from her Husband. These are not worth the pursuit.

Ruff. Nay, tis an easie Female : He, that has her, has all. What should I send ? A Gift would
do

do it. Let me think. Tis but a grofs-bodied Wench, with a blackish haire neither.

Cra. Oh the better. Your lean No-bodies with yellow Manes have most commonly rotten teeth and wicked breaths. No, your full plump Woman is your only Venus.

Ruff. A hundred golden peeces I am intrusted withall by my elder Brother, to purchase a peece of Injustice. If I should send them ——

Cra. Oh Sir, these both were yours, and they too. She pretends this fraine, but onely to explore your strength of means, and to try how far you dare engage them for her enjoying.

Ruff. I will send them, win her, use her, fuck her Purse, recover my own, gain hers, and laugh at the poor Cuckhold her Husband. Commend with these my lifes blood, and Soules service to my Mistris. Farewell.—

Exit.

Enter Ticket.

Cra. Sir *Andrew Ticket*, I take it.

Tic. The same, Sir. Is Mrs. *Crasie* within? I cannot keep pace with her Mother. O, when jealousy is once set a going, it runs on high speed. But let her make hast to arrive at Court, while I land on her Daughter in the City. Is she privately idle?

Crasie spits at Ticket.

What dost thou mean by that?

Cra. My Vow's discharg'd, and her Revenge is done. I am no Pandar, Sir, and yet I am of Counsell with Smock secrets, Buttock businesse Sir.

Are you so stale a Courtier, and know not the necessity of Gifts?

Tic. Is that the matter I am rejected by her ?

Cra. Why ? would it not provoke any Woman to be called foole, and foule-face ?

Tic. I never call'd her so, by the Soule of my Affection, not I.

Cra. No ; Do you not intimate she is a foole, when you hope to enjoy her without a Gift ? And foule, when your neglect of cost saies she deserves none.

Tic. 'Fore Heaven I was a silly Ass, now I think on't, to send a Sonnet without some rich present.

Cra. Why Sir ? A man must do as he would be done to. Do you, or any man use to be made Cuckhold for nothing ?

Tic. I should have sent a Gift. What, if I enjoy her, she may requite it.

Cra. May ; Nay can ; nay will. Look you Sir, here's Gold. Here are Jewels They are hers ; they may be yours. I would not seem a Pandar to you though ; for you have a Wife Sir.

Tic. Pish, who cares to drink out of a River ? What I can command out of duty hath but a dull relish. Had not *Danæ* been kept in her brass Tower, she had never tempted a Gods piercing. I must send, though it be but to shew the ability of my Fortune, and the desert of her Beauty.

Cra. And then to send but a trifle would disgrace both.

Tic. Hold, convey this Carckanet unto her ; tis of value, and let her read by this, how much I seek her.

Cra. And how deare you hold her. Sir, I can speak ; but *I* use to take nothing for my paines.

Tic. Yes, receive this little—Nay, I prethee.

Cra. Only not to appeare Uncourtly, or uncivill. I protest I abhor Pandarisme ; only as a second, or so. As you have beheld two Horses knubbing one another ;

another ; Ka me, Ka thee, an old kind of Courtship.

Tic. I prethee return instantly my successes : You shall find me at the Ordinary ; come and Dine with me.

Cra. I have procur'd a private Stable for my Horse : And therefore I my selfe would be loth to stand at Livery.

Cra. Dost compare common Stables for Horses, and publick Ordinaries for Gallants together.

Cra. Troth yes sir, for as in Stables, here a goodly Gelding of twenty Pounds price, and there a raw-backd Jade of foure Nobles by him. So at Ordinaries, here a worthy Fellow of means and virtue, and there a Cheating Shifter of wants and cosenage. Here a Knight, there a Beggar ; Here a Gallant, there a Gull : Here a Courtier, there a Coxcomb ; Here a Justice of Peace, and there an Esquire of low Degree. Or, in direct Phraze, a Pandar.

Tic. Such a one as thou art.

Cra. Umh. Virtue goes often wetshod, and is forc'd to be cobled up with base means, to hold out water and cold necessity. You command me no further sir.

Tic. No honest Knave, farewell — *Exit Crafsy.*

Now Mr. *Crafsy*, will I button up your Cap with a Court-brooch.

You demand Debts, do you ? Ile pay you none. Oh twas a notable dull Flat-Cap. He would invite Courtiers ; stand bare, say grace, make legs, kifs his hand, serve us in perfum'd linnen, and lend us money upon our words, or bare words. Were't not a sin to let such a foole passe unfuckt ? No, Fortune drest him only for us to feed on, and Ile fall to.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT. IV. Scene II.

La. Ticket. Sneakup. Toby. Page.

La. Tic. **B**EE comforted Mr. *Sneakup*; Remember you are in my Chamber. Beare the heart of a Husband, who scorns to tremble at the face of his Wife? Do not feare fir.

Tob. Stand firm Father, do not sinck before the face of a Lady.

La. I have sent my own Husband to fatisfie her, and I hope he will do it throughly. Be your selfe therefore; all the Pleasures the Pallace can afford, shall strive to mitigate your feares.

Sneak. Have you any Pleasures in the Court, can make a man forget he has a Wife?

To. Sir we have pleasures will make a man forget any thing, even himselfe; therefore necessarily his wife, who is but part of himselfe.

La.T. Boy, sing your song of the Court delights.

They

They sit : Sneakups head in the Ladies lap.

The Page sings —

Enter Pyannet with a Truncheon. Sarpego.

Py. Are you lull'd in your delights ? No pillow for your Goatish head, but her Ladyships lap ?

Sneak. O dear ! O wife ! I did not know you were so nigh truly.

Py. You are ignorant still, I know : But I will make thy bones suffer as well as my browes. Thou Cullion, could not thine own Cellar serve thee, but thou must be sneaking into Court Butteries ?

Sneak. Oh, oh, oh——

Sar. *Væ misero.*

To. Hold deare mother.

La.T. Sweet Mrs. *Pyannet* hold.

Py. Art thou there, daughter of an Intelligencer, and strumpet to a Bearward ?

La.T. Now Beauty blesse me, was not thy mother a notorious Tripe-wife, and thy father a profest Harefinder ? Gip you Flirt.

Py. How now Madam *Tiffany* ! Will none but my Cock serve to tread you ? Give me my Jewells thou Harlot.

To. Mother—Pray Mother—

Py. Bestow steeping thy skin in perfumes to kill the stink of thy paintings, and rotten inwards to catch Cockscombs.

To. Dear mother.

Py. But thou shalt not cozen, and Cucquean me.

To. Sweet mother—

Sar. *Lupus in fabula.* The Devill's in the womans tongue.

Py. A whip on her ; rotten eggs and kennell dirt on her filken Whoreship.

Sar.

Sar. Nil tam difficile. Nothing can lay her.

La.T. Nay, let the Countrey Gentlewoman bee mad and rave on ; she knowes I know my Countrey Gentlewoman had a Bastard before shee was married.

Py. Did um so ? The Countrey Gentlewoman was more chaste in a Bastard, then the Court Madam in her barrenesse. You understand me ; you have no Green-sicknesse there, yet (I hope) you have few Christ'nings ; you have trickes for that, have you ?

To. Nay mother——

Py. You have your Kickshaws, your Players Marchpaines ; all shew and no meat.

Sar. Nulli penetrabilis Astro. Shee'l heare no reason.

La.T. Go to ; you know how in private you commended your Horse-keeper to me.

Py. Well : And didst not thou in as much privacy counsell me to contemn my husband, and use an Italian trick that thou wouldst teach me ?

Sar. Quid faciendum ? Best stop their mouths ?

La.T. Out you bawble ; you trifle ; you hurden smock'd sweaty fluttery, that couldst love a fellow that wore worsted stockins footed, and fed in Cooks shops.

Sar. Faculis & Arcu. Thunder and Lightning.

Py. Ods my precious——

Sneak. Nay dear, sweet wife——

Py. How's this——

To. Honey Mother——

Py. Take this, and take all. Why goody Complexion, thou Rammy Nastinesse, thou knowest wherefore thy Gentlewoman left thee ; did she not sweare that she——

To. For modesties sake——

Py.

Py. Had rather be at the opening of a dead old man, then stand dressing thy head in a morning. Remember the Page that wore thy picture, and the song which thou hadst in the praise of the male Baboon.

Sar. Tacete parvuli: You have said too much.

To. Indeed mother you will be sorry, when you know how much you mistake, some crafty fellow has put a trick upon you.

Sneak. Me-thinks sweet wife you should rather condole our losse with me.

Py. Hold you your peace ; do not you prate.

Sar. Redde te Harpocratem: The man is wise enough.

To. 'Tis true ; misfortune hath wrought the Jewells from my father.

Sneak. Inded wife, truly, truly, I am Cony-catch'd—

To. But for my father, or this Ladies wronging you, as I am your son, I assure you I have been an eye-witness of all fair respect towards you.

Py. Is it even so ?

To. Mother, as I respect your blessing it is perfect truth.

Py. I humbly beseech you sweet Madam, that my earnest and hearty sorrow may procure remission for my inconsiderate and causelesse Invectives. Let my confession seem satisfactory, and my contrition win indulgency to my forgetfull delinquency. I pray you let us kisse and be friends.

La.T. Alas sweet friend, you and I have been inward a great while, and for us to fall out, and bare one anothers secrets—

Py. Well, 'twas mine error, not malice ; but as for the procurer of it, if I pay not him in his owne Coyne—Mr. *Footwell!* Ile shew you a trick of twenty. Come son, I have a wife for thee.

To.

To. A Wife! a Wife, Mother! O where is shee?

Py. I, my boy, a Wife—

To. O ho.

Py. And such a one as thou shalt blesse me for procuring. Curteously farewell, sweet Madam: Where's my Fool? Come, leave the Court firrah, and man your owne wife into the City——

Excunt omnes.

A C T. IIII. Scene III.

Jofina, Craſy.

Jo. **B**UT I prethee ſatisſie me: What returne they? Received they my Jewells?

Cra. Yes, they prov'd acceptive.

Jo. And what ſaid they? Can they affect?

Cra. Can they be damned? Before I will undergoe againe ſuch a buſineſs—fore Heaven I do as little differ from a Pander! only I have nothing for my pains, or elſe ——

Jo. Thou ſhalt have. Are thy news happy?

Cra. Are your own wiſhes happy?

Jo. Hold, ſpend this ten pound for me, *Footwel.*

Cra. Will you make me a Bawde. What a Bawde? And yet introth, what would not a man be for your ſake, that have ſuch wit and ſuch bounty!

I cannot refuse, but suffer your Virtue to be exercised upon me.

Jos. Now, prethee speak ; what's their answer ?

Cra. Why, Ile tell you, they are both your own.

Jos. Both Footwell : I prethee how ?

Cra. Why, no more but this ; they are both yours ; only you know, but one hand in a Glove at once. But I had so much to do with one of them ; such a coyle to draw him to it —

Jos. Which, I prethee ? Sir *Andrew* ?

Cra. Even he : He saies, he understands that you affect a Mountebanck. Sure, your Doctor is but some base bragging Rascall.

Jos. Do you think so ?

Cra. How should Sir *Andrew* know else that he is come to embrace you to night ?

Jos. Does he know that too ?

Cra. Yes marry does he, which the worthy Knight takes so contemptuously, suffering so base a Rivall, that he vowes, unless you beat him, bastinado him soundly when he comes, he will loath you most constantly.

Jos. Enough, if I do not make him an Example to all the bawdy Quacks in the Kingdome ; say there is no virtue in Cudgels, and Bedstaves. Ile charm him for opening any more secrets of mine, Ile warrant him. And so write to Sir *Andrew*.

Cra. Welsaid Mistrefs, be resolute. I mean to help you my selfe.

Jos. Ile cast about for weapons instantly.—*Exit.*

Cra. Yes, I will write to Sir *Andrew*, doubtles, that, which he shall have small cause to thank me for. I will write for him to come in the habit of this Doctor.

A C T. IV. Scene IV.

Linſie Wolfe, Crack with a Lute, &c.

Lin. SHee's gone, ſhee's gone : Was ever man ſo ſcheated ? Threeſcore pound for a Ring ; and the Ring gone too, for which I paid it : A moneths dyet and lodging, beſides the charge of Phyſick and attendance. Five pound in dole bread, would have ferv'd my houſe a twelve moneth. I am undone ; broke, Bankrupt : But thou Rogue ſhalt ſmart for all, now I have caught thee.

Crac. Mercy, dear Sir, mercy.

Lin. Were you making up your packe to bee gone too ?

Crac. Nothing but my own Sir, my Lute, and a few Muſick-books.

Lin. You and your Miſtreſſe have made ſweet Muſick of me : Therefore firrah quickly—Are the Beadles gone for ?

Servant within. Yes Sir.

Lin. Therefore quickly, I ſay, as you were an Acter in the Cofenage, bring her to light, or——

Crac. Shee's light enough her ſelf : But a very Innocent I, Sir. She has cozen'd me of halfe a years ſervice, wrought me off o'my leggs, ſtrain'd my backe, crack'd my voyce, done me to my utter undoing ; and can you think I knew of her running away ?

Lin. I'll make you ſing another ſong firrah : Are the Beadles come ?

Crac.

Crac. Any fong Sir, or as many as you please. *He fings a song.*

Lin. Pretty I confesse. But that's not the fong must do it ; nor can any fong please me at this time. Are the Beadles come ?

Serv. within. Yes Sir, they are here.

Crac. Deare Sir, let 'em forbear a little. And if I cannot please you with a fong, commit me to their fury.

Lin. 'Tis but to trifle time : yet sing before you suffer. Worse then t'other this ; you shall sing in another place, to the whip, to the whip, Sir ? Bring in the Beadles, and away with him to Bridewell. *He fings another song.*

Crac. Yet once more, good Sir, try me this last time, and but promise me, if I can sing a fong that you shall like, to forgive and free me.

Lin. Sing a fong that I shall like, and I will free thee.

Crack fings againe.

*Then shall a present course be found
For M. Wolfies threescore pound ;
And his Ring,
And the thing
That has given him the slip——*

Lin. I marry, that I like well.

Crac. Then I have 'scap'd the whip.

Lin. Think you so Sir ?

Crac. Yes : For you like the fong well, you say, and I am free ; I hope you will make good your noble City word, Sir.

Lin. City words use not to passe for fongs Sir : Make you good the words of your fong, Sir, and I shall

shall make my word good Sir: Come away Beadles.

Crac. O stay Sir, I beseech you, and let your Justice fall on the right shoulders. I'll confesse all.

Lin. O will you so Sir?

Crack. 'Tis most true Sir, that the Gentlewoman, whom I call'd Mistrefs, is a most cunning whore, and a notorious cheat.

Lin. These are good words indeed!

Crac. Shee came to your house with foure men in Liveries; they were all but hired Pandars.

Lin. Yes, and divers Trunks of supposed Treasure, which I finde to bee Baggs of Nailes, and other old Iron, and all the Rings and Stones shee boasted in her Will are but Curtaine Rings, and Bricke-bats.

Crac. Your owne covetousnes cozen'd you Sir: But if I now bring you not where you shall see how shee is since bestowed, and that you finde not hearty cause to rejoyce that you were cozen'd of her, let me be whipp'd to death, Sir.

Lin. Well, come along Sir: But I will have a Guard upon you.

Crac. What Guard you please Sir, so my poore skin may scape the Lash-guards.—

Excunt omnes.

A C T.

A C T. V.

Craſy, Tryman, Pyannet, Toby.

Try. **O** thou Varlet, thou unconſcionable Unbeliever, ungodly Miſcreant! Haſt thou cozen'd my eaſie Credulity? And wouldſt have undone and married me, like a Cony-catching companion, as thou art? Didſt not thou tell me, thou haſt moderate means of life, friends of fashion, and civill reputation? And now this virtuous, religious Gentlewoman tells me, thou art an arrant Skipjack.

Py. Nay, and has not a hole to put thy head in, but upon my curteſie.

Try. But I thank this Matrons worſhip, her pity will not permit my eaſie Nature to ſuffer under thy Coſenage: But beſtowes her generous Son and Heire here upon me.—

Py. A Gentleman of another ſpheare, another ranck then you are Sirrah; that ſhall have three hundred yeare in *Eſſe*, and five in *Poſſe*.

Try. That is acquainted with young Lords; has had the honour to make a Hunting match.

To. I, and a challenge to ride the wilde Goofe chaſe.

Try. That hath made Ladies Poſies for Cheeſe trenchers.

To. And play'd with Counteſſes at Shuttle-cock.

Try. And to this Elegant Spirit and choice hope am I, and my Fortunes contracted.

Craf. How! contracted.

Try. Yes Sir, contracted. Look you, I dare seale it before your face. *Kiffe.*

Cra. Are you so.

To. She is mine fir, mine fir. Do you mark, I dare likewise seale it fir. *Kiffe.*

Cra. Is there honesty in this dealing?

Py. Yes fir, Is there not profit in this dealing?

Cra. Tis very well. If there be no Law upon words, Oathes, and Pre-contracts, and Witnes. If a man may spend a hundred Angels upon a Widdow; have her affied before Witnes, and then have his Nose wip'd of her. Why, Tis very well.

Tryman takes Pyannet and Toby aside.

Try. Intruth deare heart, and sweet Mother in expectation, to speak equally, there have some words of course past betwixt us, which may seem to impart some Ingagément. Surely I have been too liberall of some speech of advantage. Truly it would not be amifs, (considering his Expence and Interest) to fall to some slight Composition. Some hundred Pounds would make the poor Knave do any thing,

To. Mother, let's be wise. Let's be wise Mother; fetch a hundred peeces presently: That even upon his first consent, he may be satisfy'd and silenc'd.

Try. For if he chance but to be delay'd till he ask Counsell, then——

Py. Mum. A word to the wife.— *Exit.*

Cra. Nay, I hope as long as I am a Subject, I shall have Law: I doubt not but I shall have Law.

Try.

Try. Come Sir, you shall not deservedly exclaim of my neglecting you.

For our sometimes Love, I have procured you a hundred Pounds.

Cra. To disclaim my right in you, Ile take't. Here's my hand, Ile take it.

To. Pox, how my Mother staies.

Cra. Scorn my Poverty! Come, where ist? Because I have not the Muck of the World. Come, the money.

Enter Pyannet.

Py. Here fir, upon this consideration, that you disclaim and renounce all interest ——

Cra. Yes most freely.

Py. In this Gentlewoman ; and do vow, never to pretend future claim to her.

Cra. I do, marry——

To. Nay, no marries fir, you have receiv'd the money. You shall make no more marries here. Come my betrothed Spouse, bid a Fice for him, Say black's thine Eye who dares. Mother Ile be married to night, and to bed presently.

Py. This night, Son ; tis very late.

To. never to late to be wife. I hope I am your Son ; and must beare a Brain.

Py. Indeed, he that deales with Woman, must take occasion by the fore Lock. Away—— *Exit.*

Cra. Why! I am weary of money now : I have gotten more in a weeks Cosenage, then in all my daies of Honesty. What an easie coole thing it is to be a rich Knave! Gramercy *Punck.* A witty Wench is an excellent help at a dead lift. But in despite of the Justice that provok'd me, my Conscience a little turns at these brain-tricks. But they have all been ungratefull ; ungratefull! Tis

a sin that should have no mercy : tis the Plague-spot ; who has it should not live.

If holy wisdom from the thundring Cloud
Had given more Lawes then ten, this had ensu'd :
Avoid, O man, mans Shame, Ingratitude.
For my poor Lot, *I* could have sweetly slept
In quiet want, with resolute content ;
Had not defect of wit, uncurteous scorn
Been thrust upon me. Now they all shall feele,
When honest men revenge, their whips are Steele.

My Courtiers are the next that I must exercise upon. This night my wife expects the embraces of one of them at least, if this hasty Marriage call her not from her Chamber. But she being a right woman may prevent that with a fained sicknesse, or so. Let me remember, I wrote to *Rufflit* to come like her Doctor Pulse-feeles, to minister to her. This will jump right with a counterfeit sickness : It may, perhaps, break a Urinall about his Coxcomb.

Musick.

How now ! O perceive this great Wedding goes forward.

Musick. Torches. Sarpego. Toby and Tryman. Sneakup and La. Ticket, Pyannet. Fosina in night attire. *Bridget.* They passe as to the Wedding with *Rosemary.* *Craspy* whispers *Fosina.* She takes leave of her Mother, seeming to complain of being sick ; and so returns with *Bridget.* Then enter *Rufflit* like a Doctor.

Cra. So, this falls out pat. She is no sooner gone Sick to her Chamber, but here comes her Physitian, to cover and recover her in a trice.

Ruf. Hift, Footwell, Footwell.

Cra. Signor *Rufflit* ; I am a foole if I took you not for a Physitian.

Ruf. She wrote to me, that I should come in this habit.

Cra.

Cra. Right Sir, to avoid suspect: For which cause she has counterfeited herselfe sick, and lies longing and languishing till you minister to her.

Ruf. And am I come pat? am I come i'the nick?

Cra. Your Fortune sings in the right Cliff, sir, a wench as tender as a City Pullet.

Ruf. But not so rotten.

Cra. Oh sir, health it selfe; a very Restorative. Will you in? The way lies open before you.

Ruf. Hold *Footwell*, tel that till I — gives him return from branching the most meritted money.

Cuckold *Crafsy*. Poor Snake, that I must force thee to cast thy Skin. And he were not a Citizen I could pity him: He is undone for ever. Methinks I see him all ready make earnest suite, to weare a red Cap, and a blew Gown; comely to carry a Staff-torch before my Lord Mayor upon *Alhalloune night*. Watch *Footwell*, I mount.—— *Exit*.

Crafs. But now, if the agitation of my Braines should work through my Browes. If my Wives pitifull hand should fall to composition with my Doctors Pate, and my deceit be discovered before the Bastinado had given charge to his Shoulders, were not my Forehead in apparant danger. 'Tis done in three minutes. Death, my Courtier has a sanguine Complexion: He is like a Cock sparrow, Chit, Chit, and away. Heart o' man! And I should be blown up in mine own Mine now! Ha.

Ruf. within. Hold Mrs. *Crafsy*. Deare *Bridget*. Help *Footwell*.

Cra. Ho the hubbub's rays'd, and my feare's vanisht.

Enter *Josina*, and *Bridget* beating *Ruffit*:

Crafsy takes *Bridget's Cudgell*, and laies on.

Jos. Out you Pispot-caster.

Bri. You Suppository.

Jof. You Glister-pipe, thinkst to dishonest me?

Ruf. Hold, deare Lady—I am——

Jof. A stincking faucy Rascall thou art, take this remembrance. *Exit.*

Cra. Hold, sweet Mistrefs.

Ruf. Oh I thank you good Mr. *Footwell.*

Cra. Oh, it is not so much worth verily.

Ruf. Oh, but tis fir.

He draws his Sword from under his Gowne. Crafsy closes with, and disarmes him.

Rogue. Rogue.

Nay prethee sweet Rascall, Pox on you, I did not mean to hurt you, my honest Vagabond, tell me, tell me: Come, who was't put this Trick upon me. Thou art a precious Villain: Come, whose devise was it? Whose plot. At whose Suit was I Cudgel'd? Who made me feigne my selfe a Physitian, till I must be forc'd to go to the Surgeon? And dare'st tell me?

Cra. Nay, then I will tell you. Dare! why twas your Friend and Rivall, Sir *Andrew Ticket.*

Ruff. *Ticket.*

Cra. Even he fir. His Gold hir'd me to gull you. And this brain procur'd your beating. Yes faith fir, Envie, bribes, and wit have wrong upon you.

Ruff. Well, if I revenge not ——

Cra. But how fir.

Ruff. I, afore Heaven, that's well thought on. Give me but the meanes, and I will not only forgive, but reward thee richly.

Craf. Come faith, because I would have both your Shoulders, go in one Livery, I must disclose. Why fir, Knavery is restorative to me, as Spiders to Monkeys. The poyson of wit feeds me.

Enter

Enter Ticket.

Boy with a Torch.

Look you fir, he's come. Stand close, take this Cudgell, grasp it strongly, stretch your Sinewes lustily ; And when you see him hang by the middle in a Rope, let your Fift fall thick, and your Cudgell nimble.

Ruf. And soundly. My ambitious blowes shall strive which shall go formost.

Craf. Good fir.

Ruf. Draw him up but halfe way.

Cra. So fir, I must up to receive.— *Exit.*

Ruf. Do so : I shall be so reveng'd now ! He had been better ha' been taken in Bed with another mans Wife, then have prevented me thus.

Tic. Vanish Sirrah with the Light. This I am sure is the Window which her Letters call'd me to.

Ruf. I would you would begin once, that I might be at work. I do not love to stand idle in the Cold thus.

Tic. Hift, *Footwell, Footwell.*

Crafy above : Here fir, here. O I watcht to do you a good turn. Will you mount fir ?

Tic. I will mount, remount, and surmount I wonder that there is not a solemne Statute made, that no Citizen should marry a handsome Woman ; Or if he did, not to lye with her. For and twere not for Gallants help, they would beget nothing but Fooles.

Cra. Right fir, right fir. Take the *Crafy lets*
Rope, and fasten it about your middle *downe a*
fir. *Rope.*

Tic. Why, that's *Crafy* ; a very Coxcomb.

Cra. An Affe, an Affe.

Tic.

Tic. A meer Citizen. Were't not a shame his wife should be honest? Or is't not pity that my own man should wholly enjoy a rare excellent proper woman, when a whole Corporation scarce affords two of them.

Cra. Most true sir. Now mount sir. I pluck courageously. Pray *Hercules* my strength faile me not.

Ruf. Up sir, up sir. *Rufflit cud-*

Tic. Pox, and pain! Hold Doctor. *gels him.*

Ruf. Save you sir.

Tic. I am most sensible of your Salutation. Pluck *Footwell*.

Cra. Alas the Cord sticks sir; Ile call some help sir. *Craffy comes*

Tic. Death and Devils! *downe.*

Ruf. Fists and Cudgels,

Tic. Heart, Lungs, Lights.

Ruf. Armes, Shoulders, Sides.

Tic. Help, help, help.

Enter Craffy.

Cra. Passion of Heaven Doctor: Ile Doctor you away. *Exit Rufflit*

Tic. Redeem me deare *Footwell*.

Cra. Yes sir I come for the same purpose. Alas sir, me thinks I even feele your blowes. Are you not sore sir?

Tick. Sore? Couldst thou not pluck?

Cra. Sure I was Planet-struck; the rope stuck in a slit Sir.

Tic. A Pox o'the slit, say I.

Cra. Know you this mad Doctor? Or do you owe any Doctor any thing?

Tic. I know him not, nor do I owe any Doctor any thing; I onely owe my Barber-Surgeon for a dyet-drink.

Cra.

Cra. Speedily make up your face *Ent. Rufflit*
Sir, here comes company : M. *Rufflit* ! *in his owne*

Ruf. Honest *Footwel* ! how dost ? *shape.*

Sir *Andrew* ! Heartily how is't ?— *He hugs and*

Tic. As heartily as thou wilt ; but *shakes him.*
not so hard I prethee.

Ruf. Why what's the matter ?

Tic. I bruif'd my side e'en now against a formes
edge.

Ruf. Parmafity, Sir, is very good, or the fresh
skin of a flead Cat.

Tic. Flead Cat ?

Ruf. The fly-blowes of a dead dog, made into
oyl, and spread upon the kell of a meazell
hog.. *Musick.*

Cra. Hark Gentlemen, the Wedding comes, for-
get old bruises, and put on sence of the lightest
colour : for this house to night vowes to run giddy
with mirth and laughter.

Enter Lights : Sarpego, Toby, Tryman,
La. Ticket, Pyannet, Sneakup.

Ruf. Joy, health, love and children to this happy
union.

Tic. Unbruif'd bones, and smooth foreheads to
you both.

Py. What shall no device, no mirth solemnize
my sons match ? Go *Sneakup*, call downe our
daughter. *[Exit Sneakup.]*

In despight of sicknesse, mirth and joy shall make
this night healthfull.

Try. O mother, cold sobriety and modest me-
lancholy becomes the face of the Matron ; unedi-
fying gawdes are Prophane vanities. Mirth is the
fat of fools, onely vertue is the nourishment of
purity and unfinning sincerity.

Py.

Py. By the leave of your wifdome daughter, wee'l take the wall of your preciseness: for Mr. *Sarpego* has told me of a learned subject for a Ballet, which wee shall see acted presently.

Try. What is it, some Heathenish Play?

Sar. No certes, but a very religious Dialogue, full of nothing, but morall conceits betwixt Lady *Luxury*, a Prodigall and a Fool.

Try. But who should act and personate these?

Sar. Why in that lies the nobility of the device; it should be done after the fashion of *Italy* by our selves, only the plot premeditated to what our aim must tend: Marry the Speeches must be extempore. Mrs. Bride would I have to play Dame *Luxury*, and Mr. *Footwell* here the Prodigall.

Py. And my husband the Fool.

Enter Sneakup, Josina and Bridget.

Sneak. I, and't please you wife.

Sar. Ile play the Inductor, and then we are all fitted.

Try. I pray you what is Lady *Luxury*? A woman regenerative.

Tob. A whore, wife:

Sar. In sincerity not much better then a Curtezan; a kind of open Creature.

Try. And do you think me fit to represent an open Creature? Saving your modesties, a Whore. Can I play the Strumpet, think yee?

Jos. Trust me Sister, as long as it is done in private, in ones own House, and for some few selected Gentlemens pleasure; Me-thinks the part is not altogether the displeasingft.

Try. Modesty defend me! you think tis nothing to play the Strumpet.

Sar. Why surely religious Lady, it can be no disgrace

disgrace to you to figure out the part : For she that cannot play the Strumpet if she would, can claim no great honour to be chaste.

Bri. How gravely and sententious he speaks.

Tob. Wife, it shall be so : It is my first Injunction ; you shall do it, or disobey me. You must play it.

Try. What, the Whore sir ?

Tob. I, in jest : What hurt is't ? And Mother, you shall excuse my Father for this once : For since my wife plaies the Whore, Ile play the Foole my selfe. Though, I know, you had rather see him do it, you shall see for a need, I can make shift to perform it as well as he ; as naturally, and to the Life.

Sar. Exceeding well thought on, I pray you, Lady, approve of it.

Py. Let learning direct, I am not to prescribe to the Muses.

To. Come sweet heart, let's in and tire us, and be ready to enter presently.

Sar. *I fausto pede* —— *Ex. Tob. Try.*

Now for the Prodigall.

Cra. O doubt not, Mr. *Sarpego* : For know Sir, I am but a poor serving creature, that lives upon expectation ; Oh Sir my end must be husks. Feare not my discharge of the Prodigall —— *Exit.*

Sar. *Nil nisi Carmina desunt.*

To entertaine ye, while we attire our selves.

We want but now some Musick, or a Song,

But thinke you have it. Sit : wee'l not be long. ——

Exit.

Py. Seat you Gallants. Sit, sweet Sir *Andrew*, Madam, and the rest, and wee'le imagine Musick, as M. *Sarpego* bids us.

Enter

Enter Linſie Wolfie, and Crack with his Lute.

How now ! By what miſrule comes he to trouble us ?

Lin. By your leave, Gallants, I have brought you Muſick.

Py. You Sir, I know your purpoſe, and it is prevented ; you come after the Marriage to forbid the banes. Ha ha ha—you are ſhort, M. *Wolfie*, you are ſhort.

Lin. Good Mrs. *Sneakup* you are wide. I come to wiſh joy to the match, and to tell you I rejoyce, that I miſt a Bridegrooms part.

Py. How's that ?

Lin. You ſee I wear no Willow, and am merry : All's true you told me, boy ?

Crac. Yes by my deteſtation to Bridewell Sir.

Lin. Sing boy that ſong. If I have any grieve, it ſhall be all vented in a Hymeneall Song.

Tic. I have not known him in this humor.

Ruf. Sure 'tis a merry madneſſe for the loſſe of the widdow.

Py. Since you come friendly, you are welcome, M. *Wolfie*. Pray ſit with us, and heare your Hymeneall Song.

Crack ſings.

<i>Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen</i>	<i>Py.</i> This
<i>Was wont to be ſtill the old ſong</i>	begins
<i>At high Nuptiall Feaſts</i>	well.
<i>Where the merry merry gueſts</i>	
<i>With joy and good wiſhes did throng :</i>	
<i>But to this new Wedding new notes do I bring,</i>	
<i>To raile at thee Hymen, while ſadly I ſing.</i>	

Fye

*Fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen,
What hands, and what hearts dost thou knit ?
A Widdow that's prore,
And a very very Whore,
To an Heire that wants nothing but wit.
Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy answer is made,
When his means are spent, they may live by her trade.*

Py. He sings *Hymen* and *Hymen* ; but me-thinkes the song is scandalous to the Marriage.

Lin. Excuse me Lady, though I was cozen'd of the Bride, I have no such malice ; 'tis a song that the boy could sing by chance, and made by a couple that were lately married in Crooked-Lane.

Py. O, is it so Sir ? I knew not what to make of it.

Florish. Enter Sarpego, the Prolocutor.

Tic. Let us attend I pray ; the Prologue enters.

Sar. *Right Country Dame, and Courtly Lady,
Look for sense as small as may be ;
But, if wit deceive your thinkings,
Know our Muse disdaines base shrinkings.
Hold a while your Verdicts bridle,
Fudge not yet our Project idle,
Till at length the close may show it,
If we act the part of Poet.*

Enter Tryman and Toby. *She loosely drest like a
Curtezan, a bowle of wine in her hand. He
in a fools Cap and Coat.*

Speak Lechery and Folly, Luxury I would say ;
I need not prompt them, they know what they
should say.

Try.

Try. Out you bafe Rascall, you muddy Slave, thou hast married me, and I will drink a health to thy Cuckoldmaker.—— *She drinks it off.*

To. Sfoot I am afraid shee'l play the whore better then I shall act the fool.

Try. Thou under-hearted, dull-blooded Pantaloon; thou whose utmost honour is to be made in good a thing as a Cuckold; thou sonne of a Copyholder, and the Pudding-pye womans daughter, dost thou think, dar'st thou but imagine, that I shall ever vouchsafe to love to doe any thing, but laugh at thee? Hence you Poultroun; thy voyce sounds not so farre as thy breath stinks——

Kicks him.

To. Nay but, nay but do you heare wife? I do not very well like this; me-thinks you play too much in earnest.

Try. In earnest? Why Goodman Fool, you Cockscorn, you Ninnihammer, you Clotpole Countrey Gentleman, thou dirty greediness.——

Py. Why how now daughter? Are you well? Me-thinks you over-do it too much.

Try. Thou dream'st my good husband, that thou hast married the rich widdow, ha ha ha—

Sar. Now enters Prodigality.

Enter Crasy in his own habit, all hung with Chains, Jewells, Bags of Money, &c.

Cra. When the troth is, deare brother, you have married the rank whore. Ha ha ha.

To. Sir!—who, brother *Crasy*?

To. Sweet husband!

Py. Dear son!

Tic. Ruff. Precious friend!

Lin. Neighbour *Crasie*!

Sar. *Dij boni! Domine Crasie!*

Cra

Cra. And how doe you wife? When comes your Doctor *Pulsfeel*? But a kisse and so forth? And would not one of these free Gallants, these proper youths have serv'd the turne? I pray pardon mine incivility, Mother; I was bold to retaine mine owne Jewells. Ha' you not forgot your singles and your doubles, your fallings back, and your turnings up wife?

Jo. Why ifaith, dear heart, dost thinke me so simple, that I did not know thee all the while? Alas man, I did but counterfeit, as you did, to maintaine the jest; kisse me sweet duck—onely to maintaine the jest ifaith.

Cra. Yes, yes, yes, we are Friends. I heartily thank these kind Gentlemen for their loves to you, yes faith, heartily: I am better by it five hundred at least. Be not you jealous Madame, they had nothing for it; not a bit by this Light.

Ruff. Death o' my Fortune! that was my Gold.

Tic. Plague of a Villain, that was my Jewell.

Cra. True Gentlemen; and your bounty likewise lies in this Bag.

La. T. Sir, we sent these things to your Wife.

Cra. I thank you for it; we have but one Capacity in the Law, you know: What's hers must be mine. I know thou wouldst have it so sweet-heart. I am onely sorry Gentlemen, that you were so well favourdly beaten. That the Foole Citizen, the Assc Citizen, the Cuckold Citizen should procure such a sound swadling to your wife, valiant and substantiall Shoulders. Is't not a fore matter? But rest, Salves and warm Oyles may in time recover it.

How do you kind Mother? Gentlemen, if any of you want Money Gentlemen, here stands a City-wit that has it. I have it, if you want any; speak, I have it, and will keep it. How does your Costard Sir?

Sir? A Pox o'th Slit, Sir. Belov'd of *Phæbus*,
Minion of the Muses; deare water bayly of *Helicon*,
be not proud of your Preferment, though you are
his Highnesse tutor. Mother, I take the restoring
of my rich Jewels very kindly. O my kind
Brother, you have got the rich Widdow; and you
have borne a brain Mother. Your hundred pound,
brother, was most thriftily and opportunely be-
stow'd. I could ha' procur'd her to you at an
easier rate, Mother. I am onely sorry for you Mr.
Wolffy, that you had her not: Because you very
honourably releast me of your Bond before it was
due; and are in shrewd danger to be laught at
among your Neighbours.

How does good Mr. *Craffy*, the Princes Jeweller?
Mother, did not my Father look too wise for a
Citizen? How dost honest *Punch*? I am as much
beholden to thee, as to the rest o' them.

Py. My sonne and my heir is utterly undone.

To. O! I am quite cast away.

Cra. O no, you shall be no loser by me; you
shall be a gainer by me Brother: Get wit Brother
(marke you) wit. Good faith I pity the poore
Citizen, hee has no wit; a handsome young fellow,
with a pretty beard, and a proper bodied woman
to his wife, and cannot beare a brain!

Try. Why dost heare, modestly mumping Mo-
ther-in-Law, with thy French-hood, gold-chain,
and flaggon-bracelets, advance thy snout. If the
foole thy son, the Ideot my husband here, have
but as much brains as a Battledore, he may make
a faire revenue of me: Has he not a place at
Court? Can he not lodge me there, and prove weak-
sighted, thick of hearing, sleepeie after dinner, and
snort when others entertaine and Court me? Can
he

he not survey the hangings, read *Cupids* Conybery, the Park of pleasure, Christian Love-Letters, or some other Pamphlet, or faine some errand into the Town, whilst his browes are turning into gold ?

Py. O impudence beyond woman's apprehension! Sonne *Crasie*, we have all wrong'd thee, thou know'st it ; thou hast reveng'd it, we feel it ; only do not undo my heire, save him, bring him but off o'this match with any los.

Cra. Why Mother, is your son grown such a fawcy Knave, as he thinkes scorne to be a Cuckold ? I cannot cleare him ; in truth I cannot : He has paid for her deeply, and 'tis pity they should be parted, yes faith is't.

Py. Woman, we do pray thee, we do beseech thee, even upon our knees — have pity on the house of the *Sucakups* : quit my *Py. and Tob. kneel.* son, relinquish thy right, make frustrate this marriage, and look thee, before these able witnessses, we heartily forgive all, and forget : And withall, freely bestow this chaine upon thee — [*Pulls off*

Try. I do receive it. *her chain and gives it.]*

To. She does receive it, beare witness all, she does receive it.

Try. Marry on this condition——

To. No I'll no more marries nor conditions, you have receiv'd it.

Py. I, you must make frustrate the Marriage ; for look you, you have receiv'd it.

Try. I will, and freely do ; only the condition I would have made, is this, That if you intend longer to be Master of your husband, now that you have seen how well it became me, you will henceforward do as I do —— Look you, wear breeches. *Puls the*

Py. O horrible! *coats up, and shows*

To. How! do you wear breeches? *the breeches.*

Try.

Try. Yes Sir, breeches ; and as good lining and stuffing in them, I hope, as yours have, though they be of Sattin.

To. I'll feel that : Sfoot mother this is a man. Come and feel else.

Try. A young one Sir. [*Puts off his head-dreſs.*] See Maſter your poor ſervant *Jeremy*, if he has perform'd his part, deſires to be admitted into the Livery of wit, and to wear this chaine as his enſigne of Freedome.

Omnes. Jeremy !

To. Jeremy ! O Jeremy ! thou wer't ever too hard for—

Try. Except at ſpoonmeat, Sir.

To. Jeremy !

Try. Yes, Miſtreſs : Indeed forſooth.

Cra. Well, give me thy hand : I will love thee as long as there is ſwiftneſſe in meditation, ſmoothneſſe in flattery, or conſtancy in malice.

Py. And for the cure that he has wrought on me,

I will applaud his wit, and bleſſe the light

It gave me to diſcover my foule error :

Which by his demonſtration ſhew'd ſo monſtrous,
That I muſt loath my ſelf, till I bee purg'd.

Sir, by your fair forgiveneſſe, which I kneel for—

Sneak. Heaven make me thankfull : Wife I have
no words

To ſhew how I rejoyce : Riſe, let me kiſſe thee—

Sar. Tempora mutantur. The towne's ours again.
Only, to fill the Scene with joy, may wee
Conjoyn ſweet maid, in the Cataſtrophe.

Bri. Would you that have taught Greeke, and whip't great boyes, come backe to your Horn-book, and let down your Gaſcoines to me, that would, if I had you, bee more tyrannous then any Pedant that ever reign'd ſince the dayes of *Dionyſius* :
Beſides

Besides here is my choice, with my Master and Mistresses leave, *Jeremie's* brother.

Cra. But is hee seriously thy brother?

Try. Yes, and no more a Pimp Sir, then I am a Wench.

Cra. Well, Mr. *Sarpego*, I'll help you to a fitter match, and *Crack* I will give thee something with her: Take the security of my hand.

Crac. I only desire to be secure from this mans fury, and so consequently from Bridewell.

Cra. He shall have nothing to say to thee.

Lin. I will have nothing to say to man, woman, or child, while I live againe.

Sar. *Fortuna nihil aufert sapienti*: Fools and Fiddlers are her Favourites.

Cra. Let us make this a merry night.
Think of no losses. Sirs, you shall have none;
My honest care being but to keep mine owne.
What, by my flights, I got more then my due,
I timely will restore again to you.

Omnes. Thanks kind Mr. *Crafsy*, thanks.

Sar. *Gratias vel ingentes Domine Crafsy.*

Epilogue.



Epilogue.

Now let me Scholastikewise
For us all Epiloguise:
If these slender Scenes of Wit
Are receiv'd, as they were writ,
For your mirth, and no offence ;
Let your Grace quit our suspense
With applaus'd Catastrophe.
I am short, w'yee (as you see)
There a Figure, which pray note yee,
Sic valet valetote.

Gratias Reddo Cuicunque.
Valetote Iterumque.

FINIS.

THE
DAMOISELLE,
OR
THE NEW
ORDINARY.

A COMEDY.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *T. R.* for *Richard Marriot*, and
Thomas Dring, and are to be fold at their
Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.



Prologue.

OUR Playmaker (for yet he won't be call'd
Author, or Poet) nor beg to be install'd
Sir Lawreat) has sent me out t'invite
Your fancies to a full and cleane delight :
And bids me tell you, That though he be none
Of those, whose towring Muses scale the Throne
Of Kings, yet his familiar mirth's as good,
When tis by you approv'd and understood,
As if h' had writ strong lines, and had the fate,
Of other Fools for meddling with the State.
Readers and Audients make good Playes or Books,
Tis appetite makes Dishes, tis not Cooks.
But let me tell you, though you have the power,
To kill or save ; They 're Tyrants that devoure,
And Princes that preserve : He does not ayme,
So much at praise, as pardon ; nor does claime
Lawrell, but Money ; Bayes will buy no Sack,
And Honour fills no belly, cloaths no back.
And therefore you may see his maine intent
Is his owne welfare, and your merriment.
Then often come, 'twill make us and him the wetter,
Wee'l drown the faults of this, in one that's better.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

V Ermine, *an old Usurer.*
Dryground, *an old decayed Knight.*
Sir Amphilus, *a Cornish Knight.*
Bumpfey, *an old Justice.*
Brookeall, *a Gentleman, undone by Vermine.*
Valentine, *Drygrounds Son.*
Wat, *Vermins Son.*
Friendly, *a Templer.*
Oliver, } *Two Gallants.*
Ambrose, }
Trebasco. *Sir Amphilus his Footman.*
Attorney.

Mrs. Magdalen, Bumpseys Wife.
Jane, his Daughter.
Alice, Vermins Daughter,
Frances, a young Gentlewoman.
Phillis, a poore Wench.
Elianor.

Lawyers.
Serjeants.
Servants.
Rabble.

The Scene LONDON.

THE



THE
DAMOISELLE,
OR,
The New Ordinary.

ACT. I. Scene I.

Vermine, Dryground.

Ver. **Y**OU have your Money; full a thousand pound,
Sir Humfrey Dryground.

Dry. And you have my Mortgage.

Ver. All well and good; all well and good. But, now,

Sir Humfrey Dryground, let me counsell you.

You have already spent a faire Estate;
A goodly, great estate: I do not taunt,
Nor taxe you for't.

Dry. Because its pumpt into
The purses of such wretches as thy selfe.

Ver. But give me leave, now, fairely to admonish
You, to a care, how you do part with this.

You spirited men call Money Dirt and Mud.
I say it is the Eele.

Dry. And you the Mud
That foster it.

Ver. It is an Eele, I say, (glides—
In such fleek hands, as yours; from whence it
Dry. Into the Mud, oft-times, from whence it
came. (Sir,

Ver. I know you doe conceive me. Therefore,
(As I before was saying) Hold it fast

Dry. According to the Ballad. [*He sings.*]

*Youth keep thy Money fast,
And tye it in thy Purse :
For that must be thine onely Freind,
For better and for worse.*

Ver. So so, I see it going already.

Dry. I, to thy comfort. This is the Ufurers
Scripture ;

And all that they pretend Salvation by :
To give good admonition with their Money ;
Though, in their hearts they wish the quick sub-
version

Of all they deal with. This is all they plead
Against the curses of oppressed soules :
Did not I warne you ? Did not I say, take heed ?
And so, and so forth. I must thank you Sir.

Ver. You say, youle make a venture of this
Money.

Dry. Yes Mr. *Vermine*, in a Project, that—

Ver. Out upon Projects. Fy fy, out out out.

Dry. I'm confident shall set me out of debt,
With you and all the World ; and reap againe,
All, that I formerly have sowne, with profit.

Ver. Sowne ! There's a word ! Prodigall wast is
sowing.

We shall call Shipwrack, shortly, sowing too.

Heark

Heark you Sir *Humfrey Dryground*, may not I
Be privy to your Project? Will you tell me,
If I gueffe on it?

Dry. That I will in sooth. (Lord

Ver. Is't not to dreine the Goodwins? To be
Of all the Treasure, buried in the Sands there?
And have a Million yearly, from the Merchants
To cleer the passage.

Dry. You have had your blow.
No Sir, my Project is in the behalfe
Of the poor Gentleman, you overthrew
By the strong hand of Law, Bribes, and oppreffion;
Brookall: Do you know him Sir? whose state you
fuck'd;

That wrought him to a poverty that cries
Your sinfull Covetise up to the height;
And renders you the Monster of our time,
For avarice and cruelty.

Ver. No more of that.

Dry. You should do well to add a sum, like this
To his releife: To wave the bitter curse
That will in time fall on you and your house.

Ver. O ho! I now remember, you have reason.
That *Brookall* had a Sister, whom you vitiated
In your wild heat of blood, and then deny'd
Her promis'd Marriage; turnd her off with Childe
A dozen yeares since, and since that, never heard of.
Ha! Is't not so? Pray, did you know her Sir?

Dry. I wish I could redeem that ruthfull fault,
By all expiatory meanes: But thy
Inhumane cruelty is inexpiable:
Unlesse (it comes from Heaven into my heart
To move thee to't) thou tak'st a speedy course
To give him threefold restitution.

Ile put thee in the way. He has a Son,
A hopefull Youth, a Student in the Law,
If his poor Fathers want of means have not

Declined his courſe : Give him thy onely Daughter,
 And make his Fathers owne Inheritance
 (By thee unrighteouſly uſurpt) her Dowry ;
 And pray a bleſſing may go with it : And then
 Thou mayſt regaine a Chriſtian reputation,
 Till age ſhall lead thee to a quiet Grave.

Come, iſ't a match ? Will you beſtow your
 Daughter

On *Brookalls* Son, and make your way to Heaven
 by't ?

Ver. You have your Money.

Dry. And thou haſt Adders eares
 To all ſuch Counſells.

Ver. If you break your day
 I ſhall thinke of your counſell.

Dry. Farewell *Vermine*.

Exit.

Ver. And farewell *Dryground*.

This parcell of thy Land, Ile keep
 from wetting :

*The
 Mortgage.*

Tis not in thee to turne an Acre of it
 Into pure Liquor, for a twelvemoneths day.
 And break that day thy payment, and the Sun
 Sets not more ſure, then all this Land is mine.
 My Daughter ! ha ! Can't be in thought of man
 To dreame of ſuch a Match ? A wretch, a Beggar ?
 Within there ! Where's my Girle ? What *Ally* ?

Ally ?

Enter Aliée.

Ali. Here Sir ——

Ver. My bleſſing, and good morne : Now heare
 me Girle.

Ali. Now for a Speech ——

Ver. The care of Children's ſuch a ſtartle-braine,
 That had I more then one, I ſhould run Wild-cat,
 (Then one I mean, to care for) that's thy ſelfe,
 My ſober diſcreet Daughter. Note my care,
 Pil'd up for thee in maſſy ſums of wealth ;
 Too weighty for thy weak conſideration

To

To gueffe from whence it came, or how together
So layd in mountainous heaps.

Ali. It is indeed.

As ftrange to me, as are the ftony wonders
On *Salsbury* Plaine to others. But my duty
Perfwades me twas your thrift, and that great
bleffing

That gives increafe to honeft Induftry,
Drawne on it by your prayers and upright life,
That wrought thefe heaps together.

Ver. O, *Ally Ally*,

Tis well if thine with all thy Hufwifry
Can keep 'em fo. I thanke thee for thy judgement
And charitable thoughts. But ——

Ali. You had other wayes. (*Afide.*)

Ver. I fay, thou art the onely Childe I care for.
Thy Brother (though I loath to call him fo)
Is, now, an utter ftranger to my blood ;
Not to be nam'd but with my curfe, a Wolfe
That teares my very bowells out.

Ali. Your Money.

Ver. A riotous Reprobate, that hath coyn'd
His laft, already, of my meanes and bleffing.

Ali. But he yet may be turn'd Sir.

Ver. Out oth' Compter!

May he be fo, doft think? Could I but dream
His Creditors, that have him faft, could be
So idly mercifull, or that his youthfull Ghing
Could fretch, to get him out, Ile lay, my felfe,
An Action on him weightier, then the ftrength
Of all their poor abilities could lift :
His *Jacks*, his *Toms*, his *Nams*, *Nolls*, *Gills*, and
Nuns,

The roaring fry of his Blade-brandifhing mates
Should not releafe his Carcaffe : If they did,
I'de force him to a tryall for his life,
For the two hundred Peices that he pilfred.

B

Out

Out of my Counting-house. He shall up.

Ali. I will not forfeit my obedience Sir,
To urge against your Justice, onely I crave
Your leave to grieve, that I have such a Brother.

Ver. Thou shalt defie the name of Brother in
him,

My onely, onely Childe ; and but in one command
Obey me further, all my estate is thine,
Tis that I cald thee for.

Ali. I do not crave
More, then your daily blessing ; but desire
To know what youle impose upon my duty.

Ver. Thou shalt, and stile thy selfe a Lady by't.

Ali. Now Love defend me from the man I feare.

Ver. This day Ile match thee to a matchlesse
Knight. (last Term ?

Ali. The Westerne Knight Sir, that was here

Ver. Even he, this day he comes to Towne.

Ali. Would I

Were out on't first. A matchlesse Knight [*Afide.*]
Indeed, and shall be matchlesse still for me.

Ver. I like those blushes well : I read his welcome
Upon her cheeks.

Ali. Sir, I have heard, he has
But little Land.

Ver. But he has Money Girle
Enough to buy the best Knights Land, that is
A felling Knight, in the West part of *England.*

Ali. He's well in yeares.

Ver. A lusty Batchelor of two and fifty,
With, O, the husbandry thats in him.

Ali. How came he by his Knighthood ? Cost it
nothing ?

Ver. No : He was one oth' Cobbe-Knights in
the throng,

When they were dubd in Clusters.

Ser. Sir, the Knight,

*Enter Ser-
vant.*

That

That you expect this day, is come to Towne.
His man has brought's Portmantue.

Ver. Fetch the Man.

The welcomst man alive is come to Towne.

Ally, my Girle, my Daughter, Lady Bride!

What title shall I give thee? Now bestirr you,

I know his thrift, he has rid hard to day

To save his Dinner *Enter Wat disguised like*

Welcome honest freind. *a Countrey Servingman.*

And how does the right worshipfull Sir *Amphilus*?

Wat. My Master is in health Sir, pray'd be Go—

A little weary, or so, as I am of my carriage,

Which I must not lay down, but in the hands

Of your owne Worship.

Ver. Tis of weight and lock'd: I guesse the
worth;

And warrant him the safety under these Keyes.

But where's thy Master?

Wat. At his Inne in *Holborne*

Telling a little with the Host, till I

Bring word from you.

Ver. No, I will run to him

My selfe: you shall stay here, his Chamber

Fitted against he comes, *Ally*, bestirr you,

And thinke no paines your trouble on this day,

To morrows Sun shall light your Wedding way.

Exit.

Ali. Unlessse some unexpected Fate releive me,
I shall be hurried to my endlesse ruine.

Wat. You are sad, me thinks, young Mistresse,

I can tell you,

My Master, when he comes, will make you merry.

Ali. How? As he is a Foole?

Wat. No: But as he has

The soule of mirth and Musick at command;

Money, the all-rejoycing spirit; that

Hee'l make you merry with: Nor that alone,

But Dignity, which Women prize 'above money,
 You are a Lady by't : Mark that. And if
 He has a weaknesse, which you reckon folly ;
 It laies you open way to Sovereignty ;
 The thing which is of most esteem. You'll be
 His Lady *Regent* ; rule all his, and him.

Ali. This Fellow talkes not like a Serving-man :
 A forty shilling wages Creature, but
 Some disguis'd spokes-man. What may be the
 trick o'nt ?

Wat. You cannot, in th' estate you are, imagine
 What tis to be a Wife to such a man.

Ali. No more then you perceive the paines you
 loofe

In fooling for him thus. But spare your breath,
 And take this briefe tast of his Entertainment.
 First know, that I do know the man you speak of,
 To be a covetous Miser ; old and foolish.
 Not worth in my estimation the worst Meale
 That ever he himselve paid three pence for.

Wat. Who do you mean ? Sir *Amphilus* my
 Knight.

Ali. Yes Squire, I know him and his qualities ;
 The waies he got his Wealth by, casuall Matches ;
 Of forty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred
 For one. When bounteous Fortune (seldome failing
 Men of his Brain) cast all into his mouth,
 The Gudgeon gap'd for. And how flight a thing
 It is, for such base Worldlings to be rich ?
 That study nothing but to scrape and save.
 That have no Faith, but in their ready money,
 Nor love to Worldly pleasures above those
 Poor Coblers use.

Wit. Cheap Whores, and Duck-hunting :
 There's his delight indeed.

Ali. I hate to think of such a Dunghill Scarab.
 A water-Dog Knight !

Wat.

Wat. But Wedlock, to his age, will bring him
To choicer pleasures, and abandon such. (home

Ali. His Age is fit for nothing, but to rock
Anothers Child; and to rejoyce through Spectacles,
At the strong Gueffe he has, it is his owne.

Wat. You slight him strangely yet: but when
you see

Him, and his weighty reasons to confute you. —

Ali. I will nor weigh, nor see him, or his reasons.
And if thou ow'st him so much Service, tell him;
Go back and tell him strait: save him the end
Of his intended Journey. For to come
Hither, will be to drive me hence. And tell
My Father, ere he shall enforce me, take him;
He flye into the Armes of one he hates.

Wat. Are you in earnest?

Ali. Yes, by all my hopes. (then.

Wat. These are the armes that must receive thee
Nay, be not frighted Sister; look, tis I. { *Off his*

Ali. Beshrew me but I am. How { *Beard, &c.*
got you hither?

Could not the Compter hold you?

Wat. So it seems,
My Virtue was not to be so obscur'd.
Noble *Sir Humphrey Dryground*, Sister, was
My franck Infranchiser. O, I have wonders
To tell thee Sister. Thou must go with me.
But first, lend me some money. Borrow some;
(And let it be a good Summe) of my Father,
Now in his absence. Come, supply, supply
My Pockets and thine owne. For we must hence.
Th'art made for ever, Sister. Quick, dispatch.

Ali. What's the meaning of all this?

Wat. Twill be too long to tell it here.
The Rascall foole, to whom my Father gives thee,
Is come to Towne: And should he now surprise
thee,

Here in my Fathers power, thy strength might
faile thee.

Be therefore at a fure Guard. O, Sir *Humphrey*,
How are my Sister and my selfe bound to thee,
That plottest this escape. Dispatch good *Ally*
And heare the rest by th' way.

Ali. Why? Wither? What's the matter?

Wat. Say thou will have that Coxcomb, Ile but
kill thee,

And leave the here: And all my care is over.

Ali. Ile sooner dye then have him.

Wat. Why do you not shun him then? O, sweet
Sir *Humphrey*,

Is thy care flighted thus, in my delivery?
In my disguise? In sending out my Father
On Tom-fooles Errant? While a Coach is sent
To the back-doore here; All to save my Sister;
My thanklesse Sister here, from worse then Rape.

Ali. Why, whither would you have me?

Wat. But hard-by.

But till the Wilde-fire of my Fathers Passion
Shall be run out. Slid, I had eene forgot.
Beare money with us, Sister; pretty store.
Who knowes occasions? Let him keep in pawne
My rich Portmantue for't.

Ali. There's some good stuff in't.

Wat. More then hee'll thank me for. Wee'll talke
i'th' Coach

In, in, and furnish; and so through the Garden,
And, whirre, we are gone. If we should be pre-
vented;

By this good steele, if I but heare one knock,
Ile make fure work o'thee. I can but trusse for't.
There's a faire end on's both. And what will he
Do with his money then? Look how thou standst.
If you respect your Father, or the Dog-Master,
To be your Husband, better then me, then take

You

You your owne course: Mine shall be known next
Sessions. (Father

Ali. Better then you, don't you respect your
Better then me?

Wat. No, if I do, let me be hang'd for nothing :
And that would anger any man I think.

'Slid, thou and I had one Mother, (which
We both take after) so had not he and we.

And he takes after no body, that I know.
He loves a stranger better then's owne Childe :

And that mans money, better then that man,
The Devill 'bove all I think. Thou dost not know
What Coales we stand on.

Ali. Who shall look toth' house? (that

Wat. Wilt loose thy selfe with keeping that? Is
All now? Away, away.

Ali. Y'are a precious Brother.— *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. Scene II.

Bumpsey, Dryground, Valentine, Magdalen, Janc.

Bum. ALL this needs not Sir *Humphrey*.
A Dry. Do but heare patiently, and do
your pleasure.

I go not about to stop your course, Mr. *Bumpsey*.

Bum. Nor I yours, Sir *Humphrey*; Nor your
Sonnes here; Nor his Wifes there: Onely
this Gentlewoman, in mine owne right I
may be bold withall, while you depart my
house, if you may be intreated, so. Is not
this right? Is not this plain?

Mag. Yet heare his Worship speak, good *Bump*.

Bum. Good *Whirly*, what can his Worship speak?
Or your wisdom twattle for him, in this
Cause; that I do not understand already?
Has not his Sonne wedded our Daughter?

(c) B 4 How

How directly, or indirectly, who meddles with his match? Nay more, has he not bedded her? How, directly or indirectly, who meddles with that either? Let him have and hold, possesse (*Hml.*) and enjoy; do his worst, and make his best of her, though she be an Heire, I will not sue him out of her: No, I protest; were it *Ante Copulam*, as it is *post*, I would not crosse 'em. Is not this right and plaine enough.

Dry. But good Mr. *Bumpsey*, Brother *Bumpsey*, I would call you——

Bum. Keep your Brothers and your Goods to your selfe, Sir, I have no need of 'em.

You are a Knight, and a man of Worthip—

Val. He will speake all himselfe.

Bum. I am a plaine Fellow, and out of debt.

Mag. I, let him run on.

Bum. I fought none of your Alliance, I—

Val. Has he the speed to run beyond himselfe?

Ja. Yes, and bring himselfe about, I warrant you.

Bum. Nor to be joyned with houses of great found,

Whose noise growes from their hollow emptinesse.

I could have matcht my Daughter here, that was,

But now a Barronettesse in Reversion,

To a substantiall Heire of two faire Lordships.

Dry. Perhaps no Gentleman.

Bum. Yet honourable, Land-Lordship's reall honour,

Though in a Trades-man Son: when your faire Titles

Are but the shadowes of your Ancestry;

And you walk in 'em, when your Land is gone:

Like the pale Ghosts of dead Nobilitie.

Ha! Ist not so? Is not this right and plaine?

Dry.

Dry. Yes like the priviledge you use in your owne house here.

Bum. Nay I come up to you now *Sir Humfry Dryground* ;

Up in a point of Chivalry. You are a Knight,
A Baronet to boot : Your son is like
T'inherit that deare paid-for title, but
(Youle give me leave to use my plainneffe)

Dry. Freely. (honour.

Bum. Your son (I say) is Heire to your bought
Which may hereafter Ladifie my Daughter :
But where's the Land you once were Lord of ? Ha !
The goodly Cornfields, Meadows, Woods, and
Pastures,

That must maintain the House, the Gownes, the
Coach, (Hounds.
With all by complements of Horfes, Hawks, and
Val. Now hees in.

Bum. Where be the Parks, the Warrens, Herds,
and Flocks ? (ponds ?
Besides the Gardens, Orchards, Walks, and Fish-

Dry. For that heare me.

Bum. Ods pittty, give me leave,
You, that had all these once, in three faire Lord-
ships,
To be wrought on, and tonyed out of all,
But a small pittance of *Trois Cents per Annum*,
By Providence intayld upon the Heire,
(Or that had wasted too) which now maintaines
you,

In a proportion of Smoak, and Sack,
To wash your mouth with after, where you live
Confin'd in *Milford Lane*, or *Fullers Rents*,
Or who knows where, it skills not —

Dry. Must I heare this too.

Mag. Now he has almost done.

Bum. Can you (I say) think your good husbandry

A lawfull Precedent for your Gamesome son
To make my Daughter happy in a Marriage,
Though he had twice my Fortunes ?

Ja. Now hee's coming :

Beare but with this ; and if he offer not
More then you would request, Ile lose your love.

Bum. But here's the substance of't, you have my
Daughter,

Your Son, sir, has my Daughter, that must have,
And shall, my whole Estate at my Decease ;
(No Law exacts it sooner) This Estate
You safely may suppose ten thousand pounds,
Which I have got by thrifty Industry.
Onely one thousand, I confesse, my Wife
Improv'd my Fortune with, Here's the just summe.
I give her leave to give it to her Daughter :
She may endow her Husband with it. So,
Is not this plaine ? Now note me further, sir ;
What I have left is my owne ; and you, sir, may
Which what is theirs take hence your Son &
Daughter,

Till you shall heare old *Bumpsey* is deceast.
Then let him come, and challenge all—that's left ;
Mean time I know my course. (how apt

Ja. Now chop in with him, Mother, you know
Hee is to crosse you in these Moods.

Val. Deare, worthy, honourr'd, sir,

Bum. sh't, sh't, sh't ; Woman come you with me.

Mag. I *Bump.* Let us go our way, and let them
take theirs agods name.

Val. Pray heare me, sir.

Mug. At this time, sir, he shall not.

Bum. Shall not ! He shall sure : Ods pity ! shall
not : Are you pleas'd to speak, sir.

Val. Not to offend —

Bum. Not to a Fiddlestick. Shall not ! Can
you speak or not ?

If

If not, pray yell me so.

Val. I married, fir, your Daughter.

Bum. You may thank her Mother for't, not me.

Well, will you speake ?

Val. I married her in a firme hope to winne
Your Love and favour.

Bum. Well.

Val. Which, since I have not yet ; and time
must worke it,
I would make this my fuit.

Bum. Would I could heare it once.

Val. That you would take
With re-acceptance of this thousand pound
Your Daughter and me into your Family.

Bum. And why the thousand pound ; doesn't
burn your Fingers ?

Val. Give us but meat and lodging for't : My
Father,
Out of his little left Estate will give us
A hundred yearely for other necessaries.

Bump. With all my heart.

Val. And as you finde my regular life deserve
Your future favour, so extend your bounty,
When Age shall call upon you to dispose
Of all your faire Possessions.

Bum. Humh ! A pretty od speech this ! I would
I knew
The meaning on't.

Val. I mean, Sir, as I speak ; that till you finde
Strong probability in me to manage
A good estate, you trust me not with any.

Bum. Ha ! Is it so ? Then I come to a point
with you.

Mag. Marke him now, Sir *Humfrey.*

Bum. You look, Sir, in my Daughters right, to
have,
After my death, my whole Estate, by shewing
Me.

Me, in my life time, your good husbandry, by husbanding of nothing :

Y' have tane off halfe my purpofe ; for I meant To have kept it in my power, whether to leave her Any, or nothing : And, perhaps (d'yee heare) By an odd courfe, that I was thinking on To ha' made all nothing ere I dy'd : But now Halfe of that power Ile put into your hands, Ile try what you can do with something.

Mag. Halfe ? What meane you halfe ?

Bum. Even halfe of all I have.

Mag. I hope you will not deal fo.

Bum. And as he deals with that, Ile use the reft.

Mag. Pray be advif'd.

Bum. Never by you 'gainft this :

Ile give him instantly the free poffeffion Of halfe I have : Now marke ; if you increafe, Or keep that halfe, then, doubtleffe, I fhall do, As well with tother for you : If you diminifh Or wafte it all, ile do the like with my part.

Mag. Husband.

Bum. Ile do't : Together we will live :

And Ile along with you in your owne courfe, And, as you play your game, you win or lofe all : Thrive and ile thrive : Spend you, and I will fpend : Save, and Ile fave ; fcatter, and Ile fcatter.

Mag. You won't be mad.

Bum. Ile do't : Let him throw Money Into the *Thames*, make Ducks and Drakes with Peices,

Ile do the like : till he has made a match Or no match of my Daughter : There's the point And the whole fubftance on't.

Dry. Will you do fo ?

Bum. Will I ? Tis done. Ile make him a good husband,
Or be no husband for him : And fo fee

Whats

Whats mine, out of the danger of his waste,
And have some sport too for my Money : Ha !
I love to do these things.

Mag. Nay, but in one thing, *Bump.* let me advise
you.

Bum. In nothing 'gainst this course, good
whirly : no,

Tis so fet downe. I know I shall be counted
An odde old humorous Cockſcombe for't by some :
But the truth is, I love to do these things :
And so God gi' yee joy.

Dry. Ile take my leave Sir.

Bum. Not so I hope, Sir *Humfry.*

Dry. I have buſineſſe,

And go well ſatisſied with this agreement :
And, *Val.* take briefly this my Charge : You are now
A Husband, be a good one : Y'have my bleſſing.
But (heark you) do you remember 'gainſt the even-
ing ?

Val. All Sir, all : I have ſpread my Nets already.

Dry. Sir, fare you well.

Bum. At your pleaſure Sir.

Dry. Ile ſhortly viſit you.

Bum. At your own good time Sir—*Exit Drygr.*
Theſe ſhall ſtay here, Ile blindfold them with Money,
And by a new way try, if they can grope
The right way into th' World. Come your way.

ACT. II. Scene I.

Oliver. Ambroſe.

Ol. **A**ND why this Gullery to me, good *Ambroſe* ?
Am. I ſwear I am ſerious, and you may
beleeve it.

Ol. What, that there can be in the World an
Affe

Wert

(Wert thou a fool to credit it) that would keep
 A House, by way of publike Ordinary,
 For fashionable Guests, and curious stomacks ;
 The daintiest Pallats, with rich Wine and Chear ;
 And all for nothing, but alls paid and welcome ?

Am. Vall Dryground told it me, whose truth
 deserves

So well my credit, that, prove you it false,
 Ile pay all Ord'naries and Taverne reckonings
 You shall be at this twel'moneth.

Ol. I have heard

Of all the Mockeries, the Ape, the Ram, the Hornes,
 The Goat, and such tame Monsters, whom poor wits
 Have sent wise Tradesmen to, as to a Knight,
 A Lord, or forrain Prince ; to be his Mercer,
 His Taylor, Semster, Millener, or Barber :
 When those, that have been mock'd, still sent their
 Neighbours,

Till halfe the City have bee fool-found. Ha !
 Ist not some such poor trick ?

Am. Here comes my Author. *Enter Valentine.*

Ol. O Mr. Bridegroom, that stole the wealthy
 match ! How got you loose so soone ? I thought
 you had beene tyed up by the Loines, like a
 Monkey to the Bed-post, for a fortnight at the
 least. How does old *Bumpsey*, that Freecost
 Drunkard, thy mad Father-in-Law, take thy stolne
 Marriage ? I am sure he knows on't.

Val. He found's abed last night i'th' nick, as we
 say.

But we are peec'd this morning.

Am. Then he wrangled it out, of himselfe. I
 know his singular humour.

Ol. What has he gi'n thee ?

Val. Halfe, of all he has.

Am. How ?

Val. On this Condition, that, if I fave

That

That halfe untill he dyes, the rest is mine too.

Ol. What if thou spendst thy halfe ?

Val. Heel spend the tother ; and the same way,
hee sweares.

Ol. Hee'l nere keep Covenant.

Val. Ile tell you how he runs at waste already,
This morning the French Taylor brought a Gowne
home,

Of the fashion, for my Wife. He bought one
Streight, ready made, for his old Gentlewoman,
That never wore so rich in all her life.

Am. O brave old woman ! How will shee carry it ?

Val. I spoke but of a Coach, and he bespoke one.

Ol. Wonder upon wonder ! *Nam* was telling one
Before thou cam'st.

Val. What the new Ordinary ?

Ol. Dost know the man that keeps it ?

Val. They call him *Osbright*.

A brave old Blade. He was the President
Of the Can-quarrelling Fraternity,
Now calld the Roaring Brotherhood, thirty years
since,

But now grown wondrous civill, free, and hospitable,
Having had something fallen to him, as it seemes.

Ol. That *Osbright* has been dead these many
years.

Val. It was given out so : But he lived beyond
Sea.

Ol. There's some strange plot in't.

Val. O thou pollitick *Noll*.

Ol. Judge thy selfe, *Val*, what can the mystery
be ?

He tells me there's no Gaming, so no Cheating ;
Nor any other by-way of expence,
By Bawdry, or so, for privy profit.

Val. Such a suspition were a sin. But now
I will unfold the Riddle to you. This feasting
Has

Has been but for three dayes, and for great perfons,

That are invited, and to be prepar'd
To venture for a prize. This very night
There will be some great Rifling for some Jewell,
Or other rare Commodity they fay.

I cannot nam't : tis twenty pound a man.

Ol. Is not that gaming prithee ?

I'al. That's to come :

But, hitherto, nor Dice, nor Cards, nor Wench,
Is feen ith' houle, but his owne onely Daughter.

Ol. O ! has he Daughter there ? Mark that *Nam.*
No gaming fayst thou ? Ods me, and they play not
At the old Game of old there, I dare——

Val. I dare be sworne thou dost 'em wrong.

Ol. Shees too stale, is shee ?

Tis above twenty yeares since he went over,
And was reported dead (they fay) foon after,
In *France*, I take it : But, then, it seemes, he lived,
And got this Damfell there ? Is she French borne ?

Val. Yes, she was born and bred there : And
can speak

English but brokenly. But, for French behaviour,
Shees a most compleat *Damoiselle*, and able
To give instructions to our Courtliest Dames.

Ol. Shee must be feen.

Am. But see who here comes first.

Enter Vermine. Servant.

Ver. Thou hast undone me Villaine.

Ser. Out alas !

I was as ignorant of the deceit,
As your owne innocent worship ever was
Of cozening any man of Land or Living.

Ver. Was ever man so curst in his Children !

Val. Tis the wretch *Vermine*.

Ol. What makes he here, trow, in the Temple
walks ? (his Lechery.

Val. What should he do elsewhere, when Law's
The

The Devils itch dry up his marrow for't.
He undid a worthy Gentleman I know.

Ol. I, *Brookall*, thrusting him out of his Land.

Am. Hee's fitted with an Heire for't; one that
can

Iustly inherit nothing but the Gallows.

Ol. Wheres *Brookalls* son? He had a hopefull
one;

And, at sixteen, a Student here ith' Temple.

Val. Alasse his Fathers fall has ruined him.

Meere want of maint'nance forc'd him to service,
In which hee's lately travell'd into France.

Ver. Go backe to the Recorders: Fetch the
Warrant,

Ile search the City and the Suburbs for her.

Exit Servant.

Am. But *Vermine* has a daughter may prove
good,

Val. A good one like enough: Ile lay a wager
Hee's poching 'mong the trees here, for a Broker,
To match his daughter to a landed husband.
This is their walk.

Ol. Let's try if we can fit him.

Val. Thou'lt nere indure his breath, it stinkes of
brimstone.

Ol. Ile take the wind of him: You are well met,
Sir.

They say you have a daughter you would match,
Sir. (then?)

Ver. It may be I have; it may be not; How
What's that to you?

Ol. Pray be not angry Sir.

The worst of us has land, and may deserve her.

Ver. Pray let me ask you first, if you be not
The knaves confederates that stole her from me?

Val. Is she stolne from you Sir? In troth I am
glad on't.

Amp.

Amp. Tis the first newes we heard on't.

Ol. Though I assure you
We heard none ill to day : But very good,
As that of the New Ordinary.—

Amp. Then the good succeffe
This Gentleman had lately with a wife—

Val. And lastly, this you tell us ; which, but that
It comes from your own mouth, were e'en too good
For our belief, me-thinks.

Ol. Pray, is it true Sir ?
That your daughter's gone, lost, or stolne, as you
say ?

Amp. May we report it after you, good Sir ?

Ver. What are you ? I would know.

Val. Gentlemen, Sir.
That cannot but rejoyce at your affliction.
And therefore blamelesse, that desire to hear it.

Ver. Cannot this place, where Law is chiefly
studied,
Relieve me with so much, as may revenge
Me on these scornors ? How my Slave stayeres too !
Yet I may find a time.—

Exit.

All. Ha ha ha.—

Ol. Look, look, what thing is this ?——

Enter Amphilus, Trebasco.

Amb. Trebasco, Skip-kennel.

Tre.

Amp. It speaks, me-thinks.

Ol. Yes, and its shadow answers it in Cornish.

Val. I know him ; tis the wife Western Knight,
that should
Have married *Vermine's* daughter.

Amp. Skipkennell, you shall turn Footman, now,
Skipkennell.

I'll nere keep horse more ——

Tre.

Tre. You must be Footman then your self Sir.

Amp. No nor Mare neither.

Tre. You need not Sir, now you be determined to marry, and live here i'the City altogether. And truly, Sir, she could never ha' dyed better, nor been taken from you (as they say) in a better time, so neere her journeys end.

Amb. His Mare's dead it seems.

Amp. Was it well done of her, dost thinke to die to day upon the way, when she had been i'my purse to morrow in Smithfield: Poor fool, I think she dyed for grief I would ha' fold her.

Tre. 'Twas unlucky to refuse *Reynold Pengutlings* money for her.

Amp. Would I had taken't now: and she had not dyed mine own, 'twould nere have griev'd me.

Tre. Pray bear it Sir, as they say—We are all mortall you know, and her time was come, we must think.

Amp. And't had not been the first losse that ere I had in my life, I could ha' born it.

Tre. And grace og (as they say) it shall not be the last.

Amp. I would thou couldst ascertain me that; but mischiefes are tailed to one another, and I must grieve as well for the what's to come, as the departed.

Ol. We will have a bout with him: Who is departed, Sir?

Amp. My Mare, my Mare Sir: 'Twas the prettiest Tit—But she is gone ——

Ol. How, is she gone Sir?

Tre. You will not talk to 'em.

Val. How is she gone, I pray Sir?

Tre. Sir, as it were, because she could goe no further.

Val. Good angry man give us leave to talk with thy Master.

Ol.

Ol. Good Sir, a little more of your Mare.

Tre. I would you had her all to do you good Sir: she lies but a quarter of a mile beyond Brainford.

Val. Did you leave skin and shooes, and all behind Sir?

Tre. Shoes all behind? I thought how wise you were: Come away Master. No, while she liv'd, she never wore but two behind Sir.

Ol. Gramercy honest fellow, thou hast wit in thy anger. (pishly.

Amp. Sirrah, answer not the Gentleman so snap-

Tre. How can I choose, when they do nothing but make a foole of your Worship before your Worships face, and your Worship perceives it not.

Val. Good Sir, fall from your man to your beast againe.

Tre. There againe, another main mock: He would have him fall from a man to a beast.

Amp. Give me the shoon; let 'em go I say, I will have 'em.

Tre. Pray take 'em then, hee'l ne're be wiser.

Amp. These were her shoon Gentlemen, I'll keep 'em for her sake, that little Tit, my little poor Gonhelly, that would have carried me on this little iron from *Penfans* to *S. Columb* on a day. And that's a way would try a stumbler you'll say, if you know it.

Val. 'Tis enough, I know you Sir *Amphilus*, and have fool'd enough with you. Adieu; my busineffe calls me. Gentlemen, will you meet me to night at the Ordinary.—

Exit.

Ol. Yes, and perhaps, be there before you too. Come *Ambrose*——

Exeunt.

Amp. Od Gentlemen, me-thinks

Tre.

Tre. Why did you talk with 'em? What had you to make with 'em?

Amp. True, wee have other matters to think on : Your first course *Trebafco*, after we come to our lodging, shall be to Turnbull-street, to the Cobler,

Tre. Your Dog-tutor.

Amp. Yes, and see how my whelp proves, I put to him last Term.

Tre. Yes, Sir.

Amp. And know of him what Gamesters came to the Ponds now adayes, and what good dogs.

Tre. Yes Sir.

Amp. And ask him—Dost thou heare? If he ha' not done away his own dog yet, *Blackswan* with the white foot? If I can but purchase him, and my own whelp prove right, I will be Duke of the Ducking-pond.

Tre. Never misdoubt, your whelp's right I warrant you; for why, he could lap before he could well go : And at ten weeks old he could pisse under leg.

Amp. He was a fine forward Puppy, true enough : But and that be a signe of short life, and he should peak away after my Mare now—Here, prethee take her shoon againe : What should I keep 'em for? They put me too much in mind of mortality, do 'em away, make money of 'em, and Ile convert it into a Dog-Collar ——

Enter Vermine. Servant.

Tre. Ile try the Market with 'em.

Ver. the frumping Jacks are gone.——

Amp. See my Aldermanicall Father-in-Law ! How d'yee do Sir? I am come. I keep my day you see before I am a Cittiner among you. How does my best belov'd I pray, your daughter? You do not speak me-thinks.

Ver.

Ver. Ask you for my daughter? Let me aske you first what was your plot to put me in this fright, to make me trudge to your Inn, whilst knave your man here—Is not this he?

Ser. I doubt Sir he was taller.

Ver. Having first left a bag of Trumpery with me, stones, and old iron, steals away the baggage.

Amp. This is abomination! What Inn? and what old iron? I came at no Inne to day, nor touch old Iron, but that with sorrow enough, my poore Mares shoes, she left me at her sad decease to Brainford. I had rather ha' lost the best part of five Mark I wusse: From whence I came by water, landed here at the Temple, to leave a Letter to a kinsmans chamber, now right as sure as can be. Say *Trebasco*.

Tre. He tells you true.

Amp. But is your daughter gone?

Ver. Gone, gone.

Amp. All ill go with her: Did not I say I should hear of more mischief, and that one was ever tail'd to another?

Tre. You said so indeed: but if she had been tail'd to your Mare, I should have seen her sure, when I stript her.

Ver. This is the day of my affliction,
This day Ile crosse out of my Almanack
For ever having any thing to do on't. (day?)

Amp. Why then, you will not seeke her out to
Although me-thinks the day might serve as well
To find her, as to lose her, if luck serve. (rant?)

Ser. What else did you intend Sir by the war-
Best lose no time Sir.
No, no, wee'l go.

Enter Brookeall.

Broo. First take my execration with thee, Monster.
Ver.

Ver. Hell vomits all her malice this day on me.

Broo. Hell sends by mee this commendation to thee,

That thou hast there a most deserved Possession,

That gapes to entertain thee.

Amp. Who's this, a Conjurer that knowes hell so?

Ser. No, but a certain Spirit, that my Master Conjur'd out of his Land.

Amp. If you can conjure,
Here's money to be got Sir, but to tell us
What may be now betid of this mans daughter?

Broo. Himself, and his Posterity must all
Sink unavoydably to hell.

Amp. You are most deeply read! May not a Son-in-Law——

Ver. Why talk you to that Rayler?

Amp. Pray Sir, may not
A Son-in-Law escape in your opinion?

Broo. No Sir: it was by Law he made the
purchase,
And by his Son-in-Law, or out-law'd, down he
must:

If he set ventrous foot, as his Inheritor,
Upon the mould, was got by his oppreffion.

Amp. Pretty mad reason me-thinks; where's
that Land?

Ver. Sirrah, Ile tame thy tongue.

Broo. No, wretch, thou canst not,
Nor fly out of the reach of my fell curses,
That freedome (being all that thou hast left me)
Thou canst not rob me of.

Ver. I shall find meanes
Then to confine it, and your self in Bedlame.

Broo. Thou canst not be so just sure, to exchange
Thine own inheritance for mine.

Amp. Have you made

A purchase there too, Father-i-Law that should be?

Ver. How am I tortur'd! I will fly this place.

Enter Phillis, a box in her hand.

Phil. Nay prethee stay a little, good old man, Give something to my box.

Ver. Out on thee Baggage.

Phil. A little something, prethee; but a tester.

Ver. Out, out.

Phil. Thou look'st like a good Penny-father, A little of thy money would so thrive here, 'Twould grow, by that I were ready for a husband, Up to a pretty portion. Pray thee now—

Ver. What canst thou be?

Phil. Infooth a Gentlewoman, but a By-blow, My Father is a Knight, but must be namelesse.

Ver. Can Knights get Beggars?

Phil. Why not? when such as thou get Knights. Nay, prethee, prethee now gi' me a tester.

I ne're ask lesse: My mother's a poore Gentlewoman,

And has no meanes, but what comes through my fingers.

And this is all my work: Come, wring it out.

Oh how I love a hard-bound Money-master,

Whose count'nance shewes how loath hee is to part with't!

It comes so sweetly from him, when it comes:

Nay, when? I pray thee when? Pish, make an end.

Amp. It is the prettiest merry Beggar.

Ver. Hufwife Ile ha' you whipt.

Phil. I, when I beg i' th' streets.

I have allowance here, as well as any

Brokers, Projectors, Common Bail, or Bankrupts, Pandars, and Cheaters of all sorts, that mix here

Mongst

Mongst men of honor, worship, lands and money.

Amp. O rare Beggar-wench! *Lawyers and others*

Phil. I come not hither to in-*passé over the Stage*
trap or cozen. *as conferring by*

My work lies plain before me as *two and two.*

my way.

With, *will you give me?* Praythee, hard old man.

Ver. Away, away.

Phil. What though thou com'st to deal
For this mans Land, or sell anothers right,
Or els to match thy daughter, if thou hast one
To this young Gentleman——Thou wilt give mee
something.

Ver. The Devill haunts me.

Amp. Shee makes a youth of me.

Phil. Yet I prethee make not
Thy money such an Idoll, as to think
Thou shalt dishonor't, or impaire this bargain,
That match, or whatsoever thou hast in traffick,
By parting with a filly silver sixpence.
Shalt not i'fecks la, shalt not; Ile strike luck to it,
Thy match shall thrive the better. Look, I have got
Here, four and sixpence, Prethee make it a Crowne,
Twill nere be mist in thy dear daughters Dowry,
If (as I said) thou hast one.

Ver. Hellish baggage!

Phil. Hee'l gi't me by and by. I prethee find
Thy money out the while. Come out with it man.

Ver. Pull her away,
I fly thee, as I would the Devill that sent thee:

Amp. Yes, let's away, tis time; she begs of mee
now.

Phil. The Devill is not furer to o're-take thee.— —

Exeunt omnes preter Brookeall.

Broo. Good child I thanke thee: Thou hast
somewhat eas'd

My penfive heart by his vexation :

²⁷ VOL. I. (c)

She

She spake as Divination had inspir'd her
 With knowledge of my wrongs, and his oppression,
 To take my part : Take thou a blessing for't
 Who ere thou art, whilst I recalculate
 The miseries of a distressed man,
 Cast out of all. Unhappy chance of Law !
 More false and mercilesse then Dice or Strumpets ;
 That hast into thy Hydra-throated mawe
 Gulp'd up my lives supportance ; left me nothing ;
 Not means for one dayes sustenance, for breath
 To cry thy cruelty before my death.
 That Law, once called sacred, and ordain'd
 For safety and reliefe to innocence,
 Should live to be accurs'd in her succession,
 And now be stil'd Supportresse of oppression ;
 Ruine of Families, past the bloody rage
 Of Rape or Murder : All the crying sins
 Negotiating for Hell in her wild practise.

Enter Attorney.

At. A man I hope for my purpose, and save me
 a going to the Church for one : Will you make an
 Oath Sir ?

Broo. An Oath ? for what ?

At. For two shillings ; and it be half a Crowne,
 my Client shall not stand w'ye ; the Judge is at
 leisure, and the other of our Bail is there already.
 Come, go along. (know me ?

Broo. I guesse you some Attorney : Do you

At. No, nor any man we imploy in these cases.

Broo. He takes me for a common Bail ; a Knight
 o'th Post,

Thou art a villaine, and crop-ear'd I doubt not :
 What, dar'st thou say, thou seest upon me, that—

At. I cry you mercy : I must up (I see)
 To the old Synagogue, there I shall be fitted—

Exit. Broo.

Broo. Can I appear so wretched ? or can grief
So soil'd the face of poverty, which is virtue,
To make it seem that Monster Perjury ?
Rather let sorrow end me all at once,
Then virtue be misconstrued in my looks,
Which I will hide from such *He lies on his face.*
interpretation.

Enter Frenly.

Frend. Alas hee's fore afflicted, and my newes,
I fear, will strike him dead ; yet I must speak.
Sir, give not misery that advantage on you,
To make your self the lesse, by shrinking under
The buffetings of fortune.

Broo. I desir'd you
To seek my son. Ha' you found him at his Cham-
ber ?
Or has not want of fatherly supplies
(Which heaven knowes I am robb'd of) thrust him
out
Of Commons, to the Common World for succour ?
Where is he, have you found him ?

Fren. No, not him.
But I have found what may be comfort to you,
If you receive it like a man of courage.

Broo. Hee's dead then, farewell my tender boy !

Fren. Indeed, Sir, hee's not dead.

Broo. Phew ——

Fren. Pray, sir, heare me.

Broo. You'll tell me, man nere dies ; But
changeth Life,
And happily for a better. He is happiest
That goes the right way soonest : Nature sent us
All naked hither ; and all the Goods we had
We onely took on Credit with the World.
And that the best of men are but meer borrowers :
Though some take longer day. Sir, I know all
Your

Your Arguments of Consolation —

Fren. Indeed he is not dead ; but lives —

Broo. In Heaven.

I am the surer on't ; for that he liv'd

Not to learn Law enough, to — hush. No more.

Fren. Substantially he lives in flesh, as we do.

Broo. Speak that again.

Fren. A Gentleman of the next Chamber told me so.

Onely, fir, this ; if you can brook his absence
Without feare, or mistrust ; then he is well.

Broo. How thou playest with me !

Fren. He's gone to travell, fir. Here comes the
Gentleman.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I am sure he does not know me. If he could,
I were as sure this Charity would be rejected.
So much I know his Spirit. Is your name *Brooke-*
all, fir ?

Brook. My losses, wrongs, and sorrows, speak
my name.

Val. You had a Son late of this house.

Broo. And do not you infer by that he's dead ?
Good, do not mock me, fir.

Val. If this be gold,
He lives and sent it to you ; forty peeces ?

Broo. Pray, fir, from whence, or where might he
achieve

So great a Sum ? Not in this World, I feare.

A handsome possibility he had once,

Could I ha' kept it for him.

Val. He's in a way,
Now to a hopeful fortune. A Noble Gentleman,
Late gone to travell, ta'ne with good affection
Towards your Son, has ta'ne him to his care :
And like a Father, not a Master, keeps him.

From

From whose free bounty he receiv'd this meanes.

Broo. Do you think the Boy did well to send it me then :

When twas intended for his Masters honour,
To flye in Silks and Feathers ? Tis not Servant like
To wave a Masters meaning so.

Val. I had a Letter too ;

Though most unhappily mislay'd.

Broo. What from my Boy ?

Val. In his own hand.

Broo. Ha !—but mislay'd, you say. Ha, ha, ha,—
What is the Gentleman ? Or whither travell'd ?

Val. That's all I crave excuse for.

Broo. Keep your money.

If you can render me my Son, Ile thank you.

Val. You speak not like a Father : wanting
meanes

Your selfe for his advancement, would you bar him
The bounty of anothers full ability ?

Broo. I speak more like a Father, then a Beggar :
Although no Beggar poorer. And I feare,
I am no Father : for I would not give
My Son to gain a Province, nor except
This Coyne to save my life : If he be lost,
Let me look neerer on you, sir.

Fren. I hope

He will accept the Money. Poverty
Was nere so coy else.

Broo. I cannot remember.

I ever saw this face : But I have seen
(Many yeares since) one, that it so resembles,
As I could spit defiance on't ——

Val. What mean you ?

Broo. And charge thee with the Murther of my
Son.

Val. Pray, sir, collect your selfe.

Broo. Your name is *Valentine*.

Val.

Val. Right, sir.

Broo. Sir *Humphrey Drygrounds* Son ;

Val. Most true.

Broo. Even so thy Father look'd, when, at like
years

He was my Rivall : For young man, I tell thee

Thou hadst a virtuous, well deserving Mother.

He won her without losse of my known Friend-
ship :

But, since her death, you cannot but have heard,

He basely wrong'd my Sister, and, in her,

Mee, and my Family : Whor'd her, and cast her
off,

On the appointed Marriage day.

Val. O, sir.

Broo. You cannot but have heard on't. Nay,
it seems,

My Boy has charg'd thee with't, before his yeares

Could warrant his ability in Combate,

And so is fallen ; Or thou, not daring stand

Tryall in such a cause, by treachery

Hast cut him off ; And com'st to make thy peace :

Presuming on my Poverty, with money.

Worse then the base Attornies Project this !

Val. This is meer madnesse. In an Act so foule,
As your wilde Fancy gathers this to be ;

Who could escape the Law ?

Broo. The Law ; ha, ha, ha.

Talk not to me of Law, Law's not my Friend.

Law is a Fatall to me, as your house.

I have enough of Law ; pray stand you off.

Will you, sir, furnish me, but with a Sword ;

And bring me to fit ground to end this difference ?

Will you do so, and like a Gentleman ?

Val. What shall I do for pity ? ——Now I have
it.

Broo. Talk not to me of Law. [*He fenceth.*]

Val.

Val. Pray heare me, fir.

Broo. Now, fir, your wil before your end. Be briefe.

Val. You know me for a Gentleman, though an Enemy.

(I muſt ſpeak in his phraſe) and by that honour
A Gentleman ſhould keep ſacred, two houres hence
Ile meet you in this place——

Broo. Pray ſtand you off ——— to *Friendly.*

Val. From whence wee'll walke——

Broo. Silent, as nothing were——

Val. As nothing were betwixt us—to ſome other
Fit ground, (as you propounded) where wee'll end
the difference.

Broo. By the Sword ; no otherwiſe.
No whinnelling ſatiſfaction.

Val. You ſhall ſee, fir.

Broo. Go ſet thy houſe in order. Here Ile meet
thee. *Exit.*

ACT.

*ACT. III. Scene I.**Francis — Wat.*

Fra. I Shall repent me, sir, that ere I yeilded,
 In that faire Noble way, if you expresse
 Your selfe in this regardlesse of my honour.

Wat. I like a Whore, withall my heart, that
 talkes
 So like an honest woman.

Fra. Can you expect
 A Chast and constant Wife of her, Whom you
 Have wrought to Lewdnesse before Marriage?
 Or may I not as well deserve as well in bringing
 A Maidenhead into your Marriage-bed,
 As a polluted Body?

Wat. Here's a coyle,
 For a poore bit afore-hand! Is it so?
 'Heart, if a man bespeak a Tavern Feast
 For next day Dinner; and give earnest for't
 To half the value, (as my Faith and Troth
 I think, is somewhat towards your Marriage pay-
 ment

To be to-morrow) Will not the Hostesse give him
 A Modicum o're night to stay his stomack?
 Your Father comes: Ile whisper yet more reason.

Enter Dryground disguis'd. Alice.

Dry. Now pretty Mrs. *Alice*, you see the end
 I had upon you: All the scope thereof
 Tending to your contentment. Are you pleas'd?

Ali. So well, that could I but shake off the feare
 (Which

(Which is most dangerous) of a Fathers curse,
I durst pronounce ; nay, boast my happinesse,
To be above my Virgin hopes, or wishes.

Dry. Let your feare vanish then : And, if this
night,
The happines you are ambitious of,
Together with your Fathers leave and blessing
Crown not your Bed, let all the Infamy
Due to all perjur'd Wretches, that have wrong'd
Beauty and Chastity be branded here.

Ali. The faire respect I have, sir, to your
Noblesse ;
For what you have already shewn me, bars
Mine eares 'gainst protestation. I dare trust you.

Dry. As I have trusted you with my whole
project,
My discreet *Alice*, further than I dare trust
My instrument your Brother ; though he thinks
He understands it all. Yonder he is,
Profoundly Love-struck too, I make no doubt.

Fry. Fye ! Can you be so lew'd ? Is that your
reason ?

Wat. Yes ; can the Parish Parson give you
better ?

Fra. His Parish Bull's as civill.

Wat. Well no more.

Ile talke with your Father about it.

Fra. I with your Sister, and to better purpose.

Dry. Now *Wat*, what think you of my course,
and habit ?

Wat. As I love mischief, and desire to live by't ;
It is the daintiest course.——O, brave sir *Humphrey*,
How I am taken with your Shape ! Old *Osbright*,
The Father of the Swindgers ; so much talk'd on
Could nere ha' borne it up so. Nor his Daughter,
That was French born indeed, could ere have
clipp'd,

D

And

And Frenchified our English better, then
 She counterfeits to Coxcombes that do Court her :
 With her fine Fee-fees, and her Laiffe-moys ;
 Her Prea-aways ; Intrat a you mak a me blushta.
 O, I am tickled with it.

Dry. A, ha, my Lad.

Wat. 'flid I could dote upon you. Had I been
 Your Son now, how I could have honour'd you !
 Though I had kept a precept by't, I care not.

Dry. Notable Reprobate.

Wat. The Devill sure
 Ought me a mischiefe, when he enabled that
 Old Wretch, my Father to beget me. Oh,
 Tis in my bones ; I feele it in my Youth :
 I know from whence the Pocks is now descended.
 The Gout begets it. There's no Ufurers Son,
 But's born with an hereditary spice on't.

Dry. Had I rak'd *Limbo*, as I did the *Compter*,
 I were not better fitted with a Copefmate.

Wat. 'flight, I could ask you blessing.

Dry. And I think,
 That curtesie you have feldome done your Father.

Wat. Nere since I grew to any understanding :
 Nor (as I know) before, but whipt and held to't.

Dry. Well *Wat.* You see how far I have trusted
 you,

To have the second hand in our great work ,
 Our Project here. Though you must seem my
 Servant,

You are like to have the better share, if you agree
 Upon the Match, and make your selfe my Son.
 How like you your new Mistresse, fir, my Daughter ;
 The Maidenhead here, the new Ordinary--
 The *Damoyselle*, or what you please to call her ?
 What ist a Match *Wat* ? Condescendeth she ?

Wat. No man shall be her Husband, but my
 selfe ;

Who

Who ere she lies withall, before or after.
That she has roundly promis'd. But she balkes,
And Boggles with me in a lesse request.

Dry. She shall deny thee nothing, What ift
Wat?

Wat. You may command her duty, if you please.

Dry. What is it man ?

Wat. 'Troth, fir, but one nights knowledge
Of her aforehand. One word of your mouth,
I know would do it, fir.

Dry. O Devilish Rascall,
That can imagine this a Fathers Office !
Patience good *Wat.*

Wat. But that I am afeard
My Father would be pleas'd with't, Il'd take home
My Sister else, and presently.

Dry. In Maides about your work. And heare you
Franck

Discharge the Butchers, and the Chandlers Bills.
They wait below. The Baker and the Brewer,
I have made even with.

Fra. And the Vintner too.

Dry. The Bottle-man too, and Tobacco Mer-
chant.

Do as I bid you, go. Now *Wat* Observe me :
As an ingenious Critick would observe
The first Scene of a Comedy, for feare
He lose the Plot.

Wat. I do observe you, fir.

Dry. I have, you know, releas'd you from your
thralldome.

Upon condition you should steale your Sister,
To be at my dispose. You have perform'd it :

Wat. Honestly, fir.

Dry. Yes, honestly, as you say.
And though it be for her own absolute good ;
Yet was your Act so gratefull to me, that

I promis'd you my Daughter.

Wat. Right fir, on.

Dry. I shall be brieft ; you know my Fortunes,

Wat,

Are funk, and you have heard, I make no doubt,
'Mongst other of my follies, of a Child

I got on *Brookealls* sifter, on the by, *Wat.*

Wat. And this is she, I love a bastard naturally,
Ah they are bouncing spirits : Now I love her
More then I did Sir.

Dry. You come fairely on.

But now, my poverty affords no portion.

Now, *Wat,* to raise a portion !

Wat. I, now, now.

Dry. Now I come to it, *Wat* : I tooke this house,
And in this habit here, turn'd pimping Host,
To make the most of her, and find a Husband
To take her with all faults.

Wat. That's I, that's I Sir: this has musick in't.

Dry. You will be secret *Wat.*

Wat. No dumbe Bawde like me.

Dry. Nay in a plot of villany I dare trust thee.

Wat. In troth you cannot thinke how much I
love it ;

How I am tickled with it ! Good Sir, on.

Dry. This I have design'd to put her off
(I mean her Maiden-head) at such a rate
Shall purchase Land.

Wat. How, good Sir *Humphrey*, how ?

Dry. She shall be rifled for.

Wat. How ! Rifled Sir ?

Dry. Yes, rifled *Wat* ; the most at three fair
throws,

With three fair Dice, must win and wear her, *Wat.*
Youle take her with all faults ?

Wat. Can you suspect me ?

It is the rarest invention, if the Gamesters

Be

Be stiffe and strait, that ever was projected !

What is't a man ?

Dry. But twenty Pieces, boy.

Wat. I vow too little, lesse their number help
us,

How many Gamsters have you ?

Dry. A full hundred.

Wat. Two thousand pound ! A merry portion,
And worth as many Maiden-heads in the sport
A man shall finde in spending it ! Me-thinks
I feele my self even flying with't already.

Dry. What art thou thinking, *Wat* ?

Wat. That here may grow
A danger Sir, the Gamesters being so many.

Dry. Why, there's but one must use her.

Wat. Phew, for that
I were indifferent, if 'twere all or more
(As it is possible a wench might bear it)
If they come single, and in civill fort,
Allow her breathing-whiles——

Dry. Here's a ripe Rascall !

Wat. But my doubt is, that such a multitude
May fly into combustion, blow up all
The businesse and our hopes.

Dry. Now your doubt
Reflects upon my Judgement : didst thou note
How quietly those Gallants here to-day
Parted with their gold ?

Wat. Yes, very gallantly.

Dry. They shall agree as well for the Commodity,
As I have cast it, *Watt* ; so well my boy,
That no distaste shall be or ta'ne, or given,
Anon youle see.

Wat. She knows not on't you say,

Dry. Nor shall she *Wat*, till at the push I charge
her
To be obedient in the undertaking.

Wat. And that's a sweet obedience: I could kneel
Before my wretched Sire in such commands.

Enter Francis.

Dry. Anon Ile make't all plain to you. How now *Frank*?

Fran. There are two Gentlemen in the next room,

That by all meanes would speake with you: I have had

The foulest coyle with one of 'em, that perswades Himselfe you keep a Bawdy-house, by somewhat He gather'd Evefdropping, by your discourse here, While t'other held me talking; who is civill, And loves me with a modest fair affection.

Dry. Where is his sifter, *Alice*?

Fran. Unseen, I warrant you.

Dry. Then let them enter, Whip into your disguise *Wat*—— *Exit Fran.*

And be at call.

Wat. Presto, Anon, anon Sir. *Ex. Wat.*

Dry. Did they Eavefdrop me? I will *Stands*
Eavefdrop too—— *afide.*

Enter Oliver, Ambrose.

Ol. Did not I tell thee't was a Bawdy-house?

Am. I cannot think so yet: there is some other Trick in it; the Maid you see is very modest.

Ol. That is the trick on it man, she must seem so Her Father deals for her.

Am. Fye! Can there be such Fathers?

Ol. Yes, and such Mothers too: The Towne's too full of 'em.

Come, shee's a Jugling whore I warrant thee,
For all her Fee-fees, and her Laiffe-moys.

Pox

Pox of her counterfeit Gibbrish Ile make her speak
In plainer English, ere I ha' done with her.

Dry. I have enough. You are welcome Gentlemen.

Ol. He looks like such a Blade. Are you the Master here Sir?

Dry. I am the man that's much rejoyc'd to see
Such sparkling Spirits underneath this Roofe,
Where all you finde is yours. Sirrah Varlet.

Ol. Each syllable he speaks bewrays him.

Dry. Varlet I fay.

Wat. Here Sir.

Enter Wat with Wine.

Dry. Give me the Complement. Gallants,
Wilt please you taste your welcome in a Cup,
The spirit of whose never dying Liquor,
Speaks ore the brim in this high Language to you.
Full six and thirty times hath *Luna* wan'd
The strength she got in six and thirty growths
From *Phæbus* vertuous beames, into this Juyce,
To make it Nectar for *Phæbean* wits.
Tis this inspires their braines with fire Divine,
By which to write high strains; and herein lurks,
The gift, One has to bounce up his own works.

Ol. Your meaning is good Sack, and three years
old.

To put you by your Beverage and your Bombast,
I will nor drinke, nor talke of other thing,
But the choice thing of things, your Daughter Sir.

Dry. Thou shalt not wooe my Daughter, nor ne
man for thy sake, *Sing.*
Unlasse thou come untill her by her Daddy nak'd.
Her Mammy's gone to Heaven Sir. And I pray,
Let Fathers poor breed Daughters as they may.

Ol. Your care, no doubt, is great what will it hold?
The Rifling Sir, I meane. Is your number full?

May not a man put in Sir for a chance ?

Dry. What do you mean Sir ?

Ol. May not we

Come in adventurers ? Here are twenty peeces.

Dry. I finde you have overheard me. Call my Daughter. *Exit Wat.*

Now Ile disclose a secret to you. But Gentlemen,
As you love wit and mirth, censure me mildly.
I am a Gentleman decayd in Fortune.

Ol. And canst thou be so base to sell thy Childe
To Lust and Impudenece ?

Dry. Be not too rash.

My Child's as deare in my respect as you
Were ever to your Father.

Am. Devill thou lyeft ——— *Draw.*

Ol. Nay, hold, good *Ambrose* ; you een now
were angry

With me, that did oppose your faire Construccion
Of this good Gentleman and his vertuous Daughter.

Am. My ignorance wrong'd us both.

Ol. Good modest *Ambrose*,

What do you thinke of this discovery ?

Dry. You had discover'd more, if his impatience
Had not prevented me : But now I am dumb to you
In all, but this. If youle be pleas'd to sup here,
I shall afford you welcome. I have businesse. *Exit.*

Ol. What can we make of this ?

Am. I know what to do.

If City Justice, grave Authority
Protect it not, Ile surely spoyle the sport.

Ol. Canst thou be so malicious, that, but now
Didst love this Wench so dearly, as to run her
Into the hazard of Correction ? (her.
Stay : Here she comes, and the Pimp whiskin' with

Enter Wat. Fran.

Do thou take him in hand. Ile handle her.
Now Madam, twenty pound a man ! Nay do not
Coy

Coy it too much? Your provident Father left us,
To make our selves more known to you; as your
price

Is known to us already: Look upon us.

Fra. Pre ye Sir, have you been ever in *France*?

Ol. In *France*? No surely, nor in Doctors hands
Since I was Placket high. Why ask you Lady?

Fra. For, if you could speak *Fransh*, I could the
better

Find what you say. I can no understand
What tis you mean by price. What is that *Price*,
If it be no Welch Gentleman?

Ol. I meane

The price of three throws for your Maydenhead,
Tis twenty peeces. If I win it (Hearke you)
What will you give me out of your grosse sum
To take it neatly off; and like an Operator
Put you to no paine?

Fra. *Parle Francoy Monsieur, Je vou prie.*

Ol. Thou art a handsome Hyppocrite: And this
Cunning becomes thee well. Ile kisse thee for't.

Fra. Fee fee Monsieur. O fee! tis no good
fashion

For the young Man and Mayd to no ting but kisse!

Ol. Tis not so good indeed; nothing but kisse.

A little of tone with tother will doe well.

Fra. Fee fee, you no understand. That Gentle-
man, speaks he no *Fransh*?

Ol. Yes yes. He speaks no French,

Fra. *He Monsieur vou mocque de Moy.*

Ol. *Owie par ma foy.*

Fra. *Ha Monsieur vou parle francoy. Je sui
bien aise.*

Ol. Easie! Yes yes, I thinke you would be
easie

To one that knew but how to manage you,
For all the boast of your Virginity.

Fra. Excuse me Sir, I can no understand.

Ol. Me thinks you should. Come prithee leave this fooling,

I know you can good English, if you list.

Fra. Indeed I can. But, in my best, and all I cannot understand you Sir, nor frame An answer to your rudenesse. When you know me Better, youle speak in better phraze, and then Tis like you may finde better language from me : Till when, pray give me leave to leave you Sir.

Ol. Nay heark you Lady, heark you (still more mysticall !)

Nay since you can speak English, I must talke w'ye.

Fra. So youle be civill.

Ol. Civill I swear, and private. *They go aside.*

Am. Does shee not know on't, sayst thou ?

Wat. No Sir, no :

Not the least inckling of it ; The old man Carries it so discreetly.

Am. Blesse me Heaven ?

Discreetly sayst thou. To betray his Childe, To sale of her Virginity.

Wat. Yes, discreetly.

She dreames of no such businesse ; such intent : No more then the Cud-chewing Heifer knowes The Butcher, that must knock her down ifaith.

O, twill be bravely carried ! I my selfe knew nothing till this houre : though I saw Money put in his hand by divers Gallants : Men of great place and worship ; which I gather Are to be of the Riflers.

Amb. Prithee who ?

Wat. All must be namelesse. There are Lords among 'em.

And some of civill Coat, that love to draw New stakes at the old Game, as well as they ; Truckle-breech'd Justices, and bustling Lawyers,
That

That thrust in with their Motions ; Muffled Citizens ;

Old Money-Masters some, that seek the Purchase ;
And Merchant Venturers that bid for the
Forreine Commodity, as faire, as any.

Amb. Was ever such an outrage ! Heark thee fellow— *They aside.*

Fra. Sir, I have heard you with that patience
(And with no better) as the troubled Pilot
Endures a Tempest, or contrary winds ;
Who, finding nerethelesse his Tackling sure,
His Vessell tight, and Sea-room round about him,
Playes with the waves, and vies his confidence
Above the blasts of Fortune, till he winns
His way, through all her threatenings, to his Port.
You may apply this.

Ol. And you may be plainer.
Is there not such a project for your Maydenhead ?

Fra. It deserves no answer.
But to be rid of you, together with
The Devill, that inflam'd you to that question ;
Know, that knew I of such a plot or project ;
Or, that I had a Father (as injuriously
You have suggested) could be so inhumane,
To prostitute my spotlesse Vergine honour
To Lust for Salary, I would as sure prevent it,
As there is force in poyson, Cord, or Steel,
At price of both our lives. Sir, I have sayd— *Exit.*

Ol. This Wench amazes me. Could I beleieve
now
There could be truth in Woman, I could love her.

Amb. Well, Ile make one ; Meet me here two
houres hence,
And fetch my twenty Peices.

Wat. I will not faile you. In the Temple
Walkes— *Exit.*

Amb. Where, if I fit you not—

Ol.

Ol. *Nam!* What discovery?

Amb. A villany enough to blow the house up.

Ol. And I have found (I thinke) a vertue, that
Might save a City: But let's hence. We may
Conferre our notes together by the way. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. Scene II.

Bumpsey, Magdalen, Jane, all in brave Cloaths.

Bum. **N**AY, nay, I know he is flown out, and I
Am prettily provided for like flight;
And if I do not pitch as high, and fouse
As deep, as he, while there is Game to fly at——
Five hundred Peices he took out you say?

Ja. And sayd he would venter't at the Ordinary.

Bum. Thats hee, thats he! Why this is excellent.

Mag. This was your folly *Bump.* He was content
To have walk'd moneylesse you saw, but you
Would force him. At a word you did la' *Bump.*

Bum. I force him, ha?

Mag. I, at a word, you put it in his head,
And put the Sword into the Madmans hand,
As one would say.

Bum. Good Mrs. *At-a-word.*

Let not your fine French Frippery, which I bought,
Turn'd oth' Taylors hands (as one would say)
Huffle you up to Sovereignty: Nor your Coach,
Which I have but bespoak, whirle you away,
Before tis finish'd) from obedience.

Mag. Good lack fine Gentleman, that weares
the Purchase

Of

Of a Pawn'd forfeiture. Must I not speak trow?

Bum. Excellent *Magdalen*!

Mag. Sir, I will speak; and be allow'd to speak.

Bum. And speak allow'd too; will you *Magdalen*?

Mag. I, at a word; Since you have put me to't,
I will uphold the Fashion; Learn, and practise
Behaviour and carriage above my 'parrell.

I at a word, I will la, that I will.

Bum. This is most excellent! My old Beast is
Infected with the Fashions; Fashion-sick!
Pray Ma-dame take your course, uphold your
Fashion;

And learn and practise Carriage to your Cloaths:
I will maintain my humour, though all split by't.—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Vermine* desires to speak with you.

Bum. Ifaith I will Ma-dame. — [*Exit with*

Fa. My Husband, Mother, *Servant.*]

Reports of a rare Creature come to Towne,
Of a French breed; a *Damoyzell*, that professeth
The teaching of Court-carriage and behaviour:
The rar'st he saies——

Mag. Can she teach the elder sort?

Fa. All ages from six yeares to sixty six,
Unlesse they be indocible he saies.

Mag. Indocible! What's that?

Fa. Stiff i'the hammes, I think.

Mag. Nay, then wee'll to her.

I can yet bowe my Haunches; come and go
With them, as nimbly as the barren Doe.
My Gimboles don't complain for want of Oyle yet.
Wee'll have this Madame; and we will be Madames
Ourselves, or it shall cost us each a Crown
A month the teaching. In a Month we may,
Practising but one houre in a day,

Be

Be Madames, may we not ?

Ja. Yes, if we give our minds to't ; and but
steale

Fit times to practise.

Mag. Wee'll find Lecture times :
Or baulk St. *Antlins* for't the while. But mum.

Enter Bumpsey, Vermine.

Bum. Do you wonder at my bravery ? Look
you here :

This is my Wife ; and this my Daughter, fir.
You have lost yours, you say : Perhaps for want
Of Hufty-tufties, and of Gorgets gay.

Ha ! ist not so ?

Ver. The World's turn'd Prodigall.
You do not well to mock me, when I come
For comfort and advise.

Bum. Shall I be plain w'ye ;
My best advise is, since your Daughters gone,
To turn your Son after her. He lies not in
For much above a hundred pound. Pay it,
And let him take his course : If he be not
Got loose already. Then (observe my Counsell)
Spend you the rest of your Estate your selfe ;
And save your Heires the fin. It is the course
I have in hand, and mean to follow it.
You like it not (it seems) but thus it is,
When men advise for nothing. Had your Lawyer
Now for his fee, given Counsell, might have damn'd
you :
You would have thought it worth your Gold, and
follow'd it.

Will you go with me to an Ordinary ?
Venter five hundred or a thousand Peeces,
To begin a new World with.

Ver. *Mrs. Bumpsey*, I take it you are she.

Mag.

Mag. An old Ape has an old eye.
He knowes me through all my cuts and flashes.

Ver. How long I pray, has my good friend your
Husband
Been thus distracted?

Mag. But when I am perfect
In the quaint Courtly carriages, that belong
Unto this habit; in which, I confesse,
I am yet but raw; how will you know me then?

Ver. She is as mad as he.

Bum. How Lady-like she talkes!

Mag. Or, now my black Bag's on, I hold a
penny
You do not know me. Bogh—who am I now?

Ver. Most unrecoverably mad! young Gentle-
woman:

Nay, I intreat your favour for an answer?
As you can pity a wrong'd mans distresse.
Give me what light you can of my lost Daughter.
You have been inward alwaies, and partook
The nearest of her Counsels. Tell me fairely
I do beseech you in this gentle way.
Though I professe I have a strong presumption
Against your Husband, and his young Associates
I met to-day; and bore their mocks and taunts:
On which I have good ground for a strickt course
To force 'em to examination.
Yet I entreat you see.

Ja. The World is turn'd
Quite upside downe: Else I should wonder
How you could make requests, that have got all
You have (too much) by Rapine and Oppression.

Ver. Do you upbraid me?

Bum. What's the matter Jane?

Ja. The Fox here learns to sing.

Mag. Ile fox him out oth' hole if he sing
here.

Will

Will no Prey serve you but new married wives,
Fox?

Ver. Why do you abuse me thus?

Ja. I heard you, sir, with too much patience,
Abuse my Husband with your soule Suspition.
Who is as cleer, I know, from wronging you,
As your own Son.

Ver. Your mocks are monstrous.
Were not he fast enough, I would resolve
No other friend had robb'd me.

Mag. Is your son a friend? At a word, hee's
like you.

Enter Sir Amphilus, Servant.

Amp. I pray, if my man aske for mee, send him
to me, by your Masters leave. By your leave Sir,
I made bold to follow a Father-in-Law of mine
that should have been, into your house here, with
much ado to find it. Any good newes Sir yet?
Ha' you heard of her? I cry these Ladies mercy;
though you may take me for a Clowne, I must not
forget I am a Knight, and give you the curtesie of
my lips ——

Bum. In the name of Peasantry, what Knight
art thou,
If not the Knight of the Plough-share?

Mag. A fine spoken, and a well-bred man, at a
word: He call'd us Ladies. To see what Apparell
can do! How long might I have trudg'd about
in my old coats before I had been a Lady? And
then hee would do us the curtesie to kisse us:
Sure, sure, as curtesie makes a Knight, so cloaths
makes a Lady.

Amp. It seems she's lost then. All ill go with
her.

Bum. What old youth can this be?

Amp

Amp. Your warrant, perhaps, may find her though. And I tell you what.

I ha' sent my man to lay the Ducking Ponds for her.

Bum. Do you think she would drown her selfe?

Amp. Who knowes what toy might take her?

Is she not a woman, as other flesh and blood is? I had another occasion to one that belongs to the Ponds. I tell you as a Friend, I had not sent els: Come Father-in-Law that should have been; hang sorrow. You have had but one Loffe to-day. I have had two. Ile gi't you in Rhime.

My Mare and my Mistresse I lost on a day,

T'one of 'em dyed, and t'other ran away.

Ja. You are acquainted among the Poets it seems, sir?

Amp. Truly but one that's a Gamster amongst us at the ducking Pond; a Cobler, but the neatest Fellow at Poetry, that ever was handicraftsman; & no Scholler, to enable him by learning, to borrow of the Ancients: Yet he is a Translator too. And he makes the sweetest Posies for Privie-houses.

Ja. Ha, ha ha.

Bum. What a youth's this for a Knight!

Enter Trebasco.

Amp. Ile tell yee Ladies —— O *Trebasco*. Good newes at last I hope.

Tre. I can never finde you any where, but jeer'd and laugh'd at, and are fool'd, (as I I have often told you) to your Worships face, and your Worship perceives it not.

Amp. To the point, man, How does my Whelp? He is grown a tall Dog by this I hope; resolve me quickly.

E

Tre.

Tre. Why, to put you out of your pain ; your Whelp's grown a tall Dog.

Amp. Good.

Ja. You said you would tell us, fir : What will you tell us ?

Tre. And a handsome Dog.

Amp. Good again.

Ja. What a Dog-trick's is this ?

Tre. And h'as learnt, besides the main Game, all the rare tricks and qualities his Tutor could teach.

Amp. Excellent.

Ja. Will you not tell us, fir, about your Poet ?

Amp. Hang him, my Dogs worth 'em all, in ready money.

Mag. I pray, fir.

Amp. I will not give his eares for the swolnst headfull of wit among 'em.

Are not his Eares finely curl'd *Trebasco* ? Like his Dam *Flapses*.

Tres. Yes, and his Coat .all over, fir, they told me.

Amp. Told thee ! Didst thou not see him ? My heart misgives me.

Tre. See him ? No indeed, fir ; but I pray beare it as well as you may :

And fet not your heart too much upon transportable things.

Amp. Ha !

Tre. The Dog is gone, fir.

Amp. How !

Tre. Stolne from Schoole, fir ; and fold to a great Monsieur, And Shipt away foure daies ago.

Amp. O my heart will break.

Ja. Do not faint Knight ; Cheare up your heart with your Muse.

Amp.

Amp. My veine is yet too dul ; But I will offer
at it.

Three Loffes I have had ; gone, past all help
My Mare, my Mistresse, And (which grieves me
most of all) my whelp.

Ja. That line is long enough to reach him.

Amp. I would it were else. ——— o ———

Bum. Od's pity. Look you, fir, your Son-in-
Law, that should ha' been, is in much
passion too. But you'll be rul'd by me,
you say. And if I lead you not to com-
fort, never trust Neighbours counsell while
you live. Is not this plain enough ? My
own case at this time is as dangerous as
yours.

Ver. That's all that comforts me.

Bum. Neighbourly said. I thank you. Come,
Sir, will you joyn with your Father-in-
Law that should ha' been, and me in a
Cup of Wine to order a designe.

Tre. There's a reckoning towards.

Bum. It shall cost you nothing.

Am. To the next Tavern then. Ladies adieu.

To part with such as you to some are crosses.

Yet Ile not put you down among my Loffes.

Exeunt.

Mag. Daughter while they are gone, let us fall
on our project.

Ja. For Courtly carriage and behaviour.

Mag. I long to see this French young school-
mistress.

The *Damafin* do you call her ?

Ja. The *Damoiselle*, Ile wait on you.—— *Exit.*

A C T. IIII. Scene I.

A Rabble of rude Fellowes pulling in Wat after them, Valentine, Oliver, Ambrose, Phillis.

Wat. **Y**OU Rogues, Slaves, Villaines, will you murther me?

Rab. To the Pump with him : To the Pump, to the Pump.

Val. Prithee beat off the Curs.

Rab. No, to the Thames, the Thames.

Phil. Why do you use the man so? Is he not a Christian?

Or is he not Christen'd enough think you, that you would dip him?

Ol. Pray Gentlemen forbear : It is thought fit, Upon request made by a Noble Friend, Favouring his Person, not his quality ; That for this time the Pandar be dismiss'd. So all depart in peace.

Enter Rabble.

Rab. Away, away, lets go then.

I. A Noble Friend ! Pox of his Noble Friendship.

He has spoyl'd our sport. O ! how we would a fous'd him?

Ol. Now, Mr. *Hackney-man*, if you have so much grace,

Render due thanks.

Wat. I thank you Gentlemen.

Phil. I thank you for him too.

Ol.

Ol. On both your Knees ; unless you hold it better

To kneele yet to the Pump : which you had done,
My most officious Pimp, had not his pity
Prevayl'd against our Justice.

Val. So, arise ; enough, enough.

Amb. Troth tis a shame he should get off so easily ;

Let him be yet but duck'd, or shew'd the way
Over the Garden Wall into the Thames.

Val. Good *Ambrose*, be not so severe ; who knows

What need we may of him ? We are all
Flesh and blood *Ambrose*.

Phil. Thou art a Wag I warrant thee.

Amb. Are not you married ?

Val. Mafs, twas so late, I had almost forgotten it.

Amb. No, tis so late you ha' not yet forgot
Some Office he has done you in his way.

Ol. Didst ever pimp for him ? Protest by what thou fear'st most.

Wat. No, as I hope to escape this Gentleman fury.

Amb. Go, get the hence, insufferable Villaine.
I could een kick thee into twenty peeces, [*He kicks*
And fend thee to thy Master, for my stake *Wat.*]
Soon, at his Rifling.

Think whilst thou liv'st what tis to be a Pandar,—
A Pandar,—Pandar—there's for your remembrance.

[*He kicks him.*]

Val. Enough. *Amb.* This touch, & I have done——

Val. Away

Phil. Pray let him go, Ile schoole him [*Exeunt*
for it. *Wat Phillis*]

Val. This may work good upon, the Rascall, if he

Have but humanity, although no grace.

Ol. We have discovered the great Rifling *Val*.
We know the Jewell now ; the rich Comodity.

Val. And think you have done wondrous wisely ;
do you not ?

To sneak before me thither. I know all
You have discover'd ; and how far you are
Mistaken in the old man and his Daughter.
All shall be plaine to you soon. Walke off alittle.

Ol. We'll leave you till anon we meet at the
Ordinary. [*Exit. Ol. Amb.*]

Enter Vermine.—Amphilus Bumpsey.

Amp. I protest, Gentlemen, I have not drown'd
forrow

With so much merry-go-down, these three halfe
years.

Bump. As with your part of three halfe pintes
of Sack.

We had no more amongst us.

Amp. How much was that a peece think you ?

Ver. It was enough to shew his Prodigality.

In over-wastfull Coft. You were not wont
To be a Boordfend-King ; a pay-all in a Tavern.

Bum. But now I love to do these things.

Amp. Now if you could be drawn to the ducking-
Pond,

To joyn your Groat sometimes with me ; or two-
pence,

There were a Recreation indeed ;
That Peerlesse Princely sport, that undoes no man :
Though cheating there ; and rooking be as free
As there is square play at the Ordinaries.

Bum. Well the point is : My fwaggering Son-
in-law,

Appointed to be here among the Trees.
My Daughter told me so. Walk here about.
If he can give light of your light, hee'd chide.

Well

Well try what may be done. Ile but step up
 Into *Ram-Alley-Sanctuary*, to *Debtor*,
 That praies and watches there for a Protection ;
 And presently return to you. ——— *Exit.*
Amp. Let it be so ; 'slid the old angry man !

Enter Brookall.

He'll cros us if he see us walke this [Exit *Amp.*
 way. *Vermine.*]

Broo. These walks afford to miserable man,
 Undone by Suits, leave, yet, to fit, or go,
 Though in a ragged one ; and look upon
 The Giants, that over-threw him : [*Lawyers*
 Though they strut *and others*
 And are swolne bigger by his emptiness. *pass over*
 'Twas here, that we appointed, further *the Stage.*]
 meeting.

The two houres respited are almost run :
 And he engag'd his honour in such tearmes,
 As I presume he'll come. Honour ! From whence
 Can he derive that Princely attribute,
 Whose Father has descended to a Villany ?
 His house was Noble though : and this young man
 Had a right virtuous Mother, whom I lov'd.
 Intirely lov'd : and was in Competition
 For marriage with her ; when high Providence
 Allotted her to him ; who since her Death,
 Defam'd my Sister, and disgrac'd our house.
 My quarrell is not good against his Son
 For that : But for my Boy ! His doubtfull talk
 Of him distracts me.

Enter Vermine, and Amphilus.

See the *Vermine*,
 That hath devoured me living, His Aspect
 E 4 Addes

Addes to my Passion fuch a bitternefs,
 That turnes me all to gall. I muft avoid him. (*Exit.*)
Amb. Introth Father-in-Law that fhould ha'
 been, or that
 May be yet (come, who knowes what luck we may
 have,
 Though the dancing Planets have cut crofs Capers
 over
 Our heads.) I like this old fellows humour of
 chearing up
 The heart well! And would I were loft too, after
 my Mare,
 My Dog and your Daughter: If this warm Sack
 has not
 Kindled a defire in me to play the good fellow, fo
 it might
 Be of free coft, to drown thefe dry remembrances.

Enter Valentine.

See, one of the jeerers. Is this he, that stole the
 marriage?

Ver. Yes, and perhaps my Daughter too. His
 Father's gone

Now, and I know not how to question him.

Amp. Let me alone to question him. Did you
 see this Gentleman's
 Daughter, fir, my Wife, that fhould have been?

Val. Since when, fir.

Amp. Since fhe was ftolne away, fir. It were
 good

You would let us have her again; and quickly too,
 Ere fhe be worfe for wearing, as we fay.

Val. Old *Brookall* is not come yet.

Amp. Will you answer me?

Val. You are a bufy foole.

Amp. I am fatisfied. He knowes nothing.

Val.

Val. You lye, Sir.

Amp. I think I do. You know nothing of her
I mean, Sir.

Val. You lye again, Sir.

Amp. I think I do again, Sir. Pray be not so
terrible; Examine him your selfe, if it please
you.

Enter Brookall.

Broo. Were his eyes Basiliskes; or did he beare
Upon his hellish Countenance the faces
Of all the Furies (that no doubt attend him)
He shun no place for him. Are they acquainted?
O most prodigious!

Ver. What do you know, Sir, of my Daughter,
I beseech you?

Val. That she has a wretch, a miserable Caitiff
Unto her Father.

Broo. How is that? — [aside.]

Val. A villain that has scrap'd up by oppression
Law-strife and Perjury, a Dowry for her,
So mixt with curses, that it would consume
An Earles Estate to match with it and her.
And leave him curs'd in his Posterity.

Amp. How blest was I to miss her!

Broo. Can he speak thus to him? [aside.]

Ver. Dar'st thou confront me thus?

Val. Dar'st thou yet keep a Groat of thine
extorted Wealth,

And see'st what Judgments fall one thee already?
Can all thy Gold redeem thy good opinion,
To thine owne Son? And though thou would'st
no give

(In case he wanted it) to save his life,
A Hangmans Fee, much lesse a Judges thanks,
Or price of a Lords Letter to reprieve him;.

Yet may this Son survive thee ; and hourly he
Unto thy last hour, thine Affliction be.

Amp. O happy condition of a Bachelor !

Broo. I like this well in the young man.—[*aside.*]

Ver. How can you say you know this ?

Val. Prethee how can't be otherwise ?

Hadst thou a virtuous Child (as here and there,
Some Mothers win a soule) it would be taken
Dead or alive from thee, unto thy grief too,
To scape the curse might come with a Childs part
Of thine ill-got estate ; that's thy Daughters case.

Ver. Oh——

Broo. Brave young fellow ! (not

Val. But shew me where an evill Offspring has
Surviv'd to spurn the dust of such a Father ;
And lewdly wast in one or two descents
(Unto their own destruction) what was purchased
At price of soules departed ?

Ver. Will you vouchsafe to leave me ?

Amp. Pretty odd Doctrine, this !

Val. I have not done w'ye yet.

What corrupt Lawyer, or usurious Citizen,
Oppressing Landlord, or unrighteous Judge,
But leaves the World with horror ? and their
wealth,
(By rapine forc'd from the oppressed Poor)
To Heires, that (having turn'd their Sires to th'
Devil)

Turne Idiots, Lunatics, Prodigals, or Strumpets ?
All wanting either wit, or will, to save
Their fatall Portions from the Gulfe of Law,
Pride, Ryot, Surfets, Dice, and Luxury,
Till Beggary, or diseases turnes them after ?

Ver. Ha' you done yet ?

Val. A word or two for use ; and so an end.

Broo. Not so : It must be amplified a little
further.

Ver.

Ver. Torment and death ! Is he come ? Let me go ;

Amp. Nay pray Sir heare them ; though you profit not ;

I may perhaps. Methinks it edifies.

Broo. You say'd, and you say'd well ; His tainted wealth,

Got by corruption, kept by niggardife,
Must flye as ill, through Luxury and Riot :
I add, that they who get it so, shall leave it,
To run at the like waste, through their succeffion
Even to the Worlds end : tis not one age,
Though spent in prayers, can expiate the wrong
Such an estate was gotten by, though the estate
Be, to a doyt, spent with it : But it shall
Fly like a fatall scourge, through hand to hand ;
Through Age to Age, frighted by Orphans crys,
And Widows tears, the groanes and Lamentations,
Of oppressed Prisoners, mingled with the curses
Of hunger-bitten Labourers, whose very sweat
Thou robst them of : this charming noise is up
Of many sad, some mad afflicted wretches,
Whose marrow thou hast suck'd ; and from whose
bowels,
The nourishment was crush'd that fed thee, and
That ravenous Wolfe, thy conscience.

Ver. I shall trounce you.

Enter Bumpsey.

Bum. What's here ? Worrying of *Vermine* ?

Broo. This noyse, I say, of hideous cryes and
curses,

That follows thine estate, will not be layd
In thy deare life time ; nor in theirs, the strangers,
That must be curs'd with the division
Of it, when thou art gone : But, still, it shall

Pursue

Purfue, to all fucceeding times, all thofe,
 That entertaine leaft parcels of thy money,
 When they fhall finde at beft, it can but buy
 Difgrace, difeafes, overthrowes at Law,
 And fuch deare punifhments ; until, at laft,
 All hands, affrighted with the touch of it,
 Shall let it fall to earth ; where it fhall finke
 And run into a veyne of Ore, fhall reach——
 To Hell. And they, that fhall, hereafter, dig it,
 Hundreds of Ages hence, muft all compound
 With the grand Lord o'th Soyle, the Devill, for't.

Amp. So they make hot Purchafes !

Broo. Now Sir, you may inftitut the Ufurer, to
 make ufe,

Of all he has heard, while I avoyd his fight ;
 Heaven knows I am fick on't : you forget me Sir.

Val. Feare not : I will not fayle you.

Bum. No : Ile deliver him the ufe of all.

Ver. Oh the variety of my vexation——

Bum. And all is this (as I advis'd before.)

Spend all your felfe, and fave your Heires the fin ;
 The fhame, the forrows, and the punifhments,
 That are joynt-heritable with your wealth ;
 As very learnedly hath been related.
 And there's the point, and the whole fubftance
 on't.

Ver. Beftow your Subftance fo Sir, if you like
 it.

Bump. Sir, my condition runs another way.
 To the fame end perhaps ; following my Leader,
 here.

Amp. Your Son in Law ? Truft me, a moft
 fine man :

And, if his life be answerable to his Doctrines,
 Tis like heele lead you to a faire end of all.
 Doubtleffe he is a fine young Man indeed.
 A proper teacher and an edifying.

Bump.

Bump. Come Sir, lead on, I heare you are provided

Five hundred thick for this free nights adventure.

Val. I am Sir, here it is.

Bump. I am so too Sir.

And here it is : And here it is, and here and there,
and here it is.

Amp. O brave old man.

Bump. Ile make one w'ye at your new Ordinary,
They say tis excellent.

Val. For rarity and plenty,
There's no such Pension in all this City.

Amp. And all for nothing ?

Val. For lesse then kisse your Hostesse.

Amp. And is there delicate Wine too? I must
thither.

Val. The flowre of *France*, and quintessence of
Spaine
Flow like a Spring-tyde through the Houfe.

Amp. O rare !

And all for nothing ?

Bump. Hang nothing. Be it as twill,
I am for any thing ; and as well provided,
As you, or any the best Gamester there.

Ver. Sir.

Bum. I love to do these things. But first, pray
tel me
Can you tell tale or tydings of his Daughter here ?

Val. Not of his Daughter : But I heard his Son
Was freed, this, day, from Prison.

Ver. How, how, how.

Enter Brookall, Phillis.

Broo. Yonder he is, still, busie.

Phil. Ile among 'em. Walke you back a little,
And, get I any money, Ile lend thee some.

(*Val.*

Val. Ile tell you how. Some friend has paid his debt ;

The Action is discharged ; and he's releas'd.

Ver. You practise my abuse. Tis not in man, To do me such a mischief.

Amp. Away Girle.

Phil. Thou art as hard, as this dry crust, here, was.

But he is better minded now, I hope :

Now, old man I am sure thou art for me,

Thou curstst me before, but now thou wilt

Blesse me, I hope, and not without a Crosse.

Of a faire Silver Sixpence.

Ver. Hence you Harlot.

Phil. Nay look you, if I could afford it, thinke you

I'de make two words w'ye : this but a sixpenny matter

Between us ; why will you be so hard : tis but

So little lesse left among all thy Children ;

And Ile bate it them in their prayers for thee,

Though I bee at the trouble, my selfe, to do it.

Val. Troth, she begs prettily, I must give her something.

Here Wench.

Bum. What is it, I will see it.

Phil. Tis a good Shilling, and a vie ; will you see't Sir ?

Bum. Look you, tis cover'd.

Phil. Gentlemen, will you come in ? will you vie it ?

Amp. No we deny it.

Phil. You may revye it then, if you please. They come not in to binde it.

Val. Will you come in againe Sir ?

Bum. Sir, after you, and't be to my last sixpence. I will keep Covenant w'ye,

Val.

Val. A shilling more on that.

Bum. Done Sir : there tis.

Phil. Why, these are Lads of bounty ! Have you any minde yet Gentlemen ?

Ver. What, to be Bankrupts ?

Phil. Troth, thou wouldst feare as much, shouldst thou but break

Thy Porredge Pipkin.

Val. Prithee what's thy name ?

Phil. *Nell*, my Mother calls me. I nere knew Sire, nor Godfire.

Val. *Nell* ?

Phil. Yes : And tis as bonny a Beggars name, as ever came from beyond *Trent*.

Val. This Girle, methinks, howere necessitated Into this course, declares she has a spirit Of no grosse ayre : And I dare think her Blood, Although, perhaps, of some unlawfull mixture, Deriv'd from Noble veines. One may perceive Much in her Language, in her Looks, and Gesture, That pleads, methinks, a duty above pitty, To take her from this way, wherein she wanders So farr from the intent of her Creation.

Bump. Your meaning is, you would buy her out of her Calling.

Is it not so ?

Val. Ten Peices I would give Towards a new one for her.

Bump. Here's ten more

To bind you quite from begging. Can you afford it ?

If yes, accept it. And let's see your back.

Phil. I make no Curtsies, nor send thanks that way.

No, Ile be forwards in them. May my thanks and prayers

Multiply years and bleffings on your heads.

And

And when I beg againe, may Beadles take
 Advantage on my back, and lash the skin off,
 So Heaven be ever with you ——

Val. Stay. Who would not have given this
 Money? Gentlemen,
 Dost not move you to give a packing penny?

Phil. Nor move you them for me. I should,
 now, feare
 One of their ill-got pence, here mingled, would
 Corrupt and overthrow my righteous Fortune.

Exit Phil.

Amp. O villanous Vixen.

Ver. Each minute of this day augments my
 torments,
 Yet I have coold it with some patience ;
 Attending Sir your answer.

Val. For your son.

Ver. I have no Son. I aske you for my
 Daughter.

Val. Be this your pennance for your misbeleife,
 Hye you to the Compter : if you finde not there
 Your son ; meēt me an hour hence at my Fathers.
 Ile tell you news of him ; and he perhaps
 May tell you of his Sister. This deserves
 A fee. Your absence pays it me. Go quickly,
 We have some businesse : And your stay will but
 Make the Scene tedious.

Ver. Weel go. Wil't please you ?

Amp. Yes ; we will off in Rhime. There is no
 doubt,

If *Wat* be not i'th Compter, he is out.

Exit Ver. Amp.

Bump. Now, what's the next vagary ?

Val. Onely this Sir,
 You have playd at small Game with me. Now
 there is

A greater tryall of my Love and Bounty,
 Instantly

Instantly to be made. A Gentleman,
(I stay too long) an intimate Freind's arrested,
But for two hundred pound on execution :
Will you joyne Charity to fetch him off ?

Bump. I would 't had been thine owne case two
dayes since.

One of your fine Companions, some poor Shark ?
Ha, ist not so ?

Val. Will you be pleasd to see him ?

Bump. I am halfe sick of this Condition.

I do begin, not altogether, now,
To love thefe things so well methinks. Humh ha !

Val. Nay, if you go not chearfully ——

Bump. Yes : I go. *Exeunt ambo.*

ACT. IV. Scene II.

Brookall, Phillis.

Broo. Good Childe, thy tale is pittifull ; yet it
forts
So with the fell condition of my Fortune,
That I crave more of it.

Phil. I came not to
Discourse of sorrow, but to bring you comfort :
Will you yet have a Crowne ?

Broo. I prithee keep
Thy Money Child ; and forwards with thy story.
Thou saydst thy Mother was a Gentlewoman.

Phil. Ile give you reason. Since I can remember,
Shee never did a wrong, though suffered much ;
Nor the leaft unjust thing. No, though her poverty
And care of me have pinch'd her very bowels,
Shee knew not how to seek anothers good,
So much as by request. Shee never durst borrow,
F For

For feare to come so neer the danger of
 A promise-breach : And, for base ends, to lye
 Shee holds it sacriledge. Ifaith she jerk'd
 That humour out of me ; for I was given
 (I tell you as a Friend) a little to't.

It came sure by the Father. God forgive him.

Broo. Thou saydst, thou thoughtst, thy Father
 was a Knight.

How thinkst thou he could lye then, to abuse
 A Virgine of that goodnesse, as it seemes
 Shee, that by him became thy Mother, was.

Phil. The Devill, sure, was powerfull with him,
 then.

Nor do you hear me say, all Gentlefolkes
 Are of one minde. Alasse they could not live
 One by another then.

Broo. Peace, stay a little :

How came thy Mother to decline her spirit
 So low, as thus to suffer thee to beg ?

Phil. Vertue goes often wet-shod, and is faine
 To coble it selfe up to hold out water
 And cold necessity : But sure, the quality
 Came to me by the Fathers side too : For
 Tis a more commendable, and Courtly practise
 To beg, than steale. He was perhaps, a Courtier.
 I rather would be rob'd of all I have,
 Than steale one farthing.

Broo. Thou say'st thy Mother never would
 reveale

To thee, or any one, her Birth, or Fortune.
 Answer me, prethee, how dost thou collect
 Th' hadst such a Father ? Or that he has thus
 Wrong'd thy poore Mother, by not marrying her ?

Phil. Now you come to me indeed old man :
 How now,

What do you weep ?

Broo. The sharpnes of the Aire

Strikes

Strikes on mine eyes a little. Prethee fay.

Phil. I first, as fain would know the hidden
cause

That works this aptness in me, to discover
My Mother and my selfe to you. I know not
How to look off o'you. Ifaith you weep.
I have heard some talk of naturall instinct,
But know not what it is. Pray can you tell me?
Or any like reason, why I should
Thus doat, and hang about you? Or tell me this,
Have you not been of better Fortune? Are not
you

Some decayed Knight? Be not asham'd, but tell
me.

They cannot all be rich, there are so many.

Broo. Oh my heart!

Phil. Yea, are your Conscience-struck?
Have at you for a father then: And yet
Me-thinks you are more old in goodness, then
To be, so late, so wicked, as to wrong
A woman of her sweetness. Yet Ile try you.
Here is a long-kept Paper. This is all
That ere I gathered of my Mothers wrong,
And of my Fathers cruelty, and condition.
It seemes this was his hand, and ruthfull farewell,
He turn'd her off withall. See, if you know it.
More then a thousand times I have observ'd her
Weep o're that Paper; ever carefull, though,
Her teares might not deface it. If by chance,
As when those teares prevented had her sight,
Some soft ones did on that hard Sentence light,
Her Lips took off the Trespass of her Eye;
And her hot Sighes restor'd the Paper dry.

Broo. This comes so neer a Miracle; that my
faith

I feare is staggering. How got'st, thou this paper?

Phil. I stole it from my Mother, (and in Troth

Tis all that ere I stole) because she should not
 Weep out her eyes upon't. I do not love,
 Although I am a beggar, to lead blind folks.
 Do you not find there, that he is a Knight,
 Though he subscribes no name? He tells her there,
 And tauntingly, he knowess she is more sorry
 For the lost Ladyship he promis'd her,
 Then for her Maiden-head. Let me heare you
 read it.

Broo. Mine eyes, are now, too full indeed ;
 I cannot.

Phil. Are you the man then, whom I must ask
 blessing?
 If you bee, speak. Ile have you to my Mother,
 Though, I dare sweare, she had rather dye, then
 you,
 Or any of your Race, or hers, should see her,
 Whilst she has breath. Yei I will undertake
 To prattle you both good friends.
 And you shall have my *Mammy*,
 And she shall have her *Nell* (that's I.)
 The man shall have his Mare againe,
 And all shall be well. How do you?

Broo. Prethee forbear me good wench but a
 little.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I have kept my time you see ; and shall
 not faile
 In any Circumstance. Here are two Swords,
 Pray take your choice. I have bespoke a Boat
 Shall land us o're the water, where you please ;
 Though, I Protest, I yet would beg your Love,
 Next to my Naturall Fathers.

Broo. This I fear'd.
 And charg'd the plain way. But't shall not serve.
Val.

Val. You took my part of late, against old *Vermin*.

Broo. Prethee who would not? This is another case.

Val. Why, if there be no remedy, pray accept Your forty pounds. The money, Sir, may stead you

For your escape, when you have ta'ne my Life.

Broo. Your money 'would hang me, Sir. Your lives not worth it. (Son.

Val. Tis your own money; sent you by your

Broo. How know I that? Or that I have a Son By thee unmurder'd.

Val. I told you of a Letter I had mislaid : Look you. Do you know his hand?

Broo. If it be not, Much chang'd, and lately, here is that wil match.

Val. Was ever given Gold so weigh'd, and try'd? What Lawyer, Nay, what Judge would be so scrupulous?

No want corrupts good Conscience : Nor excess Allaies in bad, the thirst of Cov'tousness.

Phil. What do you think, Sir?

Val. I think you beg again, and would be whipt.

Phil. I fecks, I do not beg; but came to offer This griev'd old man some of my infinite fortune Found in your lucky money : Lucky indeed ; For I have found a Father by't. I vow I think my Father. I't not a fine old man? I shall know more anon.

Val. Her money, sure.

Has made her Mad : How do you finde it, Sir?

Broo. My wonder now, is, how thou canst be Son Of such a Father! Thou art honest sure.

Here is your Sword, I will accept the money.

Val. Then I shall live, and so may want the money.

Will you forbear it for a day or two ?

Broo. Your Sword again.

Now, I profess to you, I have present need on't,
And am as strict, Sir, for my right, as I
Before was to decline it.

Val. Pray, Sir, take it ;
And give me leave to beg your charitable
Construction of my Father.

Broo. How is that ?

Val. Did you but know the care, the cost, and
travell

He has been at a thousand waies, to finde
Your injur'd Sister, to make good his fault,
If possibly he might——

Broo. O fie, O fie !

Val. Till all Opinion gave her dead ; and then
The meanes he has sought to do you Offices
Against your knowledge. For he knew your Spirit
Would not except of his benevolence.——

Broo. Read that, and guesse whose deed 'tis.
Stand off Girle.

Phil. Yes forsooth Father, I shall learn in time,
Ile call him Father till he findes me another.
I know he could not shed those teares for nothing.

Val. But does she live, to whom this was
directed ?

Broo. Speak low : is that your Fathers hand ?

Val. It is.

Broo. Along with me then. Girle, lead you the
way.

Phil. Anan forsooth Father.

Broo. Shew us to your Mother.

Phil. Shall he go too ? What will the Neigh-
bours think ?

There's none but Beggars all about us. Ods so,
There'll be a show indeed.

Val. No matter. Will you go ?

Phil.

Phil. Sir, they will hale you to peeces.

Val. Will you deny me?

Phil. How shall I answer't to my Mother? She
Never saw man, nor has been seen by man,
That I know, in my life.

Val. No matter: Will you on?

Broo. Ile save thee blamelesse.

Phil. Troth Ile venter.— *Exeunt Oes.*

ACT. V. Scene I.

Frances, Magdalen, Jane, Alice.

Wine on a Table.

Fra. **T***Res bien venue Madames.*
You are very welcome.

Mag. Good lack! And is it you, Mrs. *Alice*? I't
possible? Are you come to learn Carriage
too? I will make bold with tother Glasse
of Wine. At a word, I like your French
Carriage the better, that it allowes elder
Women to drink Wine.

Ali. They have no other drink, except water.
And Maids are allowed but that.

Ja. And young wives (they say) wine with their
water.

Mag. Mingle your Glasse, then, Daughter. This
for me. Your father has so fought you
Mrs. *Alice*.

Ja. My Father has mist us too, by this time.

Mag. But neither of 'em can dream French
enough, to direct 'em hither, I warrant
you. And does she learn the Carriages
very well, *Madamsilly*?

Fra. *Madamoyfelle si vous plaist.*

Mag. What do yee cal't ? I fhall never hit it.
How do you finde your Schollar ?

Fra. O, ſhe is very good. She learn very well.

Mag. But how much carriage hath ſhe learnt ?
Heark you Mrs. *Alice*. Have you not
learnt to carry a man ? Has not a good
Husband ſtolne you hither ?

I can think waggishly I tell you : And an old Ape
has an old eye. Go to.

Ali. No ſuch matter, Mrs. *Bumpſey*.

Fra. What is that you ſay ?

Mag. I ask you how much carriage ſhe has
learnt ?

Fra. She come but diſ day ; And ſhe carry both
the hands already.

Mag. How ſay by that. I'ſt poſſible ? Can ſhe
carry both her hands in one day ?

Fra. Yes, and before to-morrow, ſhe fhall carry
the foot as well.

Mag. It ſeems, then, you teach handling before
footing in your French way.

Fra. You may learn dat of de leetle Shild. De
leetle Shild you ſee will handle de ting,
before it can ſet one foot to de ground.
Come, let me ſee you make a Reverance.

Mag. Reverance ! What's that ?

Fra. Tis dat you call a Curtfie. Let me ſee
you make Curtfie.

Mag. Look you heare then.

Fra. O fee, fee—dat is de grofs english Douck,
for de ſwagbuttock'd-wife of de Pefant.

Mag. How like you this then ? There's a
Reverance I warrant you.

Fra. Fee, dat is worſe. See how you carry de
hands like de *Comedien* dat aēt de ſhangling.

Mag. Shall I ever hit on't troe ? I muſt take
tother Glaſs.

Ali.

Ali. Take heed she does not take too much.

Fa. I hope she will not. But there's no crossing her.

Fra. Let me see your hands.

Mag. There they be. They have been a little too familiar with Sea-coale fires, and much other course houswifry, which I shall utterly abhor, and wash off, when I have learnt to carry them Courtly.

But shall I ever do it, think you?

Fra. Yes, yes, and all your other parts and members.

Mag. I may winne my Husband to love mee Courtly then.

Fra. To love, and lye with you Courtly.

Mag. That's but seldome, I doubt.

Fra. You shall know all de waies to winne his Love,

Or any mans, to multiply your honour. —

Mag. I will so multiply then.

Fra. Not onely in your looks, your smiles and sweet Careffes.

(Besides the help of Painting) that adorn

The face: But with the motion of each Lineament,

Of the whole frame of your wel order'd body.

An Eye, a Lip, a finger shall not move;

A Toe trip unregarded. But your Geat

And your whole gracefull Prefence shall attract,

(Beyond affection) admiration:

As Ile artifice you.

Mag. Ile be a Nimph. *Diana* and her Dearlings,
deare, deare, deare, &c, [sing.]

But may I paint, say you?

Fra. O most allowably; nay, commendably.

Mag. Tother Glaſs for that.

Fra. Then for the Art of dressing, setting forth
* VOL. I. Head,

Head, Face, Neck, Breast ; with which I will inspire
you.

To cover, or discover any part—
Unto de best advantage.

Mag. That is to say,
To hide shame, or shew all : that's her meaning.

Fra. You shall have no defect perceiv'd, no
grace conceal'd.

Mag. I am for the naked Neck and Shoulders,
then.

For (I tell you Mistris) I have a white Skin,
And a round streight Neck ; smooth and plump
Shoulders,

Free from French Flea-bits, and never a wrinkle
Neare'em, though I say't.

Fra. 'Thas been suggested by invective men,
Women, to justifie themselves that way,
Began that Fashion. As one tother side,
The fashion of mens Brow-locks was perhaps
Devis'd out of necessity, to hide
All il-grac'd forehead ; Or besprinckled with
The outward Symptomes of some inward grieve.
As, formerly the Saffron-steeped Linnen,
By some great man found usefull against Vermine,
Was ta'ne up for a fashionable wearing.
Some Lord that was no Niggard of his Beauty,
Might bring up narrow brims to publish it.
Another, to obscure his, or perhaps
To hide defects thereof, might bring up broad
ones.

As questionless, the streight, neat timber'd Leg,
First wore the Troncks, and long Silk-hose : As
likely

The Baker-knees, or some strange shamle shanks,
Begot the Ankle-breeches.

Mag. Sure the men
Took that conceit from us. What woman shewes
A

A Leg, that's not a good one?— [*She shewes a
Fra. These among men, are fol- swadled leg.*]
lowed for the fashions,

That were invented for the better grace.

(As our Attires) to set off Limb, or face.

Mag. Good lack! What knowledge comes from
forraigne parts?

Enter Dryground, Wat.

Dry. I prethee *Wat*, have patience for an houre.

Wat. Not for a minute, Sir, Ile not be kick'd,
And call'd base Pandar for your baseness.

Dry. Nay, look you *Wat*.

Wat. And had almost been pump'd,
And made a sport for Water-men i'th' Thames.

Dry. But Heare me, *Wat*.

Wat. Ile heare my Father sooner. (Give me
hence

My Sister) were he a ravenous Beast, a Wolfe,
I would obey him rather then trudge a foot
Further in your base way. Heart I am hip-shot.

Dry. Now, would his Bodies paines convert his
Soule,

Twere a good work.

Wat. I am in desperate feare

O'th' Mourning of the Chine too with the kicks,
And hunches they o're laid me with. O base!
Without resistance. Give me hence my Sister.

Dry. But how was it my fault?

Wat. Was't not your project?

Fa. What may this mean?

Ali. No harm I warrant you.

Wat. Nay, it shall out. Your base inhumane
Project,

To sell your Daughters Maiden-head. (I care not
Who heares me, I.) And cunningly to make me
Your

Your Hackney-jade to fetch your Chapmen in.

Mag. Where are we now?

Fa. What did my Husband mean to wish us hither?

Wat. Baseness! I cannot call it bad enough.

Dry. You were as forward in it as my selfe,
And wooed me you might have her without all faults.

Wat. Mine eyes are opened now.

Dry. But I believe,
They were almost beaten out first.

Wat. And I vow
Ere I will marry so, Ile take a Beggar,
And joyn in trade with her, though I get nothing
But—My name is *Vermine* already, I
Thank a good Father for't.

Dry. A Beggar-Wenches breed would propagate
Your name most numerously.

Wat. Much better then your Sale-ware, and
more lasting.
I think I saw her to-day must be the woman,
Good Madame Polcat, the trim Schoole-mistriss.
Ile make bold with your Schollar. What! you
have more.

Ile carry her and her Virginity
Unto some fitter place of Execution.

Ali. You brought me hither, Sir, and here Ile
stay.

Wat. What! in a Bawdy-house?

Mag. O deare! and is it so? What are we then?
Is this your boun fashion? Is this the carriage of
the Body, that you would teach us? What,
to bee Whores? We could learn that at
home, and there were need, without your
teaching,

Fa. Mother; what do you mean?

Ali. Mrs. *Bumpsey*; pray feare no harm.

Mag.

Mag. O good lack ! what will become of us ?

Where are we now, *Jane* ?

Betray'd ! betray'd ! Our honours are betray'd.

O my poor *Bump*. how will thou take this
at my hands, though I carry them never so
Courtly ?

Dry. 'Sfoot, she's in her Mawdlin fit : All her
wine showres out in teares.

Mag. Oh, oh, oh, ——— [She falls]

Dry. Pray have her in. Look carefully to her,

Mag. Oh, oh, oh, ———

Dry. Take the Bottle with yee.

Mag. I, I, I.

Dry. In all to the next Room.—— *Exeunt Fra.*

Wat. Sir, she shall with me. Ile leave *Jane* leading
her where I found her. out *Magda-*

Dry. Sir, no such matter. len.

Wat. 'Sfoot, Gentlewoman, must I kick you out
o' doores ?

Dry. No, nor depart your selfe, but by Authority.
I am provided for you. Friends come in.

Enter two Sergeants.

And do your Office.

Ser. We arrest you, Sir ; Nay, we shall rule you.

Wat. Ha, ha, ha. Why, this is well, and very
hospitably done.

Would any man but an old Bawde ha' done this ?

Dry. Sir, I mistrusted your Apostacy.

Since you revolt, I must recall my money ;

Or lay you where I found you, as you threatened
your Sister here.

Wat. Baser, and baser still. Are you a Knight ?
A Knight, a Post-Knight. A Postillion,
That rides a fore-horse, o're the Eares in durt,
Three fingers thick, is not so base. You Varlets,

Do

Do you arrest folkes in a bawdy-house?

Ser. We do not finde it so; Or, if it be,
The place may be as honest as our Office.
Will you walk, Sir?

Wat. Stay; Let me consider,
If now my Father (as some in like cases
Have done) would take a fine submission.
I could affoord to kneele and whine, me-thinks,
Rather then back to my old Ward again.
Twill nere be handsome though.

Enter Valentine.

Val. The busines Gentlemen,

Wat. My lucky friend.

Sir, you reliev'd me lately. Could you now
But add another Favour, it might teach
One, that nere learnt to pray, to pray for you.
Do you not know me, Sir? 'Twas I you fav'd
Out of the Temple Sudds.

Val. Haft thou been shav'd since?

Wat. No, Sir, I was disguis'd.

Val. Disguis'd!

Wat. Disguis'd in villany, which I recant.

Val. Who knowes but he may prove an honest
man?

Pray, Sir, a word.

Ser. We do not use to wait dry-fisted; nor dry-
throated.

Wat. I would you were as wet all over, as I was
like to have been: Or, as you are Catchpoles,
I would you had been but in those hands I
escap'd from.

Dry. You have prevail'd, Sir.

Val. Sergeants you shall not out of the House.
Here's for halfe an houres attendance. Go
into that Room with your Prisoner. You
shall have Wine, and Smoak too.

Be

Be of good cheere friend ; if thou canst be honest,
I can relieve thee ; feare not.

Wat. Sir, get my Father but to say as much,
And you shall be Co-heire with me. I vow you
shall have halfe. [*Exeunt Wat, Sergeants*]

Val. Wee'll talk anon. The Youth appears
converted.

Dry. There was no other meanes to work it by,
But that I us'd ; to urg'd him past his Nature.
He was so free in's Villany, that I
Giving the Spurs, ran him beyond his speed ;
Quite off his Legs, and glad to be led home.

Val. His Father comes on fairely : I have fol-
low'd

All your Instructions concerning him,
And my fantastick Father-'Law. Both whom
Are hard at hand, with the wise western Knight.
He too's content to go to the best Ordinary,
While tis best cheap he saies. Where are the
women ?

Dry. Your Mother-'Law, after she had got
As much French Carriage, as might serve to furnish
A petty Court ; is fallen into a fit,
To over-throw it all againe.

Val. The better.

But is the house cleare, Sir, of all your Riflers ?

Dry. As I could wish ; And well satisfied.
For, when they understood the honest end,
My Project aim'd at ; which, by an Oration
Well charg'd with virtuous Sentences, I forc'd
Into the nobler Breasts : they all recanted
The barbarous purpose ; and as freely left
Their money for that Charitable use,
To which I pre-intended it. The rest
Purs'd theirs again. But yet I have collected
In this odd uncouth way, five hundred Pounds,
That was laid down at stake for a Virginity,

To

To make an honest stock for *Franck*.

Val. 'Tis good,
I may fetch in my Guests In the meantime
You may be pleas'd, Sir, to peruse this Baper.—
Exit.

Dry. How now ! what's here ? How might he
come by this ?

It is the scorn I sent my injur'd Love ;
My abus'd Elynor : The hand, that threw
Her from me. O, that at the price of it
I could receive her.

Enter Oliver. Ambrose.

Ol. Sir, by your leave,
We come to sup w'ye. Does your Rifling hold ?
Amb. What, you are off o'the hooks, me-thinks.
Ol. If there be no such thing, tell us the Riddle ?
Dry. You shall know all, and briefly. *Franck*,
come in.

Enter Franck.

Now Gentlemen——

Ol. Let us salute her first.—*Salute, then whisper.*

Dry. She does not tast of sin. Faire Chastity
Sits crown'd upon her Brow, with an aspect,
May beat down Lust to Hell, from whence it rose.

Fra. You professe Nobly, sir.

Ol. I vow, and do not lye to you : If I finde
Your Father so inhumane, you against it :
Wee'll be your Rescue, if forty able sword-men
Which we have, at the signall of a finger,
Planted in readiness, can fetch you off :
Do you approve ?

Fra. Yes, and admire your goodness.

Ol. Now we are for you, sir :

Dry. Then heare the story ; which your late
Impatience would not permit.

Amb.

Amb. You speak not now
In that high Phrase, or tone, as *Enter Valentine,*
you did then. *Val.* Stand here, *Bumpsey, Ver-*
unfeene; and heare attentively. *mine, Amphilus,*
Dry. I am a Gentleman, that *Brookall, Elynor,*
by foule misdeed *Phillis.*

(Heaven, Heaven I aske thee pardon) once did
wrong

To an unfortunate Family, by rejecting,
After affiance, and her love abus'd,
A Gentlewoman ——

Ol. You got with child, and then deny'd her
Marriage.

Dry. Twas so.

Ely. Ay me!

Val. No passion, gentle Soule.

Phil. If this should prove my Father now!—

Ol. Well Sir, your Gentlewoman!

Dry. Shee, on the discontent, (poore haplesse
Soule)

Now fourteen Winters since though sadly burden'd,
Fled, and no more is heard of: at the first
My wildnesse took no sence of this deare Lasse;
But drew me through the wayes of carelesse plea-
sure,

By riotous expence, that mine estate
And Credit ran at waste, and was nigh spent,
Untill my trespassse cry'd against my Conscience
To render satisfaction: but in vaine
We offer to the dead. My Genius therefore
Prompts me to gratefull deeds unto her Blood.

Amb. What can this come to?

Dry. Shee had a Brother, that lost his estate
By Law—

Br. Means he not mee?

Dry. To a Corrupt Oppressor ——

Ver. Ha! How's that?

(c)

Dry.

Dry. Was stript out of the very Coat he wore,
Had nothing left him, but a Sonne——

Ol. What's all this to your Daughter?

Dry. Even all that may be; (see) His Sonne's
my Daughter. *Discover Franc.*

Now do you find my project Gentlemen?

It has at Charge of three dayes House-keeping
Put halfe a thousand pounds in's purse; Besides
A faire pull for his Fathers Land againe:

For he has, by a lawfull Church-man, married
The Daughter of his Fathers Adversary.

Ol. Why, here are wonders!

Amb. Bravely, nobly done

Dry. Come Mrs. *Alice*; and justifie your Act.

Enter Alice

Ver. My Daughter, ha!

Amp. My sweetheart, hoe!

Fra. Your haes and hoes can not draw her from
me, shee is my Wife.

Ver. By what witch-craft?

Dry. By stronger Charmes, then your Art can
dissolve. You know me now, Sir—and my
Project, do you not? *Discovers himselfe.*

Ol. Amb. Sir *Humfrey Dryground.*

Ver. I am struck dum with wonder.

Elin. O tis he, tis hee. (Lady,

Val. Alasse she swounes, Sir cheare you up this
While I appease the rest. A word with you Sir.

Amp. I will not be appeaf'd.

Dry. My love! my *Elynor*!

Bump. So, cheare her up Sir *Humfry.* To her
againe Sir *Humfry*; your Sonne and mine in Law
has told me all your story, and reconcil'd your
Brother *Brookall* to you before your interview. I
know all, the full point, and the whole substance;
the flat and plaine of the businesse; and now I
love these things againe. How now, Sir *Amphilus*?
Drown'd in Melancholly? *Amp.*

Amp. No : But and I were at the Ducking pond, I know what I know. But when I drown my selfe, I'll give you leave to hang me.

Ali. Your pardon, and your blessing, I beseech you.

Ver. Hence.

Exit Valentine.

Broo. Was this thy Journey into France my Boy? High Providence hath made it good. But tell mee, Was Love your chiefe Instructor to this Marriage?

Fran. Indeed it was equall in her and mee.

Ali. Pray Sir your blessing.

Ver. Away.

Broo. Turne this way for a blessing then my Daughter,

Bump. Shall I tell you Neighbour? Law has no reliefe for you; And Conscience and you have a long time been strangers. Could you be friends and embrace Conscience now, all would be well. And there's the substance. Is it plaine?

Ver. Conscience! do you know where she is?

Enter Val. Wat. Magdalen, Jane.

Val. Heeres one has brought her in his true Conversion.

Wat. Sir, if you can forgive, and can obey you— I now can better kneele, then speak *He weeps*

Val. Do you note those teares, Sir? Had you lost your Daughter,

My Father had in this made you amends.

In finding you a Son. His Art converted him.

Ver. Sure, all's but Apparition, or a dream.

Bump. Ha! Think you so? 'Tis your own flesh and blood: And by your leave and liking, may prove as honest a Man, as his Father. Is not this plaine now? Forgive and blesse e'm all over, and so Kisse 'em too. They are your Children.

Mag. O my deare *Bump*! Art thou there?
 Thou mayst kisse, and forgive me all over too,
 for any harm, or dishonesty ; though the place
 be as they say—at a word, *Bump*. Thou mayst
 believe me, I came but to learn Carriage of
 the Body, nor to carry no bodies body, but
 my owne body, *Bump*. No truely, truely
Bump. o——o——that ever I did that.

Bump. Peace, peace. All's well. At least I
 know your Disease.

Mag. Think me not drunk, good *Bump*, a little
 fashion-sick, or fo.

Amp. Fashion-sick! a fine civill word. To be
 drunk, is fashion-sick.

Ver. I am awak'd out of the Lethargy
 Of Avarice : Blest may our Friendship be.

Dry. I will not sleep, before the holy Priest
 Has done the Office. Blessing on my Girle.

Val. Thou hast made me young againe : the best
 Occurrents in this Project have been thine.
 Thy Accidents exceeded my designe.

Val. They do not yet cease here : For fee, the
 strife

Betwixt these long continued Adversaries
 Perfectly reconcil'd ; and both have given
 The young and hopefull married paire their
 Blessings.

Amp. To which I have given my consent most
 freely.

For it was *Nolens volens* as they say.

Val. They are beholden to you. Mr. *Vermine*
 Restores unto the Son the Fathers Land,
 For Dowry with his Daughter : And is taken
 So with the good you wrought upon his Son,
 The Convertite here ; that if he stand firme
 Till the determination of your Mortgage,
 Hee'l cancell it, and send it *Gratis* to you.

Wat.

Wat. That's fure enough. But Sir, the other
bufineffe

Dry. What's that ?

Val. The moft to be admir'd of all ;
He loves my Sifter here ; and has done long :
But, now, that he perceaves her worth (being yours)
And, fince you promif'd him your Daughter too,
He makes it his faire fuit.

Dry. I'll talk with his Father.
And *Wat* ftand you but firme, and live reform'd,
Winning my Daughters love, you fhall have mine.

Phil. That Fortune is not blinde, that fhew'd
me way
To Father, Friends, and Husband in one day.

Dry. This binds us all into a Brother-hood.

Bro. And with a Brothers Love I now falute
you.

Dry. So may we with a generall embrace,
Create the Heart of Friendship, not the Face.
Come Gentlemen, your Ordinary ftayes,
Twill prove good fare (I hope) though no rich
Feaft ;
And acceptable to each welcome Gueft.

Epilogue

Epilogue.

NO way ambitious yet of vulgar praise,
The writer of these Scenes desires to know,
By your faire leave, though he assume no Bayes,
Whether he pull'd faire for a leafe or no.

If yes, then let your hands assistant be,
T'incourage him to climb Apollo's tree.

F I N I S.
